

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1849.

ART. I.—1. *Scriptores Græci Minores.* By DR. GILES. Oxon. Talboys. 1831.

2. *Stesichori Himerensis Fragmenta.* By O. F. KLEINE. Berolini. Typis et Impensis Ge. Reimari. 1828.

LET our readers imagine the works of Shakspeare to have perished. Let them imagine our whole knowledge of that inimitable genius to be gleaned from the scattered references made to him by other writers. Sometimes we should find stray expressions, idioms, and allusions, current as household words. Sometimes the meaning alone would be referred to, while the words were altered or parodied. Sometimes a few lines might be quoted, or even a passage of some length, as the 'Seven Ages,' for example. By some rare chance, one might even drop upon a scene, or upon the 'Beauties of Shakspeare.' Then the Scholia, or notes of commentators might turn up; dissertations upon the genius of the great author, analyses of some of his more striking characters, or even 'Lamb's Tales.' But after all, what a deplorable deficiency would be presented by the total result! Let us imagine the most elaborate German criticism, or even the desperate researches of the 'Shakspeare Society,' to be enlisted in the cause. Let us fancy them collecting the fragments, arranging them under the dramas from which they were taken, and placing them in the proper order of their succession. One can see them rummaging the most despised authors, old grammarians, scribblers on prosody, and collectors of wretched 'Elegant Extracts,' but all in vain, all lamentably inadequate, the mere shadow of a mighty reality, the 'baseless fabric of a vision.'

If such must have been the result in the case of a modern writer, referred to by thousands of his contemporaries and ours, what can we expect to find of the lost works of writers who belonged to a remote antiquity, though the civilized world once rang to the echo of their names? Thus we have lost Menander, quoted by S. Paul; and with infinite labour some beautiful

fragments have been collected, while in Terence 'Dimidiate Menander' are found paraphrases of a few of his dramas; but of Menander himself what adequate conception can be formed? Little comparatively remains of the calumniated Sappho,—her, whom the ancients called 'the Poetess,' without any other appellation, as they called Homer 'the Poet;'—her, whom the gravest and the sagest moralists denominated 'the charming and the wise, the tenth muse;'—her, of whom her contemporary Alcæus writes—

'Sappho the pure, the golden-tress'd,
In smiles of gentle sweetness dress'd.'

For an edition of her fragments, and those of Alcæus and Stesichorus, fit to meet the eye of a scholar, we are indebted to Dr. Blomfield's severe and elegant criticism of the true Porson school (in two numbers of the 'Museum Criticum') written in his younger days, when the calls of high and solemn duty had not yet forbidden him to wander among the meads of classic Asphodel. Why should we enumerate the eight poetesses of Greece, or Bacchylides, or Alcæus, Solon, Mimnermus, Archilochus, Simonides, Alcman? We might add to the list without end; to say nothing of poets of whom some pieces still exist, which make us more bitterly deplore the fragmentary references to the remainder. But when we come to historians, whose works would have thrown light upon the darkest recesses of the past, the loss is more to be lamented than in the department of fine taste and elegant literature. How eagerly would a modern turn over the Etruscan history of the emperor Claudius, the diaries of Augustus, or the writers who illustrated the primordial annals of Egypt, and Babylon, and Nineveh, and primitive Greece!

Modern scholars have not been wanting in their efforts to repair our loss, as far as it is within the reach of industry, learning, and acute criticism; and those of Germany, in particular, deserve the highest praise in researches of this nature. We may now fairly look upon the fragmentary writers as a distinct branch of erudition, presenting results of a most unexpected and striking nature, in reference to authors whom time has swept away. This department of learning abounds in difficulties, and justifies a recourse to conjectures wholly inadmissible on the text of a surviving classic. There is every possible danger of corrupt readings. The copyist has no context for his guide, either in the subject matter, the style, or the metre. The writer who quotes the passage, may have quoted from memory, and misquoted the words; or he may have referred them to another author; or he may have modified them, especially at the commencement, for the purposes of quotation; or he may have quoted the passage solely on account of its anomalous and obscure turn of expression. In the case

of Stesichorus, Kleine deserves the highest praise. Indeed, it would be very difficult to point out any fragmentary writer edited with more learning, judgment, and good taste. More, however, remains to be done. A future editor will find that subsequent improvements of the text have been made; as, for example, by Sir E. F. Bromhead, in the 'Classical Journal,' No. 46, and some more hinted at in the version of the fragments which we subjoin; nor would the discovery of additional fragments be too much to expect.

It were much to be wished that a systematic English version of the fragmentary writers could be published. At an early period the renowned Grotius did not think it beneath him to turn many such fragments into very polished Latin. England can boast of some valuable anthological collections; and of the poet Simonides, we have in one of our Quarterly Journals a complete version, abounding in tasteful scholarship. Stesichorus we are ourselves about to present to our readers in an English dress; but we will first give some account of a writer, once so much, and in all appearance so deservedly renowned.

According to Suidas, Eusebius, and others, Stesichorus, surnamed the Himeræan, was born in the 37th Olympiad, attained to eminence in the 48th, and died in the 55th, or 56th, about 556 years before the Christian era. He was the contemporary of Phalaris, somewhat the junior of Alcman, and the predecessor of Simonides, who speaks of him as an old writer in connexion with Homer. The Marmor Parium, indeed, makes Stesichorus coeval with Simonides, in direct contradiction to this testimony, but more than one or two members of the poet's family bore the same name with himself, to one or other of whom the author of the inscription most probably refers. It was by no means uncommon to bestow on some of his descendants the name of an illustrious ancestor, either to commemorate the honours of the dead, or stimulate the ambition of the living.

That Himera was the native country of Stesichorus, was so firmly established by ancient opinion, that the Himeræan poet was his most common designation. All, however, do not agree upon the point. Italy has been assigned by some as his birthplace. Suidas mentions Matauria; Lascaris, Metaurus; Stephanus Byzantius speaks of Mataurus in *Sicily*, but the geographer seems to be mistaken as to the situation of the city. We may safely believe that both Stesichorus and Himera equally owed their origin to Italy. It is certain that no long time before the poet's birth, the city was founded by some Chalcideans from Zancle, who, together with the Metaurian branch of the Locrians, sprang, in the first instance, from Æolia; and that Stesichorus had lived among the Locrians, may be collected

from other quarters. In addition to this, the name of Tisias, which, according to Suidas, was the poet's original appellation, and that of his brother the geometrician, whether we read it Mamertius or Mamertinus, recall to our recollection two cities of a similar name among the Brutii. It may, indeed, be doubted whether it was himself or his father who migrated to Himera; but that the migration took place, and that it was from Italy, not from the Peloponnesus, there can be no dispute.

Five different names have been assigned to the father of Stesichorus,—Euphorbus, Euphemas, Euclides, Hyetes, and Hesiod. It is singular that both Aristotle and the learned Philochorus have identified the Hesiod here mentioned with the celebrated Ascræan. But if we regard the supposed connexion between these two eminent men as a myth, it is neither inapt nor unlearned. After Orpheus had been torn to pieces, his head and his lyre were thrown together into the sea. Borne along by the waves, or carried on a dolphin's back, they reached the Æolian Lesbos, where they were interred; and the Lesbians, as Hyginus adds, became afterwards well-skilled in music. Now from that same region, if we may trust to Tzetzes, from the same race certainly, sprang Hesiod. When, therefore, we are told by Hellanicus that Hesiod derived his origin from Orpheus, what more is meant than this, that he transfused into his own didactic poetry the Orphic hymns which had ceased to be sung in Greece. After the mournful catastrophe, which transferred the head and lyre of Orpheus to the shores of Lesbos, Hesiod also, who was nearly, if not quite, of Lesbian extraction, met with a similar fate. He, too, was carried by dolphins to that part of the continent which is situated between Locris and Eubœa, as Proclus somewhat strangely relates; or, according to Plutarch, that which is opposite to Rhyum or Molycria, where the sacred rites of the Locri were wont to be celebrated. Taking for granted, therefore, that Stesichorus was of Locrian extraction, all that is meant by his alleged relationship with the elder poet may be, that the epos of Hesiod was transferred to him by their mutual connexion with the same tribe or family. We know as well by the testimony of Quintilian, as by his own fragments, that he sustained by his lyre the weight of epic song, and may, therefore, be numbered both with the epic and lyric poets. Certain kinds of poetry, moreover, were cultivated by certain races, and followed their migrations. Thus Stesichorus imitated the Ascræan in the choice of his fables, and in great part of his mythology, though he did not adhere to the form of epic verse. Not unjustly, therefore, have Mueller and others brought down the series of Hesiodic poets to his time; for, although we *call* him not the son of the poet of Ascræa, yet, as his principal imitator among the Italians

of Æolia, and the most celebrated poet of that region, he justly deserves the title. We may suppose him, then, to have had no natural connexion with the Ascrean, but to have been the son of Clymene, by an obscure individual of the same name. The hidden sense of the myth might easily escape the understanding of the many, and thus lead them into the error. Of the other names given to the father of Stesichorus, we need only add, that where several individuals of the same race and name devote themselves in succession to the same intellectual pursuits, as was probably the case here, and where it must consequently be difficult to distinguish between them, we need not wonder if all should be confounded with the name of their celebrated progenitor.

Suidas speaks with approbation of Mamertinus the geometer, and Halianax the legislator, the two brothers of Stesichorus. The accounts handed down to us respecting his daughters, spring entirely from the spurious epistles ascribed to Phalaris and Diodorus, and are utterly unworthy of credence or attention. The friendship of Stesichorus with the tyrant of Agrigentum rests upon the same unreal foundation. That he was the contemporary of Phalaris has been already stated; but no one can suppose him to have been his friend, who has weighed the forcible arguments of Bentley against the dreams of the sophist. 'When Pindar,' says the learned commentator, 'was exhorting Hiero, the tyrant of Syracuse, to treat poets and literary men with affability, he represented to him the immortal reputation which Cræsus acquired by behaving to them with kindness and humanity, while the cruel and inhospitable Phalaris was universally hated. Would Pindar have written thus if he had ever heard of the tyrant's singular love for the poet? For if we might trust the epistles, their intimacy and friendship rivalled that of Cræsus with Æsop and Solon. Had such a feeling been known to Pindar, he would not have branded the character of Phalaris with such a mark of infamy.' So far was Stesichorus from being the tyrant's friend, that, according to the testimony of Aristotle, he excited the inhabitants of Himera against him by narrating the fable of the Horse and Stag.

Whether Stesichorus ever visited Greece or not, it would be difficult to decide. The only external testimony in favour of the affirmative is the mention made by Suidas of the poet's flight from Palantium, in Arcadia; but this is more than doubtful. Still, when we look at his various writings, and the improvements of which he was the inventor, it is difficult to believe that he had not drunk at the fountain head of Grecian song. It is more clearly ascertained that he migrated from Metauria into

Sicily, not, indeed, immediately to Catana, but in the first instance to Himera. He seems to have taken refuge at the former place towards the close of his life, perhaps disturbed by the civil dissensions excited among the Himæreans by the intrigues of Phalaris. The change of his name from Tisias to Stesichorus may not improbably be dated from this period. He died in his 85th year, and was buried at Catana, with much expense, at the gate called from him the Stesichorean. His tomb was octangular; it was ascended by eight steps, and adorned with eight columns. According to some, the proverbial expression *πάντα ὀκτώ*, denoting perfection, derived its origin from the number eight, so conspicuous in every part of the poet's monument; while the throw of eight upon the dice was called for the same reason the Stesichorus. Two epitaphs in honour of the poet are still extant; one in Greek, by Antipater; another of a later age, in Latin, in the '*Musæ Lapidariæ*' of Ferretius. Of these, for the benefit of the English reader, we give the following versions:—

'In Catana's Ætnean plains
Rest here Stesichorus' remains,
His to whose living lips belong
Immeasurable streams of song:
The sage Pythagoras said well,
That souls in divers bodies dwell;
Thy soul, Stesichorus, the same,
That animated once old Homer's frame.'

'The bones of sweet Stesichorus repose!
His bones, the bones of Ætna here enclose,
By me, by Ops enshrined! Of him the rest,
That now remains, is by the world possess'd.'

Cicero speaks of the honours heaped upon Stesichorus by the people of Himera. Among the brazen statues which adorned the Thermæ, was one of the aged poet, in a stooping posture, with a book in his hand, executed with rare skill and beauty. Christodorus describes another placed in the Byzantian Gymnasium. Finally, a coin is in existence, supposed by some to have been struck in commemoration of him. On one side is a head enclosed in a helmet; on the reverse, a man in a standing posture, holding in one hand a crown, in the other a lyre. There is no absurdity in supposing that an honour which had been paid to Sappho, Alcæus, and Anacreon, should have been paid to Stesichorus also; but the fact does not rest upon sufficient authority.

The testimony borne to the poet's merit by the most celebrated writers of antiquity, is of the highest order. The '*Stesichorique graves Camænæ*' of Horace, is known to all. Aristides, Cicero, Dionysius, Longinus, vie with each other in

celebrating his praise. Dio Chrysostom and Synesius concur in representing him as not unworthy to be named with Homer. The former in particular speaks of him as not only emulating the greatest of epic poets, but fit, in many respects, to be placed by his side. Quintilian, indeed, while he speaks highly of his genius, and lauds the gravity of his subjects and the dignity of his characters, blames the redundance of his style; a redundance, however, which is approved by Hermogenes, as owing its origin to the grace and sweetness of his epithets. The author of '*The Examination of the Ancients*,' generally supposed to be Dionysius, speaks of Stesichorus as succeeding where Pindar and Simonides failed, and surpassing them in the grandeur of his events, and the consistency of his characters. Chrysippus would fain have added to the Stoic philosophy the weight of the poet's authority, and pressed the Fables of Stesichorus, as well as those of Orpheus, Homer, and Hesiod, into the service of the Porch.

But the excellence of the celebrated Himeræan is sufficiently proved by the general popularity which he enjoyed. His songs were in every mouth after the lapse of ages; and the Pæans were sung by guests at the banquet, even in the time of Dionysius the younger. To crown the whole, we read in Ammianus Marcellinus, that when Socrates had been thrown into prison, and already looked forward to the iniquitous punishment which awaited him, he asked for one well skilled in singing the songs of Stesichorus, that he might learn to do the same while life yet lasted.

The statement of Suidas that the poet's name was changed from Tisias to Stesichorus, because he was the first who added the motion of the dance to the accompaniment of the harp, is not unattended with difficulty. It is well known that, long before his time, the Greeks made use of dancing in their sacred rites; certainly in those instituted in honour of Latona and her children, the invention of which was attributed by the ancients to the fabulous Philammon. It appears, moreover, that these dances were regulated by the lyre, of which instrument Apollo himself is repeatedly represented as the inventor, and is said to have contended with the Phrygian pipers by the sounds which he drew from its strings. In the Homeric hymn, the Muses and Graces delight the inhabitants of Olympus, the one by singing, the other by dancing, to the lyre of Apollo. We must not then rely so implicitly on the testimony of Suidas as to believe that, before the time of Stesichorus, the dances in honour of the god were regulated only by the sound of the pipe. The poet was probably the first who, at Himeræ, or even in Sicily, applied the dance to the accompaniment of the harp, or, at least, changed and corrected, in many respects, its ruder and

more simple form; and thus, as the inventor of a more elaborate style of movement, acquired his new appellation. Clemens Alexandrinus, indeed, attributes the improvement to Alcman, who flourished fifty years before. Vestiges of choral poetry are found every where in his fragments; and we are told that he taught the Doric virgins to move in measured cadence while he adapted his songs to the sounds of the pipe and lyre. We need not be surprised that the accompaniment of the dance should be attributed to Alcman also, so closely are the nature and disposition of the strophe connected with its movements. Whatever the inventions might have been with which these princes of lyric song enriched the art in which they excelled, they must have made an equal innovation in the choral dances with which their songs were accompanied. The one would do this at Himera, the other at Sparta; and Stesichorus cannot be suspected of plagiarism, inasmuch as his style of poetry, the form of his strophes, his rhythms, and his metres, are totally different from those of Alcman. Moreover, Alcman made no use of the epode. According to the well-known proverb—*Οὐδὲ τὰ τρία Στρεψιχόρου γιγνώσκεις*—the three kinds, the strophe, the antistrophe, and the epode, belong to the later poet. Possibly Stesichorus was considered the inventor of the epode, and of the pause created by its introduction into the ancient choral system of strophe and antistrophe; and the name accordingly referred to that point. Even his strophes Alcman did not amplify and adorn equally with his more celebrated successor, while the richness and beauty lavished by Stesichorus on his epodes, will authorize the assertion that he discovered what his predecessor only sought.

That Stesichorus wrote in the Doric dialect is clear from the testimony of Suidas, and the fragments of his poetry still extant. This may be easily believed, inasmuch as Alcman, whom in some respects he followed, had applied the Doric tongue before him to lyric verse, while the dialect was for the most part that of Sicily, as Thucydides has shown with his accustomed learning and research. Suidas tells us that the poems of Stesichorus were collected and published in twenty-six books, but by whom, or at what period, he does not mention. It is well known, however, that the works of Pindar were thus edited in the time of Aristophanes Byzantius, and it is not probable that those of Stesichorus were published long before. It is certain that Chamaeleon, a Peripatetic of Heraclea, about the time of Theophrastus, edited a single book. He wrote of nearly all the lyric as well as dramatic poets, and in common with Aristotle himself and many of his disciples cultivated that branch of literature.

But it is time to proceed to the fragments themselves. Of these a very close version is not possible, and in some cases, in order to complete the series, it has been found necessary to extort a kind of paraphrastic meaning from the smaller scraps. It is singular enough that the English translation presents a more complete view of the poet's remains than the original. We frequently find the substance of his meaning given without an exact quotation of his words; and these in a translation may be justifiably added to the *ipsissima verba*, though in a more formal work on the subject, these instances should be carefully distinguished. Where the context has been restored merely from conjecture, we have thought it right to mark the additions by placing them between brackets. Where the fragments, whether they have reached us in substance merely, or in the words of Stesichorus himself, belong to any work of his that can be ascertained, they are collected under that head. Where the location of the fragment is unknown, it is marked with a (†), and placed under any head which may artificially enhance its meaning, and to which it may therefore possibly belong. The industry of critics has brought together about 95 fragments, or fragmentary references.

I. ΕΥΡΩΠΕΙΑ.—*The Story of Europa.*

Europa, the daughter of Agenor, the brother of Belus, was playing on the sea-shore when she was decoyed to Crete.

This poem seems to have contained an account of the family of Cadmus. (2.) refers to the well-known story of the dragon's teeth. (3.) attributes the disaster of Acteon, not to his intrusion upon Diana, but to a passion for Semele, the daughter of Cadmus. Perhaps the goddess wished to enrol Semele among her nymphs.

†1.

' Daughter of Arabus, Hermaon's heir
By Belus' daughter, Thronia the fair.

2.

' By Pallas' aid the Dragon-teeth were sown :
The Goddess reap'd a harvest all her own.

3.

' When Semele, the destined spouse of Jove,
Won young Acteon's inauspicious love,
Though Dian disallow'd, in her despite
The eager hunter urg'd the nuptial rite ;
In a stag's hide encased by Dian's power,
He perishes for love, and dogs devour.'

II. ΚΥΚΝΟΣ.—*Cygnus.*

(1.) Stesichorus was the first who gave this ruffian aspect to Hercules.

(4.) These lines and some others must be considered to represent the versified arguments heading the books of certain poems rather than any definite fragment. Our readers will be reminded of the catacombs of Paris.

†1.

' In guise uncouth the Son of Jove appear'd,
A knotted Club of massive weight he rear'd,
A Lion's hide was o'er his shoulders flung,
And at his back the rattling Quiver hung.

†2.

' Mighty of bone and limb he stalk'd along;
Gifted with strength to overthrow the strong.

†3.

' Of Argive He, and of Bœotian fame.

4.

' As journey'd Hercules, and onward lay
To the Thessalian plain the Hero's way,
There, on his pathway lawless Cynus stood,
Impatient thirsting for a stranger's blood;
The path he watch'd, and, from the slaughter'd dead
With ruthless hand dismembering, lopp'd the Head,
A Temple destined of their Heads to rise,
To Mars his Sire a fitting sacrifice;
By Mars impell'd he rush'd upon his prey,
And stopp'd in mid career the Hero's way.
Cynus with Hercules engaged in fight,
And then the Sire display'd his own immortal might;
The Hero saw the God of War confess'd,
Awe-struck, a panic horror chill'd his breast;
Then first fled Hercules, but instant burn'd
The Shame, and all the Demi-god return'd;
Indignant rushing on his lawless Foe,
Alcides crush'd him to the realms below.'

III. ΓΗΡΥΟΝΙΣ.—*The Geryonid.*

The loss of this poem is much to be lamented, as it must have teemed with very curious mythological matter. (3.) This singular fragment refers to an ancient opinion that the ocean was a river encircling the earth, and that the sun on setting in the west entered a bowl in which he sailed round to the east during the night. The same idea occurs in a fragment of Mimnermus. The poet is not to be considered in this case as representing Hercules employing the bowl to pass to the island of Erytheia, though some commentators so interpret it. (4.) Pholos was one of the centaurs.

1.

' Firm on six feet the monster Geryon stands,
And raises dreadful six unconquer'd hands;
Broad wings behind sustain the monster might,
For combat fashion'd or a well-timed flight.

2.

' Where monster Geryon first beheld the light,
Famed Erytheia rises to the sight;
Born near th' unfathom'd silver springs that gleam
Mid cavern'd rocks, and feed Tartessus' stream.

3.

' Sol's golden bowl he enter'd to pass o'er
The hoary Ocean's stream, and reach'd the shore,
The sacred depths of venerable night,
There on the Mother shade to feed his sight,
There to behold again the virgin Wife,
And the dear Children torn away from life;
Then pass'd on foot the Hero son of Jove
Through the dim shadows of the laurel grove.

4.

' He raised the draught by Pholos mix'd, a bowl
Of triple measure, and he drain'd the whole.'

IV. ΚΕΡΒΕΡΟΣ.—*Cerberus.*

The hero here must have been Hercules. (1.) This vessel is said to have been shaped like a purse. (3.) may belong to the Scylla.

1.

' Ample below and narrow-mouth'd above,
A Vessel worthy of the son of Jove.

†2.

* * * ' Where hid from human eye
Deep Tartarus and black Abysses lie.

†3.

* * * ' The sound
Of howling dogs for ever ringing round.'

V. ΣΚΥΛΛΑ.—*Scylla.*

' There Lamia's daughter, hateful Scylla dwells.

VI. ΣΥΟΘΗΠΑΙ.—*The Boar-Hunters.*

This was probably a history of the hunt of the Caledonian Boar.

' The savage Boar upturn'd the earth around,
The monster's snout keen buried under ground.'

VII. ἈΘΛΑ.—*The Games.*

The applicability of (3.) has been a subject of discussion, and an alteration of the text has been proposed to give the fragment a Male application, but from some of the parties mentioned it may possibly refer to Atalanta and games connected with the hunt of the Caledonian Boar, which she first wounded, or per-

haps to the marriage of Peleus. The fragment is in its way as singular as the supper of Horace, and the translator has been driven to circumlocution to escape the announcement of mixtures of oil and honey, and messes of frumenty or firmity porridge, just as Pope was compelled to evade the assimilation of Ajax to a certain stentorophonous animal.

1.

'The twin-born progeny of Jove possess'd
Coursers of lofty strain, the fleetest and the best;
Phlogias and Harpagus of winged speed
Hermes bestow'd, of the Podarga breed;
Exalithus and Cyllarus were given
By the high Consort of the King of heaven.

2.

'Amphiaraus in the Racer's art
Excell'd, and Meleager with the Dart.

3.

* * * Gifts prepare,
Bring presents worthy of the Virgin Fair:
Confections from the Olive and the Bee,
The mess of Wheat, and cakes of Sesame:
The Honey-comb of golden hue produce,
Bring all the choicest dainties for her use.

4.

'A Vase of massive gold, where wondrous shine
Vulcanian labours and the Hand divine:
This Gift to Bacchus grateful Vulcan bore,
His guest on Naxos' hospitable shore;
The same to Thetis grateful Bacchus gave,
His guardian Goddess on the ocean wave,
When fierce Lycurgus down the Naxian steep
Drove the young God for shelter to the deep;
Next, the sad gift of Thetis to her Son,
To hold his ashes when his race is run.'

VIII. ΕΡΙΦΥΛΑ.—*Eriphyle.*

Eriphyle was the wife of Amphiaraus, who through her treachery went to the Theban war, and perished. (1.) This event can scarcely refer to the Epigoni, as has been supposed; this being directly contrary to the speech of Sthenelus to Agamemnon in the *Iliad*. The healing art cannot be supposed to be exercised except upon persons recently dead, and in the present case may have been connected with the death of Amphiaraus.

1.

'By healing art divine the deed is done,
By daring Æsculapius, Pæan's son:
Though by the Fates' decree the Heroes fall
Fore-doom'd to die before the Theban wall;
Lycurgus breathes the vital air again,
And Capaneus by thunder scathed in vain;
By Gold suborn'd. * * *

IX. EPITHALAMIUM OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

†1.

No longer, Muse, of battling Heroes tell,
The festive Dance with Me beseems thee well :
Come sing with Me a favour'd Bard of thine ;
I sing the Nuptial Rites of Powers divine,
I sing the lordly Feasts that Mortals love,
I sing the Banquets of the Gods above ;
And these, O Muse, the favourite Themes with thee,
Since our first early strains of Poesy.'

X. EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS.

This piece acquired much celebrity, and gave rise to many imitators, and perhaps we may enumerate among them Catullus in his Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis. (1.) The violet of antiquity seems to have been an iris, and our violet seems to have received the name from its three petals, the *sporting* of its colours, and the odour resembling parts of certain iridacæ.

†1.

' Myrtle and garlands of the Rose they fling
Into the passing chariot of the King ;
Quinces they cast, and cast in showers the bloom
Of Flowers that shed the violet's perfume.

†2.

' * * * Next advance
The youths well skill'd to lead the Warlike Dance.'

XI. ἸΑΙΟΝ ΗΡΕΙΣ.—*The Fall of Troy.*

Notwithstanding the existence of the second book of the *Æneid*, the loss of this poem is much to be lamented. (2.) The poem included the story of the wooden horse, which was constructed by Epeius, probably a slave of mechanical genius rescued from servile duties by the pity of Clytemnestra or Helen. From the wooden horse sumpter-mules seem to have been called Epeius, and the name may have been given as a nickname to certain slaves. (6.) This will remind our readers of the Coat Armour in the Seven against Thebes ; the Dolphin, probably, refers to the simile in the river battle of the *Iliad*. (11.) Virgil represents *Æneas* as ready to destroy Helen, and in the present case the poet may have alluded to the fate threatened by Hector to Paris. (13.) Medusa formed part of a group at Delphi. (16.) Later writers have called Hector the son of Apollo on the authority of Stesichorus, possibly misunderstanding some metaphor.

†1.

' * * * On Thee I call
Who shak'st the Gates of the embattled wall.

2.

' Jove's Daughter pities as he ever brings
The servile weight of waters for the Kings;
Epeius He, condemn'd to swell the state
Of Atreus' sons by too severe a fate.

3.

' The Heroes' Names it boots not to relate,

* * * *

4. ' A Hundred to the Horse confide their fate.

†5.

' Unmitigated sufferings have I borne.

†6.

' Laertes' Son Ulysses stood reveal'd,
The sea-born Dolphin figur'd on his Shield.

†7.

' * * * They throw
Their powerful darts in showers against the foe.

†8.

' The very boldest of the race of men.

†9.

' And in his hand the slaughter-pointed spear.

†10.

' A chief conspicuous with the snow-white steeds.

11.

' Arm'd with the stony shower, the desperate crew
Rush headlong to inflict the vengeance due:
In Beauty arm'd the bright Adultrous stands,
And Stones drop harmless from their lifted hands.

†12.

' The precious mountain-brass of Orichalc.

13.

' Medusa, daughter of the Trojan King,
Is seen low seated on the earth to cling,
The Laver clasping in her desperate hands;

* * * *

14. ' There Clymene, her captive Sister stands.

15.

' But Hecuba the Queen, Apollo bore
To distant Lycia's hospitable shore;

* * * *

16. ' Mother of Hector, loved as Phœbus' son.

†17.

' And having brought the dread destruction down.'

XII. ΝΟΣΤΟΙ.—*The Returns from Troy.*

The existence of this desiderated companion to the Odyssey

was discovered by Kleine. (6.) The singular epithet is said to refer to the early inhabitants of Rhodes, notorious for envy and malignity. (12.) Amphilochus, on his return from Troy, founded a colony.

†1.

* * * Hear,
Tuneful Calliope, and now draw near.

2.

' The reckless madness of the Chiefs I tell,
And all the varied fortunes that befell;

3. ' How some lay buried in the Ocean-tide,
How some to foreign climes were drifted wide,
And how for some their happier Fates ordain
To see their loved, their native homes again;

4. ' The Capharæan rocks, where vessels lie
Sad victims of the Nauplian treachery;

5. ' The crash of rocks erratic, and the shore
Where the wild eddies of Charybdis roar.

†6. ' Events of dismal gloom, Telchinian woes,
Of human kind the ever-envious foes.

7.

' Fair Aristomache, in wedlock won
By Critolaus, Hicetaon's son,
Daughter of Priam's own imperial line.

†8.

' The mighty God of ocean, he who leads
The tramp of hollow-hoof'd, high-bounding steeds.

†9.

* * * The breeze propitious brings
The Halcyons with healing on their wings;
O'er the soothed Seas they wheel and disappear,
The Pleiads ruling now the rolling year.

†10.

' And Penelops the duck of varied plume.

11.

' Now Mesonyx affords a planet light.

†12.

* * * When thus began
Amphilochus, " Melampus the divine
Sprang with Myself from one ancestral line;
He gat Antiphates,—Oicles he,—
Amphiaraus in the next degree
Oicles' honour'd heir,—the Sire of Me." }

XIII. HELEN.

The satirical invective against Helen was probably a poem of a lighter nature than the present, more in unison with the 'Palinodia,' and forming a sort of first part to that production.

†1.

* * * Inspire,
O Muse, presiding o'er the tuneful lyre.

†2.

' Icarus, Aphareus, Lysippus stood,
Own brothers all of Tindarus's blood;
Gorgophone, the child of Perseus bore
To Perieres all the honour'd four;
From famed Cynortes Perieres came,
And Hyacinthus own'd an uncle's name.

†3.

' Pisa the city Perieres reared.

†4.

' When Tindarus made solemn sacrifice
To all the high Olympic deities,
The hapless Sire forgot the rights alone
Due to the Goddess of the golden zone!
Hence Venus vengeful, to chastise the Sire,
Upon the beauteous daughters turn'd her ire;
Hence burn'd the double, and the triple flame,
Forgotten hence the husband's honour'd name.

5.

' For the soil'd feet the tepid stream to hold,
A vase of silver-slag, of rudely-fashion'd mould.'

XIV. ΠΑΛΙΝΩΔΙΑ ΕΙΣ 'ΕΛΕΝΑΝ.—*Palinodia, or the Recantation to Helen.*

This poem of Stesichorus was of great celebrity among the ancients, and even gave rise to a proverb respecting those who (to use our elegant phraseology) are 'forced to eat their own words.' An attempt is here made to reconstruct the Palinodia from the scattered references in Horace, Isocrates, Pausanias, Suidas, Conon, Plato, Maximus Tyrius, Athenæus, Philostrates, Cicero, and various scholiasts, though of the poet himself we actually possess only three or four scattered lines. The ancients were sometimes cruelly literal, as much so as our northern neighbours are said to be, or our American brethren, of which last a distinguished writer complains that he did not find any one who could take a joke until he reached the boatmen on the Mississippi. Horace, however, himself a writer of much humour, perfectly entered into the spirit of the 'Palinodia.' According to Canon Tait, he began his literary career by imitating the old

coarse and prosaic Roman satirists, and, among other satires, very grossly attacked Gratidia, under the name of Canidia. By the advice of Mæcenas he then began to imitate Archilochus and the other Greek satirists in his book of Epodes, which were still sufficiently coarse. Among others, he imitated Stesichorus, first writing an ode of inimitable slander on the beforementioned lady, and immediately following it by another under the name of 'Palinodia,' in which he directly refers to the poet whom he imitated:—

'Tu pudica, tu proba,
Perambulabis astra sidus aureum.
Infamis Helenæ Castor offensus vice,
Fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,
Adempta vati reddidere lumina.'—EP. 17.

Horace from this point was naturally led to imitate the Greek lyric poets. On commencing his odes, it seems that he fell in love with Gratidia's daughter, and we find among them a *bona fide* recantation in the 'O matre pulchra filia pulchrior.' Autoleon, called also Leonymus, by a play upon his name, was probably a friend of Stesichorus, who had taken part in an engagement against the Locrians. These people our bard detested, and fired off a fable against them, so that the whole story of Autoleon and Ajax is probably as much a piece of banter as that of himself and Helen. The island of Leuce, where Achilles had a temple, was near the Delta of the Danube, called little Egypt; and it would be odd enough if the story of Helen's sojourn in Egypt originated in the same mistake as the popular notion, that the gypsies, when driven out of little Egypt, had come from the Delta of the Nile. (8.) A scholiast tells us that Stesichorus applied the expression which related to the voluntary departure of Helen, to his separation from his own mistress; but we have, doubtless, given the fragment its true location, though Stesichorus may have humorously quoted himself on some such occasion. The story of Castor and Pollux protecting Simonides may have originated from this Palinodia.

1.

'Accursed the prostituted Lyre,
That roused the Jove-born Twins to ire!
Deprived of sight, I mourn the name
Of Helen soil'd with deeds of shame.

2. 'In troubled dream with fear and awe
The frowning demigods I saw,
And starting from my sleep I lay
Searching in vain the light of day.

3. 'The stroke was from a hand Divine;
My counsel from the Delphic shrine.

4. ' Autoleon for himself and Me,
Hied to the healing Deity,
Autoleon by a wound distress'd,
Unheal'd and rankling in the breast,
Wounded when laurel'd fields he sought
Where Locri and Crotonians fought.
* * *
5. ' He of the lofty Lion-name
At last to mystic Delphi came;
Replies the Power, " No hopes avail
Till you to distant Leuce sail !
Offended Ajax then may pity,
And bards may learn a different ditty."
The desert Leuce next was won,
Sacred to Thetis' godlike son ;
Shades of Ajaces there were seen,
The Less and he of giant mien,
Achilles there, and at his side
The chaste, the lovely Spartan Bride.
* * *
6. ' Warn d that to Ajax still belong
Our Locri of the courteous tongue,
Or heal'd by Ajax or the sea,
He brought a warning back to Me,
" From Helen tell that Poetaster,
To Me he owes the due disaster;
He shall recant those calumnies,
And he shall laud me to the skies !"
* * *
7. ' Oh, Helen ! Queen of Beauty thou !
And faithful to the marriage vow !
- †8. ' [Blindly I sang,] " With willing heart
Did Helen from her home depart :"
* * *
9. ' 'Tis false ! for never Dardan oars
Did Helen bear to Trojan shores ;
* * *
10. ' The faithless Paris put to sea
With a dead Image, shaped like Thee !
* * *
11. ' The Twins propitious hear the righteous Lay ;
Again I now behold the Light of day.'

XV. 'OPESTEIA.—*The Story of Orestes.*

This piece was in two parts ; (6.) is mentioned as being in the second part. (4.) Our poet does not lay the scene in Argos or Mycenæ. (5.) Our poet does not give the received name of the nurse. (7.) Agamemnon was the son of Pleisthenes.

1.

- ' In every mouth the cheerful song
Should to the Graces now belong,
Song of the Graces golden-tress'd,
Soft song in Phrygian measure dress'd ;
* * *

- †2. For now the genial Spring is here,
And, Hark! the Swallow twitters near.
- †3.
- * * * And sing once more
- ‘ The theme old Xanthus sang before.
- 4.
- ‘ In lofty Lacedæmon stood
Atrides’ palace, scene of blood.
- 5.
- ‘ Laodamia, she whose tender care
Had foster’d Agamemnon’s infant heir.
- 6.
- ‘ Letters, the fruit of Palamedes’ art,
Are fitting means the counsel to impart.
- 7.
- ‘ In Clytemnestra’s visions of the night
Dreams of foreboding horror blast the sight;
His crest besmear’d with blood a Dragon rear’d,
And then Pleisthenides the king appear’d.
- 8.
- ‘ Of feather’d shafts a formidable store,
By Phœbus self bestow’d, Orestes bore.
- †9.
- ‘ The God of Day delights in sport and song;
To Pluto grief and moaning groans belong!
- * * *
- †10. Bootless to mourn where every hope has fled,
Vainest of Vanities to mourn the Dead!
- * * *
- †11. The Dead we never shall behold again,
Their favour faded from the face of men.’

XVI. ‘ΡΑΔΙΝΑ.—*Radine, an Elegy.*

Of the real history of this poem we know nothing. It seems to have been one of the class *Δημώματα*, which we should call ballads. The era chosen must have been during the regal government of Corinth, perhaps before the founding of Syracuse. Cephalonia was one of the islands which formerly received the name of Samos. Strabo supposes it to be a tribute to the memory of the brother and cousin of Radine, put to death by the king of Corinth.

- 1.
- ‘ Come, sacred Muse, begin the song,
To thee the tuneful notes belong;
Let Samos and her Sons inspire
The lovely lay and lovely lyre.
- * * *

2. ' Up springs the gentle western breeze
 To waft Radine o'er the seas,
 From her own Samos sailing o'er
 To regal Corinth's distant shore,
 Where Corinth's King with longing arms
 Impatient waits her Bridal charms.
 •
- ' The same breeze summons to depart
 The Brother of Radine's heart,
 Sent on an embassy divine,
 To distant Delphi's hallow'd shrine.
 •
- ' Her Kinsman hastens, too, to grace
 The bridal games and chariot race,
 And at fair Corinth sighs to dwell
 Near her that he had loved too well.
 •
- ' The furious Husband has decreed
 Brother and Kinsman both shall bleed.
 •
- ' The Chariot by his stern command
 Conveys the dead from off the land;
 But soon the pangs of conscience burn,
 The Dead are summon'd to return.
 •
- ' The funeral rites are duly paid,
 And low in peaceful earth the dead are laid.'

XVII. ΚΑΛΥΚΑ.—*Calyce, an Ode.*

The unsullied purity of Stesichorus in sentiment and expression is very remarkable. Calyce can scarcely have been considered by the poet the daughter of Æolus, as would appear from the nature of her prayer and its result, and from the probably invented name of Evathlus. 'The 'Lover's Leap,' in the 'Spectator,' will repay a perusal.

1.

- ' " O Venus! hear a Lover's prayer,
 Be suppliant Calyce thy care;
 A maiden seeks thy honour'd shrine,
 And no unhallow'd love be mine;
 Or I Evathlus' wedded wife,
 Or may I quit a loathed life!"
 •
- ' Thus Calyce her prayer preferr'd,
 No Power divine propitious heard;
 Nor could her purer passion move,
 Evathlus scorned her maiden love.
 •
- ' Where spreads the wide Thessalian plain,
 And Æolus's ancient reign.
 •
- ' She, where Leucate overhangs the tide,
 Plunging down desperate—a Virgin died.'

XVIII. DAPHNIS, A BUCOLIC.

This branch of poetry is said to have been invented by Stesichorus, the Father of the Sicelides Musæ.

1.

'I mourn the Shepherd Daphnis robb'd of sight,
Doom'd by a Goddess Nymph to endless night.

2.

'Fair Clonia's slighted love to hate had grown;
Her Shepherd Daphnis stands transform'd to stone.'

XIX. 'YMNOΣ ΕΙΣ ΗΛΙΑΑΔΑ.—Hymn to Minerva.

(1.) does not with certainty belong to Stesichorus, but the style is his. (2.) This picture of Minerva is said to have originated with our poet, but is found on Etruscan remains.

1.

'Pallas, the dreadful Goddess, rules the lyre;
Pallas that sets the martial soul on fire,—
The Power that lays the haughty Cities waste,—
That rouses slumbering battle,—Goddess Chaste,—
Jove's mighty Daughter,—skilled the Steed to tame,—
Minerva! awful, all-unrival'd Name!

†2.

'From Jove's own Head, forth to the light of day
Minerva leap'd in all her arm'd array.

†3.

'Typhæus sprang from Juno, sprang from Her,
To vengeance roused against the Thunderer.'

XX. FABLES.

The versatility of Stesichorus' genius was unrivalled among the Greeks, and only equalled by that of the inexhaustible Ovid among the Romans. His fables seem to have been all of a political character. It has been questioned whether they were written in prose or verse; but we may conclude from the general tone of his writings, and from the precedents set by others, that he would compose them in verse, except when a fable was delivered as part of a public speech. He may have quoted on such an occasion the fable of some other writer. That of the Horse and Stag we know has passed through several hands, such as Æsop in his defence of the demagogue. It was not unusual to degrade poetical fables into the form of prose. An industrious person might possibly pick out some loose Iambic measure from the second and third fables which seem to possess the *disjecti membra poetæ*. Socrates in prison asked for the poems of Stesichorus, and may have been led by these to compose some fables of his own. (4.) The Cicada of the ancients was not our grasshopper.

1. ἵΠΠΙΟΣ ΚΑΙ ἑΛΑΦΟΣ.—*The Horse and the Stag.*

‘ A Stag comes trampling and destroys
 The meadow which a Horse enjoys;
 The Horse for vengeance cries to Man—
 “ Assist to punish, if you can.”
 Replies the Man, “ Wear you this Bridle,
 These javelins shall not be idle!”
 The Horse agrees, the Bridle wears,
 And on his back the Hunter bears:
 But for revenge he look’d in vain,
 And never was he free again.
 Ye Himeræans, think of this,
 Nor seek revenge through Phalaris;
 From you he holds supreme command,
 A Bridle ready in his hand!
 To make the Fable aptly fit,
 Give him a Body-guard for Bit!
 Then fairly mounted on your back,
 Your master he—and you his hack!’

2. *The Horse and the Doe.*

‘ A pasture smiled in green, and near
 A rivulet flow’d sweet and clear;
 A roving Doe, that chanced to pass,
 The fountain foul’d, and trod the grass;
 A Horse to whom the field belongs,
 Burns to avenge these heinous wrongs.
 The Doe he finds too fleet to chase,
 A Hunter meets, and states his case:
 Quoth Hunter, “ Were I on your back,
 And were you bridled on her track,
 We both could soon chastise this Foe:”
 He mounts, and spears the hapless Doe.
 The Horse revenged found out too late
 Himself reduced to servile state.
 ‘ Ye Democrats, I fear that you
 And Himera the like may rue:
 You hate your betters, and you call
 For Gelon’s help to crush them all;
 For this a Body-guard he craves,
 And you may find that you are slaves.’

3. ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ ΚΑΙ ἈΕΤΟΣ.—*The Eagle and the Husbandman.*

‘ As sixteen labourers toil’d together,
 And harvested in sultry weather,
 They sat them down to rest and dine,
 Athirst for water to their wine;
 So one is sent away to bring
 The water from a neighbouring spring.
 Away he hies at their command,
 Flagon on shoulder, hook in hand.
 And there he spies an eagle lying
 In a snake’s folds just strangled, dying!
 The eagle hoped a prey to make,
 And found himself outmatch’d by snake;

The king of birds by snake is beaten ;
Not now to eat,—perhaps be eaten :
Unlike old Homer's birds, the brood
All gape, and gape in vain for food.
The countryman has heard that Jove
Sends birds on errands from above,
That eagles do his high behest,
And snake he knows a hateful beast,
He takes his hook, cuts snake asunder,
And liberates the Bird of Thunder!
Work done of supererogation,
Water he draws in his vocation;
Water he mixes with the wine,
And hands about for all to dine :
The thirst is great, 'tis high noon-tide,
The draughts are deep, and often plied.
Our Countryman had served the rest,
Nor sat with them to share the feast ;
At last he dines, and raises up
With eager thirst the cooling cup ;
The Eagle sees, he pounces down,
Upsets the cup, and straight is gone!
The Countryman indignant cries,
As off the well-known Eagle flies,
" Oh ! is this conduct right or just ?
Who now in Jove will put his trust ?
And who again will act like me,
Or set his captive eagles free ? "
He spoke,—he turn'd, and then saw lying
The rest convulsed, in torture dying !
Snake-poison in the stream was laid,
The bird the boon of life repaid.

' [Since much to you, my friends, I owe,
Unwelcome counsel I bestow ;
'Tis good—adopt, nor bear so hard
Upon your faithful Eagle-Bard.]'

To the Locrians on their use of foul language :—

4. *The Grasshoppers.*

' [Day after day, and year by year,
Chattering, chirping, far and near,
Some Grasshoppers a house surround
And din the owner with the sound.
These grasshoppers delight in trees
To chirp and chatter at their ease :
So quoth our friend, " You villain vermin !
This nuisance I'll at once determine :
Your Trees I'll fell, and then you may
In humbler quarters sing away ! "]

' Hush, Locrians ! or far and near
Dwellings and Trees may disappear ;
Then Grasshoppers, ill-omen'd sound,
Shall sing to You,—and from the ground.'

XXI. HYMNS TO BACCHUS, PÆANS, PANEGYRICS, EPITAPHS, &c.

Of the miscellaneous compositions of all sorts, we can only say that some of the preceding fragments may belong to them.

1. *Solar Eclipse.*

'The loftiest, greatest Star, before so bright,
Now lurks conceal'd, his noonday turn'd to night;
Where once the sun his dazzling radiance shed,
Are paths of black eclipse with darkness overspread.'

2. *The Himera.*

'The Himeræan waters there divide,
Rolling two currents to the ocean-tide;
One enters where the Tuscan billows sweep,
One swells the surges of the Libyan deep.

* * * *

†3. 'A Hostelry, the favourite resort
Of Mariners at the Trinacrian port.'

Opinions apparently the most absurd, are sometimes founded on truth. Our readers will recollect the memorable complaint of Horace respecting the estimation in which the older writers were held; the absurdity of which he attempts to prove by deducting one year after another, *demo etiam unum*, until he reaches his own time. But, independent of historical interest, an actual and real value in composition is derived from its mere antiquity. If we take a work of the reign of Queen Elizabeth for example, an old play, an old poem, an old piece of vituperative declamation, we find such a raciness in the expression, and such an originality in the idiom and ideas running through the whole, as make what was utterly common-place at the time, new and striking to *us*. How much more forcibly, then, must the remark apply to the best writers of a more remote antiquity! When we take up such a work as that of Kleine, we are struck with an impression similar to that of Dawkins, when he came suddenly upon the ruins of Tadmor in the wilderness. Here a noble pillar lies prostrate, there a rich capital; here a mutilated inscription, there a flight of steps leading to the scattered fragments of a temple still to be traced in outline; every where broken remnants of sublimity and beauty; and, whatever may be said of the natural, in the intellectual ruin more may yet be discovered. We must not imagine that this branch of literature is yet exhausted. Much of interest remains to be done; fragments to be amended, and their purport and relation illustrated; every correction and addition throwing new light on the whole. In matters of this nature much industry is required. There must be a systematic research for *testimonia* through all the ancient writers, such especially as have ever proved their acquaintance with a particular author by any quotation not at second hand; and also a critical examination of quotations

unappropriated to any author by name. Precious fragments have been found in the most unexpected quarters. We have seen published in our own day the dull and shallow remarks of old grammarians sparkling with gems not their own. The present Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Kaye, in his analysis of Clemens Alexandrinus, mentions the interest attached to that writer for scholars, from the many classic references to be found in his works. Sometimes Greek writers may be traced in unacknowledged translations. Catullus thus gives us literally an exquisite ode of Sappho, while Horace does not name Alcæus, when he writes—

‘Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem ;’

nor Virgil the predecessors, of whom he does not scruple to make free use. We are even told that, at the revival of letters, some scholars destroyed ancient manuscripts, and published copies of them as their own. Some ancient writers have come down to us through the hands of an abridger, as was Justin the historian; others have been paraphrased, as were the Epistles of S. Ignatius, and in such a shape that the worthy and perverse Whiston insists upon the original being an abridgement. The early Christian writers are often merely fragmentary from the well-known persecution of their books as treasonable against the state, and blasphemous towards the heathen deities. In the case of the fables which pass under the name of Æsop, and, perhaps, in that of others, poetry has been converted into prose. A German scholar publishes a Babrius of his own, extorted from the *Disjecti Membra Poetæ*, when, behold, the original Babrius is discovered in the East, and published at Paris, affording an amusing criticism on classical conjectures, and enabling our own Mr. Murray to publish a chastised and most elegant collection of fables. Sometimes ancient works have been detected as translations into the Semitic tongues, of which a work of Eusebius, lately brought to light, affords an example. It cannot be doubted that, in eastern libraries, some few valuable works yet remain to be discovered. Epigrams, which have come down to us from antiquity, have appeared again as inscriptions; and lately, the greater part of a long hymn to Isis has turned up in this manner. The peculiar nature of mathematical research has enabled the moderns to recover many of the lost writings of the ancients, and the very remarkable restoration of the Porisms is celebrated among men of science. In existing libraries, we have Palimpsest MSS., out of which we have gleaned fragments of Cicero, Fronto, and others; and this seems to be a sort of propensity in human nature, as indicated by the re-used slabs of cuneiform inscriptions at Nineveh, and our own mediæval brasses. The

newspapers would, moreover, lately have us believe that the foot of an Apelles or Zeuxis was detected peeping from beneath the over-laid drapery of a mediæval saint. This resource is almost untouched; and it is to be lamented that a due examination of the Vatican, the Escorial, and other repositories of learning, would require the very rare combination of high classical scholarship, antiquarian research, mechanical tact, indefatigable industry, great leisure, and a good income.

From the tombs of Egypt we have recovered scraps of Homer, and more recently a Greek orator; and we need not despair of future acquisitions from the land of the Ptolemies, and of the Alexandrian library. The works of Aristotle were once buried by his family. But these voluntary entombments are nothing, when compared with the devastation of an earthquake at Smyrna, or with the destruction of Herculaneum. Amidst the ruins of the latter, a library has been found, and another by a bare possibility may be detected; unhappily, the library in question belonged to a metaphysical philosopher, and the unrolling of the MSS. has been most costly, tardy, and discouraging. Sir Humphrey Davy went over to offer the aid of his chemical skill, but they contrived very judiciously not to put the best specimens into the hands of a gentleman who was in the habit of smashing retorts during the impulsive fervour of operating genius.

We ought, however, to be very thankful that so much is left.

'Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troia gaza, per undas.'

And to Christianity, in common with every great and good influence that could tend to promote human happiness and civilization, is the boon due. Christianity has taken upon herself for ever the maintenance of the learning connected with the Semitic, and Greek, and Roman tongues. Vulgar uneducated fanaticism may ignorantly undervalue those tongues, and foolishly endeavour to supplant them; but while Christian learning and scholarship exist, their study must exist also.

The translation of the Holy Scriptures into all languages will, in the same manner, be eventually of incalculable value to ethnology, to the fixing of semi-barbarous tongues, and to the easy acquisition of any language whatever, through the medium of compositions common to them all. We say this, however, with a caution against what has already happened; we mean their translation into certain hideous jargons, which are in nonsense language, and which are entirely unfit for any representation of the sacred ideas, and the peculiar spiritualities of the Gospel. The most inveterate enemy of the monastic system will not deny that conventual establishments were in their day the last refuge and citadel of assailed learning; neither can it be disputed that, on the fall of Constantinople, and the revival of letters, the sun of

human civilization shone brightest in Italy under the Medici, when the discovery of a manuscript was hailed as the discovery of a treasure beyond all value; and a scholar died broken-hearted on the loss of his collections in the East. Printing just came in time to aid the development of learning; or, perhaps, we should rather say, was forced into existence, like other inventions, by the demand.

We cannot conclude this article without looking into the future, with regard to the continued existence of valuable works now within our reach. We are accustomed to consider the past as a series of great geological eras in social existence, which can never recur again, and look upon ancient writers as if they were a sort of Plesiosaurs existing in our strata and museums. But we must not deceive ourselves. Lyall's doctrine that the causes of great geological changes are still in operation every where, is unquestionably true in the social world; and posterity may search in vain for a Didus, or Deinornis, or Mastodon Giganteum, now in existence. Very recently, the unique Icelandic collections at Copenhagen were burnt; and we daily hear of valuable libraries belonging to the nobility and gentry meeting with a similar fate. It is notorious, that there are many works, of which a single copy only is known to exist, such as the Hamlet in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and the volume of Prynne, lately in the Stow collection, while works are reprinted on that very account by some of our antiquarian societies. Their proceedings, however, remind us of the colloquy between Time and Hearne the Antiquary:—

“ Quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
“ Whatever I forget, you learn.”
“ Cries Hearne, in furious fret,
“ Whate’er I learn, you’ll soon forget.”’

It has, in fact, become a regular practice to print a very limited number of copies of curious books, for the avowed object of making them rare.

The publications of the provincial and periodical press in the present day, sometimes of a high order, disappear almost as fast as they are printed; and posterity will search in vain for narratives and discussions, which will have an interest for *them* inconceivable to contemporaries. Who could imagine that broadsides, and penny publications, and a printed volume of old ballads, should be now among the forlorn *desiderata* of our literature? Valuable works fall very frequently dead-born from the press, while accident or favouritism forces into notice works about which posterity will care little. Meanwhile, a system of active Vandalism is at work every where, not to be surpassed by civic authorities, or even by churchwardens. A new Palimpsest process has been announced for discharging the print of old

books, and re-manufacturing the paper. Thousands, and tens of thousands of tons, are yearly torn up without scruple or discrimination, to be used as waste paper by seedsmen, grocers, and bacon-vendors; and sales are attended for the purpose of purchasing works that sell below a certain weight per pound. Then the very ingenious Mr. Frederick Strong, of Grafton-place, Euston-square, has invented, in addition, the rapidly extending profession of a literary anatomist, who dissects rare books and periodicals, and disposes of the mutilated limbs to persons who may be collecting topography, or biography, or aëronautics, or somnambulism, or illustrations of the life of Wesley, or Bamfylde Moore Carew, or any thing, or body, else which may happen to strike their fancy. In the meantime, there are great works of inestimable value, such as the earlier Philosophical Transactions, and those of other learned bodies, journals, and travels, which will never be reprinted, and in respect of which we are satisfied with the power of reference.

But, after all, it will be said, that the use of gunpowder must prevent society from ever being overrun again by uncivilized hordes of Goths, Vandals, Visigoths, Huns, and Tartars; but, alas! either politically, socially, or intellectually, this is an utter delusion. The plain truth is, that the different classes or strata of society, from the highest to the lowest, though speaking the same language, may, to all intents and purposes, be considered as so many distinct nations, widely differing in habits, sentiments; moral principle, education, and opinions. The outbreak of a horde of red republicans, or English socialists, would bear every character of a barbaric invasion; and Burke very truly asks, what savage hordes would have treated France worse than its democratic revolutionists. The vulgar instinct of each social stratum is to invade the stratum above it, except as far as self-control may be induced by moral and religious principle, by a feeling of natural dignity and self-respect, or by a fear of the social stratum below. A rapid growth of wealth and prosperity is usually attended with social danger. This was seen in the reigns of Charles I. and Louis XVI., when violent convulsions placed gigantic resources at the command of the grasping and unscrupulous despotisms that followed, and were composed only by the exhaustion produced. In our own country, the quadrangles of colleges have been ankle-deep in torn books and manuscripts; ruffians were hired to break the richest stained glass, and destroy the carved work of God's temples 'with axes and hammers;' and it was proposed to annihilate all the records of the kingdom; while, in our own day, we have seen a determination expressed in a democratic publication, that the success of its party should be certainly followed by the burning of Westminster Abbey, and probably of the British Museum.

ART. II.—1. *Notes from Life.* By HENRY TAYLOR, Esq.
London: Murray.

2. *Free of the Conquest and other Poems.* By HENRY TAYLOR, Esq. London: Moxon.

It has been truly said, that the world has little to do with habits or modes of authorship, the quick or the slow, the deliberate or the impulsive. Whether a writer strikes off a thought in a happy moment of inspiration, or brings it to gradual perfection by the annealing process of meditation and time, is a small matter to the reader: what he is concerned with is the result; if that be good, we regard all means of attaining it with equal respect. It comes but to the question, at what period was the necessary thought gone through—at the time, or beforehand? For every work worthy to live is the fruit of thought and reflection in their largest sense. It may be the hoarded musings and visions of youth, brooded over since childhood, and flashing into sudden life and maturity when their time comes; or the more conscious workings at the period of composition of a thoughtful and comprehensive mind. Inquiry into such matters is curious and interesting as a question of Psychology, but the value of the work itself is not affected by it. Whether Dryden was a fortnight in composing his 'Alexander's Feast,' as Johnson reports, or but a single night, as seems more probable, a night of inspiration leaving the old bard 'in an unusual agitation of spirits even to a trembling,' does not affect the intrinsic merits of that wonderful ode—it is equally a noble poem. 'We have no mode,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'of estimating the exertions of a quality so capricious as a poetic imagination; the finished work alone proves the power and the degree and measure of the gift.'

Such being the case, we believe it to be the best policy of authors to keep back from an inquisitive public the processes by which their labours have been accomplished, and in presenting the fruits of their toil, to hold in obscurity the efforts they have cost them. Any allusion to the machinery of thought and meditation seems to justify criticism, and lays them open to the consequences of their confession. If a writer boasts of rapidity in composition, we may then lay every weak line to careless haste, or arrogant self-confidence; if he pleases himself by dwelling on his deliberation, and the fastidiousness of his taste prompting him to frequent modification and rejection, we are

led to look curiously for an adequate result of so much pains, and to miss that free spontaneous flow of thought which represents in the popular mind the gift of genius. A poet's mind, we say, should be a sort of feast, an inexhaustible profusion, even though the very abundance prevents perfect order in the display. We ought to be able to say of him as of Nature, and as was said of our greatest early poet, 'Here is God's plenty.' Thus it happens that we do not thank the poet for his pains: we are apt not to value the care he has taken to please, nor to estimate his success as highly as if it were the fruit of a happy accident, or a native felicity of execution; which we might possibly have believed it to be, had not the author himself been at the trouble to undeceive us. However, this same success certainly justifies the introduction of the delicate subject self, and what we have said is rather advice to authors for their own sake, than from any discontent at our being taken so far into an author's confidence.

Mr. Taylor, in his two recent works, has admitted us into some of the secrets of his mode of composition. The volume of poems begins appropriately with a rhymed dedication, of which we give the opening lines:—

‘TO THE HON. MRS. HENRY TAYLOR.

‘Dear Alice, through much mockery of your’s,
(Impatient of my labours long and slow,
And small results that I made haste to show
From time to time,) you scornfullest of reviewers,
These verses work’d their way: “Get on, get on,”
Was mostly my encouragement. But I,
Dead to all spurring, kept my pace foregone,
And long had learnt all laughter to defy.’

Nor is the preface to the *Essays* less confidential. We are thus let into some of the secrets of dramatic writing:—

‘My present work must be regarded as to some extent comprehended in the same design, that of embodying in the form of maxims and reflections the immediate results of an attentive observation of life For more than twenty years I have been in the habit of noting these results as they were thrown up, when the facts and occurrences that gave rise to them were fresh in my mind.’

‘A large portion of them I would more willingly have transfused into dramatic compositions. Year after year I have indulged the belief that I might find health, leisure, and opportunity, for doing so; nor do I yet relinquish the hope that I may gain the time for some further efforts of that nature before I lose the faculty. But the years wear away, and though I do not hold that youth is the poet’s prime, yet I feel that after

¹ ‘Some of the notes were originally made in verse, others were from time to time converted into verse to serve the purposes of dramatic or poetic works in progress or in contemplation: and I have not hesitated to quote the verses in illustration of the prose, as often as the versified form seemed to give a reflection, or an aphorism, a better chance of finding a resting-place in the memory of the reader.’

youth the imagination cannot be put on and taken off with the same easy versatility—that a continuous absorption in the dramatic theme is more indispensable to its treatment; and that, consequently, such pursuits come to be less readily combined with other avocations. Other avocations I am unable to discard, and lest, therefore, I should never be in a condition to realize a better hope, I have put into the prosaic form such of my reflections on life as I have thought worthy in one way or another to be preserved.'

'We, who are priests of Apollo,' says Dryden, 'must wait till the god comes rushing on us.' This may be Mr. Taylor's meaning in his own calmer language; when the god rushes on him he will write his drama. In the meanwhile we are let into the mode by which, applying the modern art of division of labour, he prepares himself for this event. He has his *thoughts* all ready, it is no injustice to say, 'cut and dried.' The plot, the action, and poetic diction, are all that he waits for till such time as inspiration and leisure shall attend him hand in hand. To simple people, like ourselves, who never attempted even a 'dramatic sketch,' we must repeat that we feel it a mistake to have given this insight into the secret of construction. All people have their own way of going to work, with which, as we have already said, the world has nothing to do; yet it would a good deal mar the pleasure of the uninitiated in reading dramatic works, if they were forced to believe that all those profound reflections, those deep insights into the innermost heart of man to be found in them, had been prepared beforehand by the author, and were not elicited in his own mind, as they profess to be by the characters who utter them, from the force of the occasion, and the energy of the scene, which the poet intensely realizes. We know how, in conversation, circumstances of interest, and the intimate collision and fusion of two minds, bring out their powers, and develop thought and fancy beyond what each separately seemed capable of. We believed that the poet, embodying his characters, could work the same wonder by the intimacy of his relation with these creatures of his imagination. It would be a disappointment to learn that those startling truths, those profoundest appeals to our sympathy, which delight us in Shakspeare—those touches which seem suggested by the urgency of the occasion, by the inspiration, so to say, of some peculiar conjuncture, were in fact drawn out of his note-book; that he had skilfully led the conversation up to them, that they were not the natural fruit and consequence of that emergency. Nor can we believe it to be otherwise than as we fancy it; and that it is, in truth, the appropriateness of the saying that gives it its force and value. Shakspeare struck while the iron was hot, he so vividly saw and realized as he went along that *his* nature was a step

beyond that of other men. He not only wrote what men were likely to say, but what they *would* say, and how far these two differ any one may tell who takes the trouble to compare his expectations of any critical scene with the event. But to return to our subject.

It is a proverbial sign of genius to be able to make much of small materials, to produce a great work from means which appear to common minds wholly inadequate. If the promised tragedy is a great one, Mr. Taylor will prove himself a greater poet than even at present we esteem him; for his published storehouse of thought, as seen in 'Notes from Life,' must, we think, be universally held to be most inadequate for such a work. After what Mr. Taylor has already achieved, we, therefore, regard it as in some sort an injury to his high reputation to have published this volume of detached thoughts. They must disappoint his admirers; not that they do not contain much truth and good sense, but they do not satisfy expectation, nor come up to the estimate already formed of him. Few persons could have written 'Philip van Artevelde;' many—very many men could have made notes on life quite as true, quite as original, quite as instructive. It is a pity then to have thus paraded his materials, to have shown us an embryo labour. Mr. Taylor, even with his own estimate of the value of his lucubrations, should have remembered the old adage, that 'Fools and children should never see a work half done.'

To us it seems that many of these 'Notes from Life,' coming as they do from a distinguished writer, must be regarded rather as rough notes on subjects to be *thought about*, than actually the deep mature thoughts of a comprehensive mind—a series of common-places, first principles, truisms, which rhythm and the harmony of numbers must develop out of their present triteness into vigour and freshness. It has been plausibly said, that half the noblest passages in poetry are truisms. This we deny, but readily grant that divested of their point and their melody, and put into inharmonious prose, they may be. The sword is rusted into its sheath. The flash and edge, the keen penetrating force is gone. Its power is over. Truth is always fresh and always new. Truisms are truths cast into moulds; all the clear lines and edges are dulled and rounded off.

The following reflections in their present state we think to be truisms. We have heard them all before, and so had the author before he wrote them; nor do they seem to have gained any new grace or attractiveness in their passage through his individual mind. They are simply so much of the stock wisdom of the world, which no one for the last thousand years can appropriate as his own; and yet, in all the dignity of large type, and all the

pretension of appearing on their own account,—not to confirm something else, but for their own intrinsic value,—they do seem to affect a certain degree of novelty. The first extract is on the subject of generosity:—

‘All giving is not generous; and the gift of a spendthrift is not given in generosity; for prodigality is, equally with avarice, a selfish vice: nor can there be a more spurious view of generosity than that which has been often taken by sentimental comedians and novelists, when they have represented it in combination with recklessness and waste. He who gives only what he would as readily throw away, gives without generosity; for the essence of generosity is in self-sacrifice.’

All this is exceedingly true, but we certainly knew it before.

Again, we have surely all of us known—it is, indeed, one of the standard and current maxims of the most ordinary observation and experience—that men would rather condemn themselves in the general than the particular. Mr. Taylor hardly appears aware that mankind have been beforehand in this discovery:—

‘Besides the false humility under cover of which we desert the duty of censuring our fellow-creatures, there are others by which we evade, or pervert that of censuring ourselves. The most common of the spurious humilities of this kind, is that by which a general language of self-disparagement is substituted for a distinct discernment and specific acknowledgment of our real faults. The humble individual of this class will declare himself to be very incontestibly a miserable sinner; but, at the same time, there is no particular fault, or error, that can be imputed to him from which he will not find himself to be happily exempt. Each item is severally denied; and the acknowledgment of general sinfulness turns out to have been an unmeaning abstraction—a sum total of cyphers. It is not thus that the devil makes up his accounts.’

On the question of saving, Mr. Taylor says:—

‘As to the *saving* of money—the saving like the getting should be intelligent of a purpose beyond: it should not be saving for saving’s sake, but for the sake of some worthy object to be accomplished by the money saved, and especially we are to guard against that accumulative instinct, or passion, which is ready to take possession of all collectors.”

Ritson, the caustic antiquary, in commenting on some brother critic, somewhere exclaims—‘This lover of truth never wrote a truer line,—give me a lie with a spirit in it!’ We would not, however, be understood as going along with him in this latter wish; believing, indeed, that truth well managed is quite as capable of spirit as the lies he longs for. On the subject of beauty Mr. Taylor says:—

‘Wealth and worldly considerations have a good deal to do with the choice made in most marriages. It is commonly said that beauty, howsoever enchanting before marriage, becomes a matter of indifference after. But if the beauty be of that quality which not only attracts admiration, but helps to deepen it into love, I am not one of those who think that what charmed the lover is forthwith to be lost in the husband.’

We own we should have been surprised if Mr. Taylor, a poet and philosopher, had been one 'of those.' There is, however, some fitness and propriety in subjoining a trite answer to a trite objection. Again, on the same subject:—

'The exception to be taken to beauty as a marriage portion, (if it be beauty of the highest order,) is not, therefore, that it can become otherwise than precious whilst it lasts, but rather that as it is precious so it is perishable; and that, let it be valued as it may, it may be accounted at the best but a melancholy possession.'

Of humility he says:—

'It is, indeed, chiefly in our intercourse with equals and superiors that our humility is put to the proof. When the *Servus Servorum* at Rome washes, according to annual usage, the feet of some poor pilgrims, the ceremony, if it be held to typify humility, should at the same time be understood to be typical of the easiest of all humilities.'

This is true in a *sense*, and certainly amongst the standard common-places in the matter of humility. Of pride it is said:—

'The proud man is of all men the most vulnerable, and, as there is nothing that rankles and festers more than wounded pride, he has much cause for fear.'

But it may be thought invidious thus to cull sentences apart from the context, which will be supposed to give them the dignity and novelty they want thus standing alone; and some of our readers may esteem the statements themselves to be so true and valuable that they may not object to meet with them more than once, thinking that in this world of lies we ought not to mind hearing the same truth now and then twice over. Indeed, we have felt this so much, that we have abstained from illustrating our meaning by such sentiments, as for example—'In extreme youth obedience should be the rule of the child'—'Passion is not to be taken for a guide in extreme youth,' &c.—because they do bear upon the context. Still we ask, is it not a misfortune to a style that it should be capable of this mode of treatment, that it may be broken up into trite forms of expression and separated into common-places? The reader's eye grows careless as it wanders over them, and attention and expectation languish. And in an essay we have an especial right to be critical. An essay on a given subject implies that the author has something new to say upon it. He undertakes, as it were, to start from where his predecessors in the theme left off; to give us not the collected wisdom and experience of ages, but his own private addition to the stock. Thus it may be considered among the most ambitious forms of composition. In others, the writer's wisdom comes in apropos to something else, and if it be to the point we do not so much look for novelty, (as a good steward

must bring out of his treasure things old as well as new,) it bears upon the main topic but does not constitute it. But an essay should be as it were a sort of quintessence of inquiry, thought, and observation; if it be not this it is nothing. However, we are ready to grant that besides the large stock of matter 'respectable for its antiquity' to be found in the present volume, there is much that shows the workings of a thoughtful individual mind, some passages that are striking, and forcibly expressed, and many against which we cannot make the complaint of a too implicit agreement; to these we will revert in due time. It is in connexion with the question of style and power of expression that we have so far entered into the merits of his prose volume, not for the subjects on which it treats. Mr. Taylor does in verse possess the art of expressing his thoughts, which in prose he does not. That which takes hold of our thoughts in his poetry passes by them in his prose; it wants the arresting power. We are thus led into a comparison between the two.

It is, perhaps, the fashion of the present day to depreciate style too much, to separate thought from the mode of expression, as if this were an accidental excellence not affecting the intrinsic value of the idea. But we believe that every noble thought naturally invests itself with noble language, and that it would be a poet's unconscious habit thus to clothe in its very rise and creation whatever is most distinctive and characteristic in his own mind. It is not born, it is not complete, till it is so clothed. Thus we have not only Mr. Taylor's best form of expression, but actually his freshest and most original thoughts, in his poetry. He cannot turn at will lame prose into good verse. Feeling thus we cannot enter into views sanctioned by great names and plausible at first sight, of the unimportance of mere wording and choice of expression. We find Sir Walter Scott saying, 'We care as little for the minor arts of composition and versification as Falstaff did for the thews and sinews, and outward composition of his recruits. It is "*the heart, the heart,*" that makes the poet as well as the soldier.' True, but the *heart* will speak out, and its outpourings will be in exact accordance with its dictates. In curious contrast with this sentiment of the modern bard is that saying of Cowley's, that the 'music of numbers sometimes, almost without anything else, makes an excellent poem.' Both sayings have in fact a partial truth. One is not more unfair than the other. Arts of versification, or a natural gift which acts intuitively upon them, are as essential to a good poem, and order and rhythm to good prose, as thought itself.

This may be made clear, we think, from the consideration that nothing *lives* that is not well expressed. Man, as man, is full

of chaotic half-formed musings and dim aspirations. Genius gives life to these formless impulses—a local habitation and a name. Who can trace the source of this secret happiness? Wherein lies the power of words such as we all of us use for every common want, and to convey each insignificant intelligence? It is the birthright of genius to discern their hidden force and properties, to cull, to arrange, to compare, to set them in shining array, nicely fitted together, condensed, harmonious; so that henceforth for ever they live in that order and can never be displaced. Dante makes Casella sing his songs in the shadowy land, and heaven to ring with earth's divinest hymns; and surely it is in accordance with all our intimations and impressions, that the pure strains of our poets on earth shall still delight us in heaven.

There are, however, some who take a different view altogether of language. With another meaning, they think with Talleyrand, that it is made to conceal our thoughts; that it is so poor a medium, so inflexible, so barren, so external to ourselves, that it suppresses or misrepresents all our most recondite ideas, all our deepest impressions. They think that language frustrates their aims, and they have a natural spite against it. Were it not for these vile words, they seem to say, we should ourselves have been a poet. We honestly believe that in all these cases of declamation against language, as if it were little better vehicle for expression than the inarticulate sounds of animals, that if our friend would sit down, and in calm deliberation seek to express his exalted ideas in this 'jargon' of ours, he would find, and, if he were candid enough for the avowal, be forced to confess, that it was not after all *words* that he wanted, but definite thoughts. And it is well often to bring the mind to this severe scrutiny and ordeal; to convince ourselves that what disturbs and elevates us with a sense of suppressed greatness and genius, is often a sort of illusion, a crude and formless chaos. We shall find words for whatever is real; words in some proportion to the clearness and force of our ideas. We cannot in fact detach thoughts from the words that clothe them, any more than we can separate soul and body. A thought will not live unless it has this fitting body; we only know it to be higher, deeper, more stirring, more inspiring than the kindred speculations of other men, by some subtle indefinable grace in the *wording*, some beauty so mysterious and illusive that the smallest change does it grievous wrong. Let the reader take any line or passage which embodies to him an ideal of a noble or a beautiful thought, and let him, here and there, substitute words of what he thinks similar meaning. The charm is broken. Where is the suggestive power? where the magic key to his inmost heart? The words

prove to have been like Samson's seven locks: the strength lay by some divine charm within them. The giant thought now lies weak as some other man's. We cannot suppose that the world is ever cheated of its best and greatest, merely from want of power of expression; that is, we cannot believe this to be a separate gift. There are not two classes, one that thinks and one that speaks. We are persuaded that the thinkers are the speakers—that the conception finds vent in eloquent expression, as the root in the flower; a man does not know what his own thought is like till he has given it the only form which in our present nature we can judge of it by—till he has invested it in language. Till we have this test we disregard what is called *promise*. The rose and the brier look alike in their first bare twigs; when the bloom comes, and not till then, can we distinguish them. There are writers who are called promising all their lives; who believe themselves and are supposed by others to be storehouses of noble, struggling, unexpressed ideas. One line of performance we hold to be more decisive of the poet or the philosopher than volumes of such promise.

Mr. Taylor has said that

'The world knows nothing of its greatest men;'

a sentiment which is often quoted, and which we believe owes much of its success to the easy flow of its wording and the compactness of its construction. It bears somewhat upon this question, and from it we might fear to have Mr. Taylor's authority in theory brought against us. For if any of the world's greatest men are great for their powers of thought, it must imply failure of expression on their part, that the world is still ignorant of them; for no one can say that the greatest thoughts greatly expressed, have passed unnoticed by the world. We can only express our entire dissent from the view, if we are to take greatness in its ordinary meaning. It may be quite true to say that many have died prematurely, or been suppressed, to begin with, by want of all education, who would, had they lived or been educated, have been greater than any actual great men that have been in the world. But if we are to understand by greatness, something actual and present, not merely embryo and prospective; the actual preeminence of certain high gifts and powers, bodily and mental, we discredit the dictum exceedingly. We feel convinced that there have been no greater poets than Shakespeare of whom the world knows nothing; no greater philosophers, no greater men of science than those who have actually instructed us. But such reflections have given consolation to many unsuccessful aspirants for fame, who willingly believe anything rather than the fallacy of their own inward stirrings;

and given consolation, too, to many a warm admiring friend and party of intimates, who in the close intercourse of friendship believe they see in their leader, and in each other, qualities beyond what may be discovered in men who have already won publicity and distinction. The fact being that such intercourse, confidential, exclusive, free and unrestrained, has a fascination which blinds the judgment and throws a false glose and unreal grandeur over all efforts of thought that are viewed under its light. But we have wandered very far from our main subject in a dissertation which was to introduce the mention of Mr. Taylor's last volume of poetry, and to convey our impression that verse is the natural home for whatever is original and distinctive in his thoughts. In the present slipshod days of verse, when many men publish a poem with as little care and deliberation, as little attention to the arts of versification, as if these were of no importance, or were expected to come of themselves without thought or pains; or who 'indulge themselves in the 'luxury of writing, and perhaps knew the neglect was a fault, 'but hoped the reader would not find it;' it is a positive gratification to meet with verse which bears marks of care, of skilful handling, of loving paternal correction. It is like the pleasure of watching a good workman at his trade. It is building the lofty rhyme instead of flinging together the rude heap of stones by which some hope to reach the clouds. We are obliged and flattered by a writer who at once respects himself and respects the judgment and capacity of his readers. And if we do not rank Mr. Taylor's efforts so high as some of his admirers, if we are not willing to call his deficiencies graces, and his poverty better than other men's wealth, we yet prize them for that they are, and feel grateful to him for pre-'serving the purity of the English,' and seeking with unwearied care to develop its dignity and its beauty, its finer turns and more hidden graces. Except certain lyrical poems inserted in his dramas, the present volume is, we believe, the only volume of poetry proper Mr. Taylor has given to the world. And the poem which gives its name to the volume, 'The Eve of the Conquest,' is somewhat dramatical in its structure. His field is blank verse; there his muse has her proper scope and exercise; and though there is much grace in his lyrical poems, we are constantly reminded in their perusal of certain unfitnesses inherent in his mind for this form of composition. We should even say that the principle on which he starts is adverse to it, that of addressing himself mainly to the understanding, and depreciating those pleasures which the senses and the feelings derive from poetry. He separates and comparatively disregards what he calls the luxuries of poetry, its charms and attractive

graces, from its intellectual, and, as he thinks, immortal part. Now these are things which cannot be separated without loss. There is no immortal poetry which does not owe its immortality as much to qualities here disparaged as to its subject-matter; we do not say its merit, but its immortality. 'The poet's business,' says Dryden, 'is certainly to *please* his audience.' It is wrong, in fact, to decide on what is the only part of ourselves worthy to be regarded. Let us respect our bodies. If our mind lasts through all eternity so will our *ear*, and the pleasures it is capable of imparting to us. Indeed, in the only inspired indications we have of our future state, the enjoyments of the senses, eye and ear—are dwelt upon rather than the severer pleasures of pure mind—thought and induction;—not that these will be wanting, but that our nature is treated as a whole, the senses ministering most subtle and acute pleasures to the understanding. In like manner poetry addresses the whole man, his soul and his body, his heart and his brain, his senses and his nerves. The blood thrills, the nerves vibrate, the tears flow, the ears tingle under the poet's highest inspiration. It is no sign of it when we sit without other bodily manifestation of its influence than knit brows; while the mind is intensely at work. Gifted poetry gives us understanding, it makes hard things easy—it lifts a veil—it shows us glimpses of a far off country; it lights up ourselves as it lights up the world with its own light:

'The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream,'

telling us more than we know or can see, which we only believe because our whole frame responds to it.

Poetry may perhaps be defined as a divine mechanism for teaching us certain truths or impressions which we could not learn by other means. The secret of its power is too subtle to be discovered; but that much of its power lies undoubtedly in the music, and not only in the strain of higher, bolder, tenderer, thought which it induces—may be illustrated, we think, from the effect which music itself produces on us. We cannot listen to a 'rich,' 'intricate,' 'majestic' strain, without an intense desire to know what it means, and without a full conviction that it has a meaning which some higher intelligence could explain. Now the qualities of melody, recurrence of tones in measured order, rise and fall, flow and pause, belong in like manner to harmonious verse; they work on the mind and senses in the same way that good music does, causing the same perplexing delight, full of hope and yet of present uncertainty, placing our minds in a higher state for apprehending what is out of sight than unassisted reason does. These mystic charms,

however, belong to those qualities of poetry that Mr. Taylor least esteems, and to which he has not devoted himself. They do not in fact belong to the turn of his genius, which expresses itself with that accuracy and exactness which has been called the wit of propriety (as opposed to the wit of pleasantry),—an accuracy which has a peculiar gracefulness of its own,—rather than in the swelling cadences of lyrical harmony.

It is customary to attribute to authors who do not use a rich or florid style, a disdain of such 'arts,' as if all poets had similar natural powers. Possibly Mr. Taylor's preface to his first work may give some ground for such an impression in his case; yet we do not ourselves enter into the view; we believe him to give as much ornament as is natural to him; his is not a luxuriant or playful fancy, it needs no clipping of its wings. We rather believe this, than attribute its absence to any disdain which will not permit him to humour the tastes of his readers. It is not for the poet to encourage disdains against any of his readers. We are satisfied that Mr. Taylor has taxed and exercised his full powers, that there is no store of metaphor that he has never used, of graces which he has despised, of ornaments that he has rejected. The truth is that these are not his points of excellence; he would have failed in ornament; he frequently has failed in metaphor; he often sins against good taste, and his poetry is so far the worse. It is common to place rigid *truth* in opposition to such graces, as if the two powers were incompatible, and to regard it as a full and ample compensation for their loss. We do not see how truth would be the gainer, and object to the term *rigid*, as applied to the truth of poetry, which should be spontaneous and free. As an illustration of what we mean, take the truth of the witness-box and the first unconscious narrative of the same witness; in both instances he speaks the truth; in the first with intention, in the second, because he has no other thought than to do so. But which truth is truest, most complete, most satisfactory? Where he is full of his story, where possibly he runs off into digression, where he forgets himself in his story, where we have his thoughts, all accompanying circumstances, the scene itself before us, the reflections arising from it, the fervour, the intensity, the hyperbole—compare this to the bare statement of facts: in which case does the listener know most of the event, or has it clearest before him? And which should be the poet's truth? Without contravening, however, this quality in our present author, the merit of his style, in our eyes, lies rather in a certain earnestness and conviction of the truth and the importance of what he is saying, than that it actually contains more of that divine essence than exists in the imaginative kind of poetry. What Dryden says of an ancient didactic poet may also be applied

to him: 'The distinguishing character of his soul and genius is a certain kind of noble pride and positive assertion of his opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason . . . and though often in the wrong, yet deals *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks.' And this is a quality which wherever it is met with, justly holds a great influence over us, and is more powerful, as being connected with the will, than more showy intellectual gifts. It is the one desideratum of the preacher. A man may have but little new to tell, but little play of fancy or imagination; but if he is deeply convinced of the truth of what he is saying, so as to overcome all diffidence or fear of his hearers (which in itself implies perhaps no small strength of mind), and can give utterance to the convictions of his heart, he will have power. Simple assertion backed by this inner conviction has far more weight than argument or reason; recourse to which appears like condescension and a descent to lower ground after it, bringing the speaker on a level with his hearers. This is a weapon of which Mr. Taylor knows the use, and to which we are disposed to attribute some share at least of his high reputation for truth. He *thinks* that what he says is true, and he could not, therefore, argue on the other side. And to express these convictions the diction, profiting by this same force of the will, is dignified, strong, flowing, sometimes most felicitous, always showing a wide acquaintance with the resources of our language. Into its innermost riches, its most fortunate successes, 'those secret happinesses' that attend some poets' choice, he does not enter; they belong to what is designated "the sentient," or they herald higher and deeper truths than Mr. Taylor's muse touches upon; but such as he needs he has at his command, together with an ear perhaps too fancifully pleased with artful dispositions and the intricacies of an involved harmony. Of all modern poets this present volume shows him most anxious to suit sound to sense, to please the ear by happy recurrences of similar tones—by measured pause and sounding close—by that peculiar finish and point which needs labour and care and frequent revision. We do not wonder, in reading many passages, that his progress was, as he says, slow. No one can say, after the old model of criticism, that the poem would have been better if the poet had taken more pains, for every line indicates thought and deliberation, and, on the whole, thought and deliberation well bestowed, though sometimes we might wish the art to be somewhat less obvious. But we do not imagine any natural graces are thereby nipped in the bud. Ben Jonson tells us that 'a good poet's made as well as born,' and our present author is a *made* poet, in as true a sense at least as he is a born one.

Our admiration of Mr. Taylor's diction applies principally, however, to his blank verse, which, as we have said, suits his turn of mind. It is grave, dignified, and sententious, giving importance to common sense and keenness to observation. It admits, too, of eloquence and rhetorical arts, which more essential poetry repudiates; and accommodates itself with equal ease to the didactic, the philosophic, the satirical mood; and he is acquainted with its capabilities, and knows how to bring out its harmonies; that fugue-like measure of which it is susceptible—those returns and repetitions of itself—phrase echoing to phrase, and sound to sound—which so happily supply the want of rhyme; and satisfy the ear, gratifying our unconscious curiosity and expectation. Its highest flights—those extremes of pomp and stateliness, which seem to test all the powers of language, as if to show us how heroes and demi-gods express their thoughts, are not attempted by him; they do not, indeed, come within the scope of his plan, nor are adapted to poetry founded on the stern common-sense basis.

In order to illustrate the artful nature of Mr. Taylor's verse, let us dwell on a few detached passages apart from the context, the interest of which should in an ordinary perusal withhold us from too close a scrutiny. The design is of course to soothe and please the ear, and put us in a fit frame to conceive and sympathise with the sentiment, without our being directly conscious of the cause of our satisfaction. Harold, the night before the battle, sends this message to Adeliza:—

‘But I bequeath this message of my love,
That knowing thus it died not with my death,
Her sorrow, by a soft remembrance sooth'd,
May sleep and dream, and dreaming things divine,
Be gloriously transfigured by a hope.
For love, that dies not till the body dies,
Shall with the soul survive.’

where any one taking the pains to consider, may discern the intricacy of the harmony; the recurrence of thoughts, words, tones at due intervals; the sound, the representative of the sense; the verses answering to each other in rhythm and expression. Again:—

‘That was a season when the untravell'd spirit,
Not way-worn nor way-weari'd, nor with soil
Nor stain upon it, lions in its path
Saw none,—or seeing, with triumphant trust
In its resources and its powers, defied,—
Perverse to find provocatives in warnings,
And in disturbance taking deep delight.’

Mr. Taylor is always observant of that rule of legitimate verse so essential to its melody, to make each line, whether its end be marked by a stop or not, to conclude with a pause and

sounding close. The reverse of this rule, which obtains with many modern writers, has been well called prose-poetry. The sense should not hurry us on; we should be allowed a pause of susceptible duration; the second, third, and fourth lines of the foregoing passage have no concluding stop, but their close is duly marked. Another example of the same observance:—

‘What means at this unusual hour the light
In yonder casement? Doth it hint a tale
Of trouble, where some maiden mourner pale
Confides her sorrow to the secret night?’

The next lines express well a full yet even flow of waters. Their correct accent, and regard also to quantity, in the second line, are the cause of this effect:—

‘So love flowed on me, from a thousand springs,
And poured itself around me like a flood.’

In the next, where vigour and power are to be expressed, this regularity of accent is purposely avoided; the superfluous syllable in the second line adds to its strength:—

‘When to relent he saw, and when to dare;
Sudden to strike—magnanimous to forbear.’

Sometimes he is ‘curiously and perversely elaborate,’ as C. Lamb boasts one of his own sonnets to be:—

‘By choice or chance, or choice attending chance.’

Again:—

Of this she saw not all—she saw but little;
That which she could not choose but see, she saw.’

And sometimes purposely harsh:—

‘Where the boors,
Though scared yet greedy, grimly lurk’d aloof.’

And—

‘’Twas he whose skill and courage gagg’d its gaping jaws.’

Often Mr. Taylor’s versification is rhetorical, an excellence in its way, but not compatible with the purest poetical form, though the highest poet may occasionally exhibit it. The art of poetical language is to produce effect with apparently inadequate means: the art of the orator and rhetorician is to call in all the pomp, all the resources of language, its majestic forms, its effects, its appeals to our prouder reason and sympathies. It is self-possessed and dignified and argumentative. This style often manifests itself by almost indescribable deviations from the simpler poetic mode of expression. For example, in the next passage the word *should* implies it to our ears:—

‘Should I fall
To-morrow, I shall leave behind me few,
It may be none, to tell with friendly truth
My tale to after times.’

In the next the negative *nor* conveys the same impression:—

‘ “Sleeps she the lady Edith?” “No,” they said,
“Nor will she be persuaded.”’

Again, where the whole passage is an instance in point:—

‘ By falsehood they prevail’d, nor less by truth.
They told him, which was true, that we despised
His person and his power: they said besides,
We practised to overturn the tottering throne,
Which now we overshadow’d, which was false.’

Again:—

‘ They thence
Took courage *whom* they injured to insult.’

Again, the following haughty line of argument, which is highly and justly rhetorical:—

‘ Twixt me and England should some senseless swain
Ask of my title; say I wear the crown
Because it fits my head.’

But alliteration is Mr. Taylor's favourite artifice, and we know no writer, ancient or modern, who has used it so much; certainly to a great excess; yet we can enter into its attractiveness, and understand the temptation. It is often practised with the greatest success, and is a most obedient instrument: in the following passage it is used to give the idea of haste and impetuosity. Harold is recounting his battle with his brother Tostig, and the subsequent news of further wars:—

‘ A bloody day determin’d in the dust
Their pride and prowess. Scarcely were they cold,
When posts from Pevensey with speed despatch’d,
Announced the Duke’s approach. At double speed
I marched to meet him. Here we stand opposed.’

In the description of the battle the same art is happily employed:—

‘ A mighty roar ensued, pierced through and through
By shrillest shriek incessant, or of man
Or madden’d horse that scream’d with fear and pain,
Death agonies. The battle, like a ship,
Then when the whirlwind hath torn and tost,
Stagger’d from side to side. The day was long
By dreadful change of onset and feign’d flight,
And rout, and rally, direfully drawn out,
Disastrous, dismal.’

Sometimes alliteration is employed simply from the pleasure of finding similar sounds:—

Or,—
‘ The bribe that would have bribed me to betray.’

‘ Of feminine affection fancy fed.’

Very beautiful examples of this kind of play will occur to most readers from other authors, as for example:—

'That the rude sea grew civil at her song.'

'To hear the sea-maid's music.'

'In maiden meditation, fancy free.'

Instances which are all taken from one page in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' as if the poet's ear had got into a jingling mood. Mr. Taylor, however, applies it to the most serious purposes. One of the most elaborate poems of the volume is a dialogue on matrimony and celibacy—where it seems to us every letter in the alphabet is made to bear witness to the superiority of the wedded over the single life, and to band together against the unhappy celibate. When once we become alive to this highly artificial structure, our attention, we own, is somewhat led astray from the force of the argument, to observing how the consonants give their evidence and record their opinion. We will give our readers the advantage of our inquiries on this matter by the aid of italics:—

'Down the path of palms and yews
A bloodless phantom of a woman walked,
Hooded and veil'd, with languid step and slow,
And oft-reverted head. Once and again
A holy rapture lifted her, and scarce
She seem'd to touch the ground; but presently
It left her, and with languid step and slow,
And drooping posture, pass'd she on her way,
Still praying as she went, but stumbling still
Through weariness o'er sticks and straws, and still
With sticks and straws she quarrell'd as she pray'd.
When she approach'd the grave that crossways closed
The avenue, though weary of the way,
She seem'd not glad, but shudder'd and recoil'd,
Shaking through weakness of her weariness;
And though she upward look'd, look'd backward too,
And so with arms that clasp'd the solitude
She slowly disappear'd. This way of life,
The Sibyl said, is the way celibate,
Where walks erroneous many a monk and nun.
The good therein is good that dies therein
And hath no offspring; neither hath the evil,
For He that out of evil bringeth good
Begets no issue in the evil here:
Probation blotted from the book of life
With evil good obliterates, for these two
In quality, though opposite and at war,
Are each to each correlative and essential,
And evil conquer'd maketh moral good,
With virtue that is more than innocence.'

Thus is the poor celibate hissed off the stage. One must own that the languor, and at the same time, irritation of the

verse very much assists and supports the writer's view. The *s* and the *w* do him good service as disputants; and now for the contrast—'The conjugal way more perfect,' and deserving, in Mr. Taylor's mind, of a more tripping, light, and graceful versification, wherein the *l*'s, the *r*'s and the *f*'s have their turn, and the pleasing duty of ushering in 'that other way,' which they do in the following really beautiful lines:—

'The maiden turn'd obedient, and beheld,
Where, at the outset from a mystic bower,
A figure like Aurora, flush'd with joy,
Leapt lightly forth, and dancing down the path
Shook the bright dewdrops from the radiant wreath
That crown'd her locks profuse; ere long the flush
Subsided, and the bounding steps were stay'd.
But firmly still, and with a durable strength
She travell'd on: not seldom on her way
A colour'd cloud diaphanous, like those
That gild the morn, conceal'd her; but ere long
She issued thence, and with her issued thence
A naked child that roll'd amongst the flowers,
And laugh'd and cried: a thicker cloud anon
Fell round her, and from that with sunken eyes
She issued, and with stains upon her cheek
From scalding tears; but onward still she look'd,
And upward still, and on her brow upturn'd,
And on the paleness of her penitent face
A glory broke, the day-spring from on high:
Thenceforth with loftier and less troubled strength,
And even step, she trod the tremulous earth,
Elastic not elate. The grave was near
That crossways cut the path; but with her went
A company of spirits bright and young,
Which caught the blossoms from her wreath that fell,
And gave them back. And as she reach'd the close,
Gazing betwixt the willows far beyond,
Full many a group successive she descried
With wreaths like hers, and as she softly sank,
A heavenly hope, which like a rainbow spann'd
A thousand earthly hopes, its colours threw
Across the gloomy entrance of the grave.
This, said the Sibyl, is the conjugal way,
With joys more free and nobler sorrows fraught,
Which scatter by their force life's frivolous cares
And meaner molestations: stern the strokes,
The struggles arduous, which this way presents,
And fearful the temptations; but the stake
Is worthier of the strife, and she that wins
Hears at the gates of heaven the words, "Well done,"
And, "Enter thou."

Our readers ought to be made aware that the poem contains a practical conclusion for these two contrasts, and that the narrator who thus ably marshals his alphabetical forces, is apparently the suitor to his fair listener, whom he seems in a likely way to convince.

Among what are called the ornaments of poetry, the metaphor holds a chief place, though figurative language,—the art, that is, of describing one thing by its analogy with another thing,—is too much of the essence of poetry as a divine science, to be so designated. Mr. Taylor has been frequently complimented on his neglect of this ornament, as indeed very beautiful poetry may be written by simply portraying a thing as what it is, without assembling all the objects of nature or art to show what it is also like; but praise in this matter is surely misplaced. If a poet has not the gift of appropriate and abundant illustration, let him follow his calling without it; but let us not disparage the marvellous suggestive power of a good metaphor, nor call that idle decoration, which in gifted hands can unlock memory, transport fancy, and enable us in a moment—at a glance—to enter into the innermost heart of a poet's meaning. Such a metaphor, for example, as the following, so familiar to us all, which we will quote to show our meaning; where the poet by no direct means could have so clearly carried us back to the point he dwells on—remotest childhood, all its blessed sensations, the boundless sea of eternity:—

‘ Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters sounding evermore.’

It would seem, however, that Mr. Taylor's range of metaphor is limited, rather than that he neglects it; he is only unsuccessful when he transgresses his natural bounds. The elements are his treasury; the storm—the flow of waters—the play of winds, and especially, and above all, the sun. He adopts, that is, and often with great effect, the received imagery of poetry, as such, rather than pursues any private fancies of his own. We will cull some examples of his style from the present volume; some, as our readers will see, very happy and graceful ones. We quote them to show that Mr. Taylor does not despise metaphor. We can share in contempt for deliberate and painful search for, and construction of figures; but no poet will despise what comes to him *along with* the thought, which cannot be separated from it, which is indeed the mode in which the thought first presents itself to him, as a picture that is, not in words. The following are instances of the world-wide language which to the end of time will compare joy and success to sunshine, and sorrow to a cloud, and still please us by the comparison:—

‘ But joy is short,
And soon upon our glorious break of day,

So rich in sunshine and so fresh with dew,
We saw the clouds to gather from that side
Whence now the storm assails us.'

The following picture of Edith, Harold's daughter, is very graceful, tinged as it is in the end with the sunset glow:—

'She rose,
And rising, seem'd the vision of a saint
Awaiting her assumption. In her mien
Celestial beauty reign'd, with sovran grace,
And holy peace, which holier raptures left,
Not colourless, but like a sunset sky,
Partaking of their glories. So she rose,' &c.

Harold in the next passages personifies the sun or the sun-god:—

'Then Harold, rising as the Princess knelt,
Threw off the cloud that veil'd him, and appear'd
His very self, a man of god-like mould,
Radiant but grave.'

William the Conqueror—

'Essay'd to gild
This thunder-cloud of dark design.'

The following is a happy adaptation of the common image, likening reserve to a cloud and mist:—

'Then did all sternness melt, as melts a mist
Touch'd by the brightness of the golden dawn:
Aerial heights disclosing, valleys green,
And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts between,
And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.'

And this again, of the sunshine of friendship:—

'Mine is inferior matter, my own loss,
The loss of dear delights for ever fled,
Of reason's converse, by affection fed,
Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.'

And in Elena's Lay:—

'She loved too soon in life; her dawn
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
A sure prognostic that the day
Will not unclouded pass away.'

And again:—

'Brightly upon me,
Like the red sunset of a stormy day,
Love breaks anew beneath the gathering clouds.'

Mr. Taylor's most novel metaphors are his least successful ones. In his essays he has thought it worth while to invest in the dignity of verse the following grotesque image:—

'For Pride,
Which is the Devil's toasting-fork, doth toast
Him brownest that his whiteness vaunteth most.'

In expressing his contempt for the populace, a favourite theme, we find the following concatenation:—

‘To England, whose street-statesmen, blind as moles,
Scribe-taught, and ravening like wolves for blood:’

where the epithet scribe-taught, *i. e.* newspaper-reading, so little harmonizes with the animal comparisons, that in search of an analogy we are forced back to our early days, and Mother Hubbard's dog, who—

‘When she came back,
She found reading the news.’

We have sometimes to regret this tone towards the commonalty, where it does not affect the unity of a metaphor, but only its refinement:—

‘But service such as his to virtue vow'd,
Ne'er tax'd for noise the *weasand* of the crowd,
Most thankless in their ignorance and spleen.’

We have extracted alike from Mr. Taylor's poems in blank verse and in rhyme. But our testimony to his mastery over his instrument must be applied chiefly to the former, though all his versification shows a good ear and a skilful hand. He knows what that will bear, but sometimes he makes experiments of long words and acute reflections in measures which altogether reject such open efforts of the intellectual faculty, and make them out of place and pedantic. In lyrical verse we all know to our cost that the poet may be obscure—we may be puzzled (quite according to legitimate order) as to what he means. He transgresses no rules in thus constructing his poem; but he must not, in order to make himself more intelligible, give us hard words, or our ears instantly rebel. No; he must express recondite truths, if bent to do so at all, in simple Saxon, such as a child might use. Mr. Taylor's most striking departure from this law is, however, not to be found in the present volume, though that contains long words occasionally—a good deal out of place—as ‘*equipoise*,’ ‘*arbitrement*,’ ‘*susceptive*,’ and the like; but in the earlier lyrical poem to be found between the two dramas of Philip van Artevelde, which is ushered in with such condescension to weak minds, with such a promise to the reader of mere amusement, as led us to expect other things:—

‘Rest thee a space, or if thou lovest to hear
A soft pulsation in thine easy ear,
Turn thou the page, and let thy senses drink
A lay, that shall not trouble thee to think.’

And then follows Elena's experience of life, so analytical, so acute, so shrewd even, as would have needed the ten-syllable stanza at least, if not blank verse, to do it justice. Persons are to express their feelings and passions in lyrical effusions,

or what is better, have them described for them; but they should avoid metaphysics; they may not go into the why and the wherefore, nor analyse their sensations, nor profess to understand themselves nor each other. The measure makes all such reflections importune. Moreover, simple and not complex emotions are best for it—anything great, magnanimous, devoted, impulsive. A first love is its essence and its felicity, for it needs no accounting for, which a second does. We look for undying love, unchanging constancy, heavenly beauty, unconquered valour, and all heroic achievements, and are disposed under its influence to be hard on change and inconstancy. It is a celestial region of the virtues—a sphere where we can retain our pristine notions on such points, and never cease to be horrified by events which in common life we must needs reconcile ourselves to as best we may. We are, we own, jealous of encroachment upon this paradise of the affections. Wordsworth, the master of his art in so many ways, strikes us as peculiarly happy in the adaptations of his subject to their appropriate measure. Would he express a sort of divine inanity, we have in baby tones, and oft-recurring rhymes, the idyl of the 'Idiot Boy;' or deep thought analysing nature and man's heart, we follow with absorbed, and withal, somewhat strained attention, the stately march, unfettered by the golden chains of rhyme, of the 'Excursion;' or a pure, simple, devoted affection, we have the lyrical ballad with Ruth for its heroine, who when that 'youth from Georgia's shore' leaves her (after her first tumultuous grief is over) spends, as must needs be to preserve the consistency of the measure, the rest of her 'innocent life but far astray,' with nature and returning childhood, as her only consolars. Would he tell a tale of sorrowful adventure and misfortune?—he gives it in the harmonious monotony of the Spenserian stanza; or express the cream of all his thoughts—the result, without the process of reflection—the deep experience of our higher life—the remembrances of childhood—the wisdom of manhood—the inspirations of nature—the hopes that lie beyond?—he embodies all in the ode, that last achievement of the lyric muse, the poet's crowning effort, testing *all* his powers.

What we complain of in 'Elena's Lay,' is that it wants this adaptation. Mr. Taylor, indeed, almost apologizes for exercising his skill on so trifling a subject—'I have not ceased,' he says, 'to admire this poetry in its degree; and the interlude (the 'Lay,') which I have inserted between these plays will show, that, 'to a limited extent, I have been desirous even to cultivate and 'employ it.' This is not the spirit in which to succeed in a lyrical poem. He has wished, indeed, to infuse a more intellectual spirit, another element into the verse, so Elena gives her

experience, and has not only rhyme but reason for all that befalls her:—

‘First love the world is wont to call
The passion which was now her all.
So be it call’d; but be it known,
The feeling which possess’d her now,
Was *novel* in degree alone.’

When the object of this first love, whom she describes as

‘Intelligent, *loquacious*, mild,’

finds out that he does not care for her, and the tie is dissolved, she thus accounts for her returning interest in life:—

‘The human heart cannot sustain
Prolong’d inalterable pain,
And not till reason cease to reign,
Will nature want some moments brief
Of other moods to mix with grief;
Such, and so hard to be destroy’d,
That vigour which abhors a void,
And in the midst of all distress
Such nature’s need of happiness.’

Dwelling on her own love of the beautiful she says:—

‘Devoted thus to what was fair to sight,
She loved too little else, nor this aright;
And many disappointments could not cure
This born obliquity, or break the lure
Which this strong passion spread; she grew not wise,
Nor grows.—’

In disappointment she took refuge in pleasures—

‘That bloom but briefly at the best;
The world’s sad substitutes for joys
To minds that lose their equipoise.’

Somewhat akin to these novelties is the use of technical expressions. A great critic has established it as a general rule, that all appropriated terms of art should be sunk in general expressions, because poetry is to speak a universal language. These are, however, trammels which poets are often impatient of, as interfering with the definiteness of what they have to say. Dryden ventured on many daring deviations of the rule, not with the happiest success; witness the following stanza out of a great many from the ‘*Annus Mirabilis*’ describing the fire of London:—

‘Th’ Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword,
And bade him swiftly drive th’ approaching fire
From where our *naval magazines* were stored.’

In the Lay we have much technical language in the description of Elena’s boat:—

‘Keel up it rots upon the strand,
Its gunwale sunken in the sand,

Where suns and tempests warp'd and shrank
 Each shatter'd rib and riven plank.
 Never again that land-wreck'd craft
 Shall feel the billows boom abaft.'

The three several rhymes having all similar vowel tones, add to the inharmoniousness of this passage. In the matter of rhymes the later volume has, however, few sins to answer for. They are always correct and felicitous—no mean praise.

Mr. Taylor's poetry as a whole is justly called classical—classical from the art and care with which it is written, classical in its spirit. It is compared to a Grecian temple, and the comparison is a just one. It is Grecian rather than Gothic, very complete, reaching what it aims at, but not aspiring, nor in any high degree suggestive. There is one point in which Mr. Taylor very exactly follows the ancient world, on *the* point which has been defined as one great mark of difference between the remote heathen age and our own—that which has been described technically by the critics as the 'best common-place of pity (or interest), which is love,' and which in this light is said to belong exclusively to the moderns. Mr. Taylor certainly enters into this in the old spirit rather than the new. There is nothing chivalrous or ennobling in his apprehension of it, though verse in its very nature, especially verse so graceful and harmonious as his, must necessarily in some degree cover over the deficiency. All his readers must have been pained by his treatment of the subject in his greatest work. Philip van Artevelde is a heathen lover, not a Christian one, and this not alone because his love was in one instance an unlawful one, but in its very texture, and the slight hold it possesses over his mind. The well-known soliloquy beginning and ending—

'How little flattering is a woman's love,'

bears out our view. There is nothing generous, nothing self-forgetful in it, no hopes, no illusions; it is simple present amusement, no union of heart or soul.

But Mr. Taylor seems to lack the power of comprehending a reciprocal passion, as well as of placing the relation of the lovers on its right footing. Christian or chivalrous love should be always supposed to begin on our side, but our author regarding it as a weak idle passion, apparently considers it more suited to the female temperament, and therefore not only makes his ladies take the initiative, but support the sentiment throughout with much the most cordiality and enthusiasm. His heroes allow themselves to be courted—little more. The lady Adriana was of this mood. Elena's first love, as well as her second, appears to have been conducted on the same plan. In the present volume

Harold, in detailing his history to his daughter Edith, thus describes his own similar good fortune in attracting the regards of Adeliza the Duke's daughter. The picture is well drawn, and all that verse can do to reconcile us is done:—

‘Of these the first
In station and most eminently fair,
Was Adeliza, daughter of the Duke.
A woman-child she was: but womanhood
By gradual afflux on her childhood gain'd,
And like a tide that up a river steals
And reaches to a lilyed bank, began
To lift up life beneath her. As a child
She still was simple,—rather shall I say
More simple than a child, as being lost
In deeper admirations and desires.
The roseate richness of her childish bloom
Remain'd, but by inconstancies and change
Referr'd itself to sources passion-swept.
Such had I seen her as I pass'd the gates
Of Rouen, in procession, on the day
I landed, when a shower of roses fell
Upon my head, and looking up I saw
The fingers which had scatter'd them half-spread
Forgetful, and the forward-leaning face
Intently fixed and glowing, but methought
More serious than it ought to be, so young
And midmost in a show. From time to time
Thenceforth I felt, although I met them not,
The visitation of those serious eyes,
The ardours of that face toward me turn'd;
These long I understood not; for I knew
That she in fast companionship had lived
With Ulnoth.

* * * *

‘But Ulnoth was a boy
When first she knew him, nor was yet renown'd;
And woman's fancy is more quick to read
In furrow'd faces histories of wars
And tales of wonder by the lamp of fame,
Than in the cursive characters of youth,
How fair soever written, to descry
A glorious promise. Thus betwixt these twain
A love that burst too early into bloom
Was sever'd ere it set. For Ulnoth's part,
He, in his nature buoyant, lightly held
By all his loves save that he bore to me;
And lightly, with a joyful pride, he saw
The heart to me surrender'd, and himself
Of some unsettled moiety disseized.
Such shape to him the matter took. For me,
Her excellence of beauty, and regards
Rapt oftentimes forgetful of the earth,
Of earthly attributions unaware
In him her fancy glorified,—regards
That seem'd of power to make the thing they sought,—

Did doubtless touch what time, and public cares,
 And household griefs, had left me of a heart.
 I loved the lady with a grateful love,
 'Tender and pure, not passionate.'

If it be argued by that rigid common sense to which Mr. Taylor appeals, that from Harold, a widower and a father, this amount of regard and interest was all that could be expected from him, we most fully assent. We only remark upon the fact, that the relation which he has constructed between the two lovers should be of such a kind; that the affair of love assumes such order naturally to him, and that he arranges accordingly. He may urge the case of Othello and Desdemona, but it only supports him up to a certain point; for Othello's love, even if it be posterior in time, is a genuine passion when he has it. And this particular case is not after all the poet's order of nature. If, leaving the graces and fictions of poetry, we turn to Mr. Taylor's prose ideas on the same subject, we find him boldly uttering sentiments, and justifying supposed feelings and views, for which we believe those for whose sake he expresses them will be the least obliged. In his chapter on marriage we have the following passage:—

'But if an unreasonable opposition to a daughter's choice be not to prevail, I think that, on the other hand, the parents, if their views of marriage be pure from worldliness, are justified in using a good deal of management; not more than they very often do use, but more than they are wont to avow, or than society is wont to countenance, with a view to putting their daughters in the way of such marriages as they can approve. It is the way of the world to give such management an ill name, probably because it is most used by those who abuse it to worldly purposes; and I have heard a mother pique herself on never having taken a single step to get her daughters married, which appeared to me to be a dereliction of one of the most essential duties of a parent. If the mother be wholly passive, either the daughters must take steps and use management for themselves (which is not desirable), or the happiness and the most important interests of their lives, moral and spiritual, must be the sport of chance and take a course purely fortuitous: and in many situations where unsought opportunities of choice do not abound, the result may be, not improbably, such a love and marriage as the mother and every one else contemplates with astonishment. Some such astonishment I recollect to have expressed on an occasion of the kind to an illustrious poet and philosopher, whose reply I have always borne in mind when other such cases have come under my observation:—"We have no reason to be surprised, unless we knew what may have been the young lady's opportunities. If Miranda had not fallen in love with Ferdinand she would have been in love with Caliban."'

Any one who chooses to raise the question whether Miranda could have fallen in love with Caliban, may settle it as he pleases. If the 'illustrious poet and philosopher,' however, to whom Mr. Taylor alludes, is to be understood as sanctioning the view of matrimonial diplomacy presented in this extract, he appears to us to have been, so far, a very indifferent poet and a

very strange philosopher. For our own part, if we are to have any such system recognised, we should not hesitate to prefer the one which Mr. Taylor rejects on account of its secular motives to the one which he recommends on account of its benevolent ones. If the question is one of uniting a Leicestershire estate of the value of 3,000*l.* a-year with 50,000*l.* in the three per cents., and the mode of effecting that junction be a matrimonial alliance between a young gentleman and young lady who respectively represent those properties, the parents who exert cunning or force to bring about such a marriage, are certainly guilty of avarice; but there cannot be said to be indelicacy in the matter, inasmuch as there is no pretence that there is any love. But the deliberate proposal of a method for manufacturing love appears to us a sin against delicacy, more especially as it must be remembered, that in Mr. Taylor's system the lady makes the first move. Imagine a parent standing by, watching benignantly, and gently encouraging a daughter, for whose matrimonial happiness he is tenderly anxious, in making affectionate advances towards a young gentleman of merit, who would in his opinion make her an improving and congenial partner—on the idea that the young gentleman will see those advances, will be pleased with them, and be induced at last to respond to them! Between such a sense of propriety as this and greediness for money, it is difficult indeed to choose; but if we are to make a choice, we think avarice on the whole the least offensive. There there is at any rate no defilement, because there is nothing to defile. But here there is a meddling and a tampering with the fundamental delicacies of the human mind. That is very wrong, but this is very wrong and very disgusting too. Mr. Taylor seems to be the especial patron of one class in the social world—one which does not, we think, stand in any great need of his assistance—at the expense of all others. Fathers and mothers will not thank him for his suggestions, for they will say, and we think justly, that if they are to demean themselves, they had rather do so for the tangible and certain benefit of broad acres, than the very fallible one of a young gentleman's moral beauties as their reward and compensation. Young ladies will not be much obliged to him, for it is no stretch of politeness to say, that the task he has provided them will hardly be to the taste of the majority. But young gentlemen will be exceedingly pleased with his plan, those especially who are endowed with a modest self-appreciation. The way is smoothed exquisitely for them; they have not to put themselves forward, or to put themselves out; they have only to sit still and with a serene approval watch female admiration growing into respectful love. Then, indeed, their dignity allows some re-

sponse, and they condescend to acknowledge themselves pleased with the attention paid them, and with her from whom they receive it. The young gentleman reasons—Ah! poor girl, she has, it is true, many defects, but then she has some discernment—and he doubts whether he may not go further and fare worse in seeking a suitable partner.

Not but that such a scheme, however it may flatter the self-complacency, strongly conflicts with the substantial rights of the male sex. It might be supposed from the whole of the passage we have quoted that men had nothing to do but to sit still and be chosen; whereas if this somewhat offensive expression of 'choice' must be applied somewhere, let it have its prescribed place. We assert for ourselves the liberty of choice which seems here alarmingly infringed. Let a man *choose* his wife, but do not let our ladies begin to *choose* their husbands, or form deliberate plans either with or without their mamma's connivance. One would suppose there was no Providence to order events, as well as no man capable of forming an unassisted, unprompted attachment, that such counsels should be thought needed. What we principally observe, however, is, that Mr. Taylor seems to forget here that there is an alternative between Ferdinand and Caliban, a state which so many women ennoble and adorn, a state which has its own calling, and duties, and responsibilities, and pleasures. Or, possibly, he may think he has disposed for ever of its claims on our respect in the dialogue from which we have already quoted. But we are not so easily convinced. We still see room in this world for the blessed single state. The mind all the more eagerly expatiates on its merits. What would our childhood have done without aunts and cousins with leisure to attend to us! How ill would many of us have fared if there had been no old maids!—we use the term in all honour and reverence. We see, for our part, no necessity for everybody getting married. Why should there be none to sit out from the game of life and find their joy in looking on? And still less do we see the necessity for young ladies speculating beforehand, and forming schemes upon the subject. It is surely the privilege of women that they need not think of such things—that they need not *choose* till the subject is brought practically before them. But this is a favourite theme with our author, he thus pursues it:—

'It may be observed, I think, that women of high intellectual endowments, and much dignity of deportment, have the greatest difficulty in marrying, and stand most in need of a mother's help. And this, not because they are themselves fastidious, (for they are often as little so as any,) but because men are not humble enough to wish to have their superiors for their wives. . . .

'In the case, therefore, of either high endowments or great wealth in a daughter, the care of a parent is peculiarly needed to multiply her oppor-

tunities of making a good choice in marriage, and in no case can such care be properly pretermitted.

'When the mother takes no pains, the marriage of the daughter, even if not in itself ineligible, is likely to be unduly deferred, &c.'

Now passing over with a summary protest the many offensive points in the wording of this passage, we would ask, what is there practical in it all? How is a modest matron to begin to take pains 'to multiply opportunities' with a set purpose? As society is now constituted, people meet without need of all this arrangement, and men have not hitherto found such insurmountable difficulties. What hindrances there have been, have been hitherto considered a sort of charm, as well as a test of devotion and constancy. We own, however, that Mr. Taylor raises a picture in the painstaking mother, and the dignified intellectual daughter, which does present obstacles to the fancy which may almost be pronounced insurmountable. But in behalf of the single life, whose cause we plead, we would ask, If intellectual women so often are found unmarried, may there not be something in the leisure and retirement of that state friendly to the development of the intellect? Is not a woman in a better state for mental cultivation, supposing the ten years between twenty and thirty are spent in reading, perfecting her education, fostering her peculiar talents, than if these years were passed, as in the young wife they must commonly be, in the duties and cares of a nursery and household?—most honourable duties and cares. Good sense, and many high Christian graces, may be matured in such a school; but what is meant especially by the intellectual faculties needs more leisure and study for their growth; an immunity from more engrossing cares, a leisure which if indulged in in married life would lead to the neglect of obvious duties.

We shall not, we think, be misunderstood, when we venture further to suggest, that possibly women, who are really *best* described as intellectual, may be no loss to the married state; and that if men are afraid, as they are charged with being, of women so gifted, they may have sound reasons for their fears. For a woman to be described as intellectual, or clever, does in fact raise an unfavourable impression, as giving the idea of these qualities acting in undue preponderance, overshadowing those moral qualities and affections which should be a woman's crowning grace. Men sometimes cannot help being famous, therefore certain epithets, as 'clever,' 'able,' 'learned,' 'intellectual,' may stick to them without any fault of theirs, without implying any poverty in their moral nature; but if such terms most appropriately describe a woman, we may, we think, justly suspect her of some important want. We do not mistrust her for what she

is, but for what we imagine she is not. But this charge does not apply to what is really the highest class of female intellect. Among the women of highest intellectual endowments who have come within our observation, we should feel we did them the utmost injustice to designate them by such terms; it would be calling names; they never present themselves to our minds *as* such. There is a sweetness, or a truth, or a kindness—some grace, some charm, some distinguishing moral characteristic, which keeps the intellect in due subordination, and brings them to our thoughts,—temper, mind, affections—one harmonious whole.

Nor is it any regret to ourselves, as it appears to be to Mr. Taylor, if women such as these have not, as they often have not, married. For not to mention the risk of their marrying some stupid man—(in which case, *i. e.* after reigning for ten or twenty years in conscious supremacy over an inferior intellect, they might not have been what they are now)—it is well that the single life, which the world is ready enough to condemn, without the aid of poets and philosophers to hark it on, should have its representatives to stand foremost, to maintain its cause and give it weight and dignity; women, who for their loveable as well as admirable qualities, (whether their present condition be from choice or accident,) demonstrate that it is from no destitution of graces and attractions that they are what they are; who rather strike our fancy as something set apart and precious. Natural reason shows that it could never have been the design of Providence—as some must inevitably remain unmarried, as mankind are not paired off in so exact a fit that nobody stands out—that the celibates should be only the melancholy, the disagreeable, the unamiable, the stupid. All providential divisions of mankind are *honourable*, they each have their champions, their nobility.

But Mr. Taylor, though ambitious by such reflections as these to prove himself a man of the world, with an insight into things as they are, not as poets and sentimentalists choose to suppose them, yet would not entirely drop the character which his leading works have won for him; he would not forget the poet altogether, he would willingly suffuse his downright common sense with a tinge of romance. Thus in the following passage he boldly advocates passion as a guide. There is a kind of daring in the tone, he feels he is hazarding what may be considered a dangerous assertion, but after all the feelings must be allowed some play.

‘I have said, that considering the many misguidances to which a deliberate judgment is exposed in the matter of marriage, there may often be less risk of error in a choice which is impassioned. But I ought, perhaps, to

have explained that by a passion I do not mean—what young ladies sometimes mistake for it—a mere imaginative sentiment, dream, or illusion. . . . But if the heart have been trained in the way that it should go, the passion to which it will lie open will be something very different from a warm illusion or a sentimental dream, though very possibly including these and having begun in them. For true love is not, I think, that isolated and indivisible unity which it might be supposed to be from the way in which it is sometimes spoken of. It is mixed and manifold according to the abundance of the being, and in a large nature becomes in its progress a highly composite passion; commonly, no doubt, having its source in admiration and imaginative sentiment; but as it rolls on, involving divers tributaries, swollen by accessory passions, feelings, and affections—pity, gratitude, generosity, loyalty, fidelity, anxiety, fear, and devotion, and deepened by the embankments of duty and justice—foreign to the subject as these last may seem to some. In short, the whole nature and conscience being worked upon by this passion, re-act upon it and become interfused and blended with it; not by an absorption of all elements into one, but by a development of each into each: and when, therefore, I affirm that passion, err though it may, will be often less misleading than the dispassionate judgment, I do but aver that the entire nature—reason, conscience, and affections, interpenetrating and triune—that this totality of the nature, raised, vivified, and enlarged by love, is less likely to take an erroneous direction, than a part of the nature standing aloof and dictating to the other part.

What does all this really mean, we would ask, but that Mr. Taylor thinks that reason, conscience, and the affections, combined, are better guides than the judgment by itself? For ourselves we do not see how these powers can ever come into collision. What can a sound judgment do better, than refer the matter at once to these arbiters 'interpenetrating and triune?' and that would surely be anything but a sound judgment which would persist in acting against their united decision.

But we have dwelt long enough on points of disagreement and criticism, and shall be glad, in conclusion, to present our readers with more favourable specimens of our author's views and manner than some of our later examples afford. Of the six essays in 'Notes for Life'—Money, Humility, and Independence, Wisdom, Choice in Marriage, Children, and the Life Poetic—perhaps the two last are most valuable; the first from its containing some sound and useful hints; the last because it is written in a higher mood, and whatever a poet says of his art, and the circumstances that befit its cultivation, must be interesting. The following reflection concludes a passage on the old subject of the over-education of children in these times; the first part of which we will spare our readers, because they would be sure heartily to agree with it in theory, however much they may be going against it in practice.

'One rule, however, it is in his (the wise parent's) own hands to carry out, and this is, if he talk much to his children, not to talk intellectually. The intellectual talk of adults is apt not only to stimulate the child's

intellect to efforts beyond its strength, but also to overlay many intellectual tastes which have their natural place in childhood, and which it is good for every mind to have passed through. It is best for a child that he should admire cordially what he does admire; but if the intellectual tastes and criticisms of the adult mind are brought to bear upon him, he will try to admire what he cannot, and fail to admire what he might.

'On the other hand I would not be understood to recommend the sort of jocular nonsense which some intellectual parents will have recourse to, in order to place their conversation on a level with a child's understanding; nor do I observe that children are fond of it, or at all flattered by it, but rather the contrary. For it is a mistake to suppose that any joke is good enough for a child. Intelligent children, if not absolutely fastidious as to jokes, (which certainly all children are as to taste and manners,) will not, however, accept as complacently as might be wished, the mere good-natured disposition to make them merry; nor can they respond in the manner that is sometimes expected from them, to every well-meant effort of heavy gambolling and forced facetiousness. Whatever is most simple and natural is most pleasing to a child, and if the parent be not naturally light and gay, he had better be grave with his children, only avoiding to be deep or subtle in discourse.'

The following consideration may have occurred to many as the result of an intercourse with spoilt children, but we do not remember to have seen it urged before:—

'There is another way not much adverted to by blind parents, in which children are injured by undue indulgence. It prevents them from benefiting by the general tendency of mankind to have kind and friendly feelings towards children. Such feelings are checked and abated, when it is seen that children are unduly favoured by their parents; and when the rights and comforts of others are sacrificed for their sake, instead of being objects for the protection and good offices of all around them, they become odious, in the same manner that princes' favourites do, and their parents' sins are visited upon them.

'Then the repugnance which people feel towards the objects of an unjust partiality, provokes them to exaggerate the demerits of the children, —not probably to the face of the parents, but in a way to go round to them,—whereupon the parents come in with some show of reason as protectors of injured innocence, and fortify themselves in their own delusions by detecting injustice in the views of others. It is not the nature of mankind to be unjust to children, and where parents find this injustice to prevail, they should look for the source of it in their children or in themselves.'

The following passage on the subject of style is interesting, though with reference to the opening view, we must express our conviction that men must keep themselves acquainted with the literature of their own day, or they lose one chief source of observation and experience. It argues, we think, some mistake of feeling or of judgment to remain in voluntary ignorance of what our cotemporaries are about—what subjects living minds are engaged upon.

'In these times I think that a poet should feed chiefly (not, of course, exclusively) on the literature of the seventeenth century. . . . Their books are not written to be snatched up, run through, talked over and forgotten; and their diction, therefore, was not such as lent wings to impatience, making

everything so clear that he who ran or flew might read: rather it was so constructed as to detain the reader over what was pregnant and profound, and compel him to that brooding and prolific posture of the mind, by which, if he had wings, they might help him to some more genial and profitable employment than that of running like an ostrich through the desert; and hence, those characteristics of diction by which these writers are made more fit than those which have followed them to train the ear and utterance of a poet. For if we look at the long-suspended sentences of those days, with all their convolutions and intertextures—the many parts waiting for the ultimate wholeness—we shall perceive that without distinctive movement and rhythmical significance of a very high order, it would be impossible that they could be sustained in any sort of clearness. One of these writers' sentences is often in itself a work of art, having its strophes and antistrophes, its winding changes and recals, by which the reader, though conscious of plural voices, and running divisions of thought, is not however permitted to dissociate them from their mutual current and dependency, but required, on the contrary, to give them entrance into his mind, opening it wide enough for the purpose, as one compacted and harmonious fabric. Sentences thus elaborately constructed, and complex though musical, are not easy to a remiss reader, but they are clear and delightful to an intent reader. . . . The finer melodies of language will always be found in those compositions which deal with many considerations at once—some principal, some subordinate, some exceptional, some gradational, some oppugnant; and deal with them compositely, by blending while they distinguish; and so much am I persuaded of the connexion between true intellectual harmony of language and this kind of composition, that I would rather seek for it in an Act of Parliament—if an arduous matter of legislation be in hand—than in the productions of our popular writers, however lively and forcible. An Act of Parliament in such subject-matter, is studiously written and expects to be diligently read, and it generally comprises compositions of the multiplex character which has been described. It is a kind of writing, therefore, to which some species of rhythmical movement is indispensable, as any one will find who attempts to draft a difficult and comprehensive enactment with the omission of all the words which speak to the ear only, and are superfluous to the sense. Let me not be misunderstood, as presuming to find fault generally and indiscriminately with our modern manner of writing. It may be adapted to its age and its purposes; which purposes, as bearing directly on living multitudes, have a vastness and momentousness of their own. All that it concerns me to aver is, that the purpose that it will *not* answer, is that of training the ear of a poet to rhythmical melodies: and how little it lends itself to any high order of poetical purposes, may be judged by the dreary results of every attempt which is made to apply it to purposes of a cognate character—to prayers, for example, and spiritual exercises. Compare our modern compositions of this kind with the language of the Liturgy—a language which, though for the most part short and ejaculatory, and not demanding to be rhythmic in order to be understood, partakes, nevertheless, in the highest degree, of the musical expressiveness which pervaded the compositions of the time. Listen to it in all its varieties of strain and cadence, sudden or sustained,—now holding on in assured strength, now sinking in a soft contrition, and anon soaring in the joyfulness of faith,—confession, absolution, exultation, each to its appropriate music; and these again contrasted with the steady statements of the doxologies;—let us listen, I say, to this language, which is one effusion of celestial harmonies, and compare it with the flat and uninspired tones and flagging movements of those compounds of petition and exhorta-

tion, (for their length and multifariousness peculiarly demanding rhythmical support,) which are to be found in modern collections of prayers for the use of families. I think the comparison will constrain us to acknowledge that short sentences in long succession, however clear in construction and correct in grammar, if they have no rhythmic impulse—though they may very well deliver themselves of what the writer thinks and means—will fail to bear in upon the mind any adequate impression of what he *feels*—his hopes and fears, his joy, his gratitude, his compunction, his anguish and tribulation; or indeed assurance that he had not merely framed a document of piety, in which he had carefully set down whatever was most proper to be said on the mornings and evenings of each day. These compositions have been, by an illustrious soldier, designated “fancy prayers,” and this epithet may be suitable to them, in so far as they make no account of authority and prescription; but neither to the fancy nor to the imagination do they appeal, through any utterance which can charm the ear.’

It is not only, we fear, the difference between the style of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the nineteenth which constitutes the chief point of dissimilarity Mr. Taylor dwells upon. The language of our Prayer-book interprets the devotional *thoughts* of a much earlier period. There are some effusions of the seventeenth century appended to it, which do not, we think, either in excellence of spirit or in expression, much surpass the devotions of our own day: while on the other hand, the modern translation of Bishop Andrewes’ Devotions, deserves all those commendations for rhythm, cadence and varied flow which are here bestowed on the style of two hundred years ago as opposed to our own.

We will conclude our extracts by one from the poems containing a comparison between Italian and English liberty. The happy freedom of air and manner shown in two peasant girls gives room for the contrast. It becomes a question whether true national freedom is compatible with this delightful hilarity of manner as a national feature—whether our precious gift of liberty is not a hard-won treasure, to be laboured and toiled for, and leaving traces of the conflict on its possessors. In the present day, at least, we are not disposed to undervalue our actual possessions, whatever they may have cost us. Even in aspect we must have the better of it—for every true heart in Italy must now be a sad one—every face of the true-hearted have gathered blackness. Yet the lines are beautiful, and the general tone wins our sympathy.

‘Thence we return’d, revolving as we went,
The lesson this and previous days had taught
In rambling meditations; and we sought
To read the face of Italy, intent
With equal eye and just arbitrement
To measure its expressions as we ought:
And chiefly one conclusion did we draw,—
That liberty dwelt here with Heaven’s consent,
Though not by human law.

' A liberty imperfect, undesign'd,—
 A liberty of circumstance; but still
 A liberty that moulds the heart and will
 And works an inward freedom of the mind.
 Not such is statutable freedom: blind
 Are they to whom the letter, which doth kill,
 Stands for the spirit which giveth life: sore pains
 They take to set Ambition free, and bind
 The heart of man in chains.

' Ambition, Envy, Avarice and Pride,
 These are the tyrants of our hearts: the laws
 Which cherish these in multitudes, and cause
 The passions that aforetime lived and died
 In palaces, to flourish far and wide
 Throughout a land—(allot them what applause
 We may, for wealth and science that they nurse,
 And greatness)—seen upon their darker side,
 Bear the primæval curse.

' Oh England! "Merry England," styled of yore!
 Where is thy mirth? thy jocund laughter, where?
 The sweat of labour on the brow of care,
 Makes a mute answer—driven from every door!
 The May-pole cheers the village green no more,
 Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas mummers rare.
 The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs,
 And of the learned, which, with all his lore,
 Has leisure to be wise?

' Civil and moral liberty are twain:
 That truth the careless countenances free
 Of Italy avouch'd; that truth did we,
 On converse grounds, and with reluctant pain,
 Confess that England proved. Wash first the stain
 Of worldliness away; when that shall be,
 Us shall "the glorious liberty" befit
 Whereof in other far than earthly strain,
 The Jew of Tarsus writ.

' So shall the noble structure of our land,
 (Oh nobler and more deeply founded far
 Than any form beneath a southern star),
 Move, more at large; be open, courteous, bland,
 Be simple, cordial, not more strong to stand
 Than just to yield,—nor obvious to each jar
 That shakes the proud; for Independence walks
 With staid Humility aye hand in hand,
 Whilst Pride in tremor stalks.

' From pride plebeian and from pride high-born,
 From pride of knowledge no less vain and weak,
 From overstrain'd activities that seek
 Ends worthiest of indifference or scorn,
 From pride of intellect that exalts its horn
 In contumely above the wise and meek,
 Exulting in coarse cruelties of the pen,
 From pride of drudging souls to Mammon sworn,
 Where shall we flee and when?

' One House of Refuge in this dreary waste
Was, through God's mercy, by our fathers built,—
That house the Church : oh, England ! if the guilt
Of pride and greed thy grandeur have debased,
Thy liberty endanger'd, here be placed
Thy trust : thy freedom's garment, if thou wilt,
To piece by charters and by statutes strive,
But to its personal rescue, haste, oh haste !
And save its soul alive.'

Mr. Taylor's most recent work, 'Notes from Books,' as it consists almost entirely of critical essays reprinted from the 'Quarterly Review,' does not come within the scope of our article. It would be carrying criticism too far to review reviews—these have but one legitimate tribunal, the world of readers.

ART. III.—1. *The Philosophy of Religion.* By J. D. MORELL, A.M. London: Longman. 1849.

2. *The Soul: her Sorrows and her Aspirations. An Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the true basis of Theology.* By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Chapman. 1849.

WE notice these two volumes, not because we expect them to exercise any great influence on the English mind, too practical to be dislodged from its holdings, even by the theories of able men, but because they indicate the set of that current which for many years has been secretly undermining the national faith:

‘Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.’

In saying that Rationalism is *patent* (to use Mr. Morell's favourite expression), in these volumes, we are bound to notice his own earnest protest against such a charge. But his definition of Rationalism differs from ours. A primary principle of his philosophy, and one which is in every way to be commended, is the distinction which he draws between the intuitive and the logical part of man's nature. This will be known to those who have seen the ‘Historical View of Philosophy,’ which he published three years ago.

Now, Rationalism, according to Mr. Morell, is, ‘the attempt to exhibit Christianity simply as a system of logical thought, based upon certain fundamental definitions, and erecting upon them a complete superstructure of doctrine,’ (p. 256.) He supposes himself safe, therefore, from such an imputation, because his opinion is that Christianity ‘cannot be accounted for by any scientific analysis; but in its evidences, in its conceptions, in its holy impulses and anticipations, lies quite beyond the region of the logical understanding,’ (Pref. xiii.) This is in great measure true, but it leaves untouched the real characteristic of Rationalism, regarded as a religious error. For if this name is really to mean anything, if its definition is to help us in estimating the true course of parties, and in discerning the causes of spiritual delirancy, we must seek for its distinctive conditions in some fundamental misapprehension of those relations between man and God, which form the basis of religion. Theology means the knowledge of God; religion the bond which is thus imposed upon the practice of His creatures. A right estimate, then, of the relation of man to God will lead

to true, a defective or erroneous estimate to false religion. Now, the relation between man and God may be viewed in reference to two systems—the course of nature, and the course of grace. The first is that which grows out of the original creation of mankind in Adam, the second grows out of his re-creation in Jesus Christ. This last, therefore, is the principle of mediation, the other that of nature. Now, Rationalism is that system of religion which rests upon the laws and processes of nature, whereas Christianity rests upon mediation and grace.

It may be said, this is to make Rationalism identical with natural religion. But such is not our meaning. Natural religion is that feeble but real torch which burnt in man's conscience through the influence of the Eternal Word, before 'life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel.' It presented no opposition, therefore, to that intenser radiance which shone forth in the true Sun of Righteousness. The opposition to Christianity was from other systems, which pretended to the same heavenly principle of a new life, which the Christian truly possessed. The Church had to conquer the false schemes of mediation which made up popular paganism. But now that these rivals are vanquished, there waits it a new enemy,—a system which admits and applauds Holy Scripture as well as itself,—which spreads itself over the same wide field of history and experience, which appeals to all the results of Divine teaching, and to all the facts of the sacred annals, but which professes to be independent of that law of mediation, through which the Church of Christ derives all its blessings. This system is Rationalism, the final enemy of the cross of Christ, the great Antichrist of the last days.

If such be the true view of Rationalism, it may equally occur, whether men build their intellectual theory on intuition or on logic. Is their law of judgment based on the properties of nature, or on that new creation of man's race which was wrought in Christ Jesus? Is their criterion for the interpretation of Scripture based on those qualities which came into our constitution by its creation, or on those new lights of which the continual influx of grace from the second Adam is the potent cause? Is their notion of approach to the Supreme Being that of an immediate reaching forth of the spirit to its spiritual Maker: or does the God-man appear, as the sole channel, whereby God and man are united? The former set of processes are no doubt commended to us by the constitution of our nature, and if nature sufficed for our salvation it were needless for us to seek anything more; but to apply them to Revelation is to handle it according to the principles of our first creation, and thus to substitute the system of Rationalism for the religion of Christ.

These two writers, therefore, are decidedly Rationalistic: the principles on which they base the religious judgment, the criterion which they suggest of truth and falsehood, are built upon the natural qualities of man, and not upon that higher sense with which humanity has been endowed through the Christian covenant. We may take them in a measure apart, because the one forms a sort of introduction to the other; Mr. Morell's work, far more deep, calm, and comprehensive, sets forth those general principles which are illustrated in the earnest, and fervid, but somewhat vituperative pages of Mr. Newman.

In reading Mr. Morell's volume we must confess ourselves to have experienced a great disappointment. Its philosophical views, at least towards the commencement of the work, are so just and valuable, they are so clearly enounced and happily illustrated, that in spite of some suspicious expressions we were prepared to find in him a valuable instructor. And such we are persuaded he would have proved, if he had been contented to take his philosophy from Jacobi, without taking his theology from Schleiermacher. As we would fain give him all the praise which is his due, we shall first notice the more gratifying part of his volume. We find in him a complete emancipation from that low and sordid system of Locke, which has been at the root of so much infidelity both here and on the Continent. The nobler and truer views which Jacobi set forth so successfully in Germany, and which our own Coleridge lived to vindicate, have found in him an apt disciple. We trust we may hail this circumstance as a proof of the increasing prevalence of that higher taste in philosophy, which though not necessarily involving theological truth, is yet essential to its prevalence. For though men who hold the doctrine of the Moral Sense in its completeness may unhappily stop short at that point of their progress, yet its denial is incompatible with any theory of religion. And though, through the infirmity of reason, this error fails happily of its result in individual cases, yet in the long run its pernicious consequences are sure to display themselves. We hail, therefore, the healthier tone of Mr. Morell's philosophy.

The portion of his work which we have read with the greatest pleasure is the second chapter, in which, after a general sketch of the human faculties, which does not contain anything very instructive, he proceeds to 'the distinction between the Logical and the Intuitional Consciousness.' The points which he brings out in this chapter, and which we shall illustrate by quotations, are, first, the degree in which intuitive consciousness lies at the root of human knowledge; secondly, that while the *form* of things is communicated to us through the senses, a knowledge

of their *matter* is intuitively apprehended by the mind; thirdly, that the criterion which supplies a test for the verification of intuitive judgments is that decision of mankind at large by which the private judgment of individuals is amended. These we conceive to be important steps towards a right judgment of *the whole*, as Lucretius would term it, and especially do we consider that they lead to the admission of an objective reality in the domain of those spiritual essences which address themselves so peculiarly to our inner nature. It will not of course escape observation that Mr. Morell's view of matter and form would go far to justify such statements of the Real Presence as were introduced into the terminology of the mediæval Church. We need not quarrel with the word *substance*, as denoting the manner of our Lord's presence in the Holy Eucharist, if interpreted according to this sense of the term *material*. But to come to our author:—

'The fundamental realities of the true, the beautiful, and the good, all alike come to us at once by virtue of an intellectual sensibility, which apprehends them spontaneously and intuitively, just as in our perceptive consciousness we apprehend the outward reality of things around us. Without this perceptive consciousness we could never attain the very first elements of physical truth; inasmuch as we could never comprehend what is given us immediately in perception, by any description, definition, or idea. Yet once given as *elements* we can reason upon them logically, and thus create what is properly termed physical science. In like manner, also, we comprehend the elements of all higher truth, whether in theology, æsthetics, or morals; but having thus got access to them by our intuitional consciousness, then at length we can reason upon them by the understanding, until we reduce them to logical or scientific terms.'—P. 40.

On this is founded the remark, that

'The knowledge we obtain by the intuitional consciousness is *material*, that which we gain by the logical consciousness is *formal*. . . . The division of human knowledge into the *matter* and the *form*, is one which has stood its ground in the history of philosophy throughout a vast number of centuries, and has generally indicated an advanced state of metaphysical thinking, in proportion as it has become thoroughly realized, and incorporated into the science of the age. In this particular aspect of the distinctions in question, as in those we have already considered, the best illustration of the subject we can present is the analogous case of our sense-perceptions, since the co-existence of *matter* and *form*, in all knowledge depending upon the experience of the senses, is precisely similar to their co-existence in knowledge of a higher and more general description.'—P. 45.

And hence we advance to the third point—the criterion which is supplied for the testing of our principles of intuition by the collective judgment of mankind.

'The logical consciousness is *individual*, the intuitional consciousness is *generic*. . . . The contest has long been going forward, how far we must appeal to the individual reason as the basis and test of truth, or how far we must make our appeal to the common consent of mankind. On the one hand it has been argued that the individual reason must be the final appeal

for in whatever way truth comes to us, still our own individual faculties *must*, as far as we are concerned, be the judge of its evidences and the interpreter of its meaning. . . . On the other hand it has been argued forcibly enough that the individual reason is altogether untrustworthy, for it *may*, and often does, give its assent to the very grossest errors and delusions. . . . Hence it is concluded that the reason of humanity, the common consent of the race is our true test, our last appeal. Now both these theories have truth on their side, although they appear to stand in direct opposition to each other. The ground of their antagonism arises from omitting to consider what is within us which is individual in its character, and what that is generic, or belonging to the race of mankind at large. We all feel conscious that *there are* certain points of truth respecting which we can appeal to our own individual understanding with unerring certainty. No amount of contradiction, for example, no weight of opposing testimony from others, could ever shake our belief in the definitions and deductions of mathematical science, or the conclusions of a purely logical syllogism. On the other hand, we are equally conscious, upon due consideration, that there are truths, respecting which we *distrust* our individual judgment, and gain certainty in admitting them, only from the concurring testimony of other minds. (Of this nature, for example, are the main points of moral and religious truth.) Hence it appears evident that there is within us both an individual and a generic element, and that answering to them there are truths for which we may appeal to the individual reason, and truths for which we must appeal to the testimony of mankind as a whole. . . . The logical consciousness is stamped with a perfect individualism, the intuitional consciousness with an equally universal or generic character.'—Morell, pp. 51—53.

We have been more full in these extracts, because we conceive them to be the most valuable part of the volume before us, and desire to see them apprehended by those who might be repelled by other parts of it. But we wish that Mr. Morell had ascended a step higher, and traced to its source the authority of that intuitional consciousness which dwells in the family of mankind. For, though men might be influenced in their judgments by the simple coincidence of testimonies, yet we are persuaded that a deeper and more real authority is to be ascribed to the intuitional consciousness of humanity. Its existence in that whole family, which owes its origin to a common creation, shows it to be the impress of the Parent mind, whose being and nature is one of the most indelible of those instincts which He has implanted upon His creatures. Here we trust that our author is fully with us, for he points out with great force and beauty that the idea of God is no mere negative notion, attained by abstracting the limits of things; that it lies in the inherent belief of the Infinite and Absolute, as of a positive and necessary Being.

'Reason up to a God, and the best you can do is to hypostatize and deify the final product of your own faculties; but admit the reality of an intellectual intuition, (as the mass of mankind virtually do,) and the absolute stands before you in all its living reality.'—Morell, p. 39.

With this view of the Supreme Nature, our author, we are

persuaded, must sympathise in the sentiments of Aquinas, when he claims a Divine source for those inherent judgments of the human race which have been vindicated by all true philosophers from Plato to Jacobi.

'Supra animam intellectivam humanam necesse est ponere aliquem superiorem intellectum, a quo anima virtutem intelligendi obtineat.—Plato intellectum separatum, imprimentem in animas nostras, comparavit Soli.—Sed intellectus separatus, secundum nostræ fidei documenta, est ipse Deus.'

We are indebted for this quotation to a recent work by Archdeacon Wilberforce, and we shall quote his words, as illustrating our assertion, that the unity of creation supplies the authority for those common judgments which are due to the moral instincts of mankind.

'If it be asked why men are not justified in adopting those conclusions to which their single consciousness conducts; why they should admit more than, by processes within themselves, they can ascertain and accept; the answer is, that they do not stand alone; that they are parts of a race; that He who made them has established certain laws, which find a response in their common nature, and has thus fixed His impress on their collective being. . . . Starting from the fact that they were all "the offspring of him that was first made from the earth," they must conclude that wisdom was "the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty." And Revelation witnesses that men's natural power of appreciating moral truth is the gift of that Eternal Word, who never totally forsook the beings whom He had created. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." This is the origin and divine cause for that community and connexion of the souls of men, the natural and apparent grounds of which have been already stated.'—*Wilberforce on the Incarnation*, p. 494. 2d Ed.

But why, it may be asked, should we have wished Mr. Morell to have entered upon this subject, and to have stated the law, from which the intuitional consciousness of nature derives its validity? Because, had he done so, he might probably have been led on to the recognition of that higher law, which occupies a corresponding position in the economy of grace. And here it is that we are compelled, however reluctantly, to part company with him. After this philosophical estimate of the nature of consciousness, he advances onwards to the essential characteristics of religion in general, and in particular of the religion of Christ. This leads him to speak of Revelation, of Inspiration, and of the criterion by which its truth and falsehood is to be discriminated. Now, in this progress, instead of going on 'to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ,' he never rises above that natural level which is all we fear that a disciple of Schleiermacher can be expected to attain. He admits freely the influence of Christ as a historical Person, and as raising humanity above itself, but we lack that law of a new creation, which supplies the real distinction between the system of nature and the system of grace.

This becomes painfully apparent when he discusses the two great questions which at present are most pressing on the minds of thoughtful men,—the Inspiration of Scripture and the Criterion of Truth. Of the importance of these subjects our author seems indeed to have a due estimate.

‘The age in which we now live, an age universally fruitful in independent thinking, is fast driving the questions of reason and authority, as held by the Protestant world, to a point. Multitudes fully conscious of the logical untenableness of their ordinary professions, have been impelled to one or the other extreme. Some, following out the principle of individualism, have seen it land them in the lowest abyss of Rationalism; while others, naturally shrinking from such a result, have thrown themselves into the arms of absolute authority. On this spectacle the Christian world is now gazing; and many is the throbbing heart which is asking at the hand of the Protestant Church, in which its faith has been nurtured, an intelligible solution of this all-important question.’—P. 378.

The importance assigned, not unjustly to this subject, leads us to weigh somewhat more fully the theory of our author. Its failure seems to us to be attributable to the unfortunate deficiency which we have already noticed. His general view of the nature of Inspiration we are far from quarrelling with. ‘Revelation,’ he says, ‘is a process of the intuitional consciousness, gazing upon eternal verities,’ (p. 141.) ‘Inspiration is the power of spiritual vision,’ (p. 151.) Neither do we call in question his assertion, that ‘there is no positive evidence of a verbal dictation’ of Scripture. What then, it will be said, is the objection to his theory? The objection is this, that he disbelieves the reality of that new system which truly altered all the relations of heaven and earth, and made the estate and prospects of men wholly other than they had been before. The Gospel dispensation was a new creation, a re-moulding of the former state of things; the visible and invisible were alike altered; the new birth of time was come: ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.’ This mighty innovation in the ancient order of the universe did not fail to involve an alteration in the condition of those by whom it was witnessed; but it was not only a change in their sentiments, an enhancement and excitation of their feelings; they were truly altered by a supernatural power, even as objects were altered around them. For then came in the Law of Grace in place of the Law of Creation; and the ordinary comprehension of the children of Adam was superseded by the inspired judgment of the members of Christ.

Now, to this great change our author does no justice. Inspiration with him is merely that intenser action of the powers of a moral intuition which was called forth by the deeds and influence of Christ.

'The personal experience of the life, preaching, character, sufferings, and death of Christ, together with the remarkable effusion of spiritual influence which followed His ascension, were assuredly most extraordinary instrumentalities, wonderfully adapted, moreover, to work upon the minds of the Apostles, and raise them to a state of spiritual perception and sensibility.—Morell, p. 166.

Contrast this with the statement of the Apostle: 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' Or still more, refer to that Divine declaration that a real change had been produced in the actual relations of the universe, whereby was fulfilled Isaiah's prediction of a new heaven and a new earth. 'All power is *given* unto me in heaven and earth. Go ye, *therefore*, and make disciples of all nations.'

Our complaint, then, against Mr. Morell's system is that it silently eliminates the Mediator out of His own world. It ignores that mighty change which is described in Scripture as the setting up of His kingdom. And, as a necessary consequence, it rejects those Divine records in which this new form of things was set forth to posterity. For, when we speak of inspiration as a higher mode of intuition, we are not referring only to an increased acuteness in appreciating the general truths of morals, or to an augmented zeal in propagating them, but to some actual power of discerning those new realities, which at this season were truly introduced into the world. Nothing but a belief in the reality of that Divine system which the Apostles professed to set forth, including, of course, such an influence on the observers as qualified them to declare it, will secure that due reverence for God's word, of which our author's theory would wholly deprive it. Not only does he deny to the sacred writers 'either miraculous powers, or any distinct commission from God,' (p. 165,) but he virtually discards the whole dogmatic teaching of the Apostles, as being 'exclusively Jewish in form,' though 'their intuitions were purely Christian,' (p. 272.) Thus, then, is the main part of Christian doctrine got rid of by a writer who still professes to believe in Scripture, and, in name, recognises the inspiration of its writers. And we are taunted by the assertion of Dr. Hampden, that 'S. Paul never meant to treat of doctrines in his Epistles,' (pp. 233, 272.) Such is the usual history of heretical statements. This position had no sooner been advanced by Dr. Hampden, than it was condemned by the common voice of the Church; and it formed one of the main grounds of his censure by the University of Oxford. Dr. Hampden, instead of taking the manly course of saying that, if there was any thing in his teaching inconsistent with the doctrines of the Church, he retracted and wished it unsaid, called heaven and earth to witness that he had never meant what was attri-

buted to him; and in particular, he repeatedly asserted that he *did* consider the doctrinal statements of the Apostles to be a binding statement of truth. Such was the language of his appeal to the Puritan party in his Inaugural Lecture. And the same statement he has often repeated. The Whigs come in again. Dr. Hampden, of course, 'has his reward' for his treason to the Church. It was said to be unfair to attribute to him an error, which, by his repeated denials, he had virtually retracted. But no sooner has he attained his purpose, than we see his theological assertions quoted, as though they had been accepted *sub silentio* by the Church, and had gained a recognised position in our theology.

We can assure Mr. Morell, however, that he is mistaken if he thinks that the English public is prepared, like his friend Schleiermacher, to give up even one of the Epistles. Far rather will they throw over Dr. Hampden and the whole bench of Bishops. But what is the alternative? Is it necessary that to maintain our reverence for Scripture we should admit the extreme statements to which the naked theory of verbal inspiration has been sometimes extended? We should greatly prefer this to Mr. Morell's alternative: yet such extreme statements involve great, and as we think, unnecessary difficulties; and they were introduced merely to prop up an imperfect system of theology. Here again we will refer to Mr. Morell.

'When the Reformers threw off the papal yoke, and disowned the Church, they naturally fell back upon the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures as their most powerful appeal. Hence, the Protestant Church, which had naturally inherited somewhat of the mechanical spirit of the Papacy, was nurtured in those rigid ideas of inspiration by which alone it was able in those times to hold up an antagonistic authority to the pretended infallibility of the Papal See. The professed theologians of almost all the reformed Churches accordingly developed and maintained the doctrine of verbal inspiration with great tenacity.'—P. 188.

We believe this to be a true statement, though of course we do not include the Church of England, as our author perhaps would do, among Protestant Churches. And we fully agree with him when he points out what both history and reason show to be the necessary result of such a system.

'We find as a matter of logical necessity that the theory of religious certitude, which throws the whole decision upon the interpretations of the letter of Scripture, insensibly merges into the very foundation-principle of Rationalism; for in one case, as in the other, the individual reason is the final appeal. And this result, be it observed, perfectly coincides with the facts of history, for nearly all the Rationalism of modern times has based itself upon Biblical interpretation, and appeals even to the Scriptures themselves as a verification of its conclusions. . . . Little do they consider who proclaim so loudly the doctrine of private judgment, or private interpretation as an *intellectual principle*, what lies concealed in it *now*, and what may come forth from it hereafter. Once give the individual principle full

play, and whatever be the result of a man's speculations on the Bible, you have not a word wherewith to meet him. *His* individual judgment is theoretically as good as your own, and if he be a keener logician than yourself, a thousand to one but he will beat you entirely out of the field, and set up his logical Rationalism completely over the head of your logical orthodoxy.'—*Morell*, pp. 333, 335.

Our author has a perfectly just conception of the process which is now going on among the Dissenters, and of which the whole Puritan party is the unconscious victim. Let us review his steps. He objects to the system of a mechanical inspiration as untrue in fact, because not consistent with history. 'It came in,' he says, 'as an expedient to enable men 'to do without that belief in a Divine guidance, on which 'Church authority is dependent. But by making the intellect 'of the individual the law of appeal, it leads of necessity, (as is 'proved by the example of all Protestant Europe,) to Rationalism.' Now what does our author suggest instead? You must have a better law of appeal. Individual intellect will not answer the purpose: you must appeal to the *intuitive consciousness of humanity*. But now comes the sacrifice. You must pull down Scripture to the same level with the mind, which is its adequate criterion. You cannot have a Divine law and a merely human interpreter. Had this been aimed at, the inspired sayings of the Apostles must have been cut off by some sharp line of demarcation from their ordinary remarks on common subjects. But no such thing is recorded. (Pp. 155, 164.) 'I go a-fishing.'—Was the Apostle always inspired when he thus spoke, or what was there to indicate his inspiration to himself, in the single instance recorded in Scripture?

Our author's view then is, that inspiration is a singularly rich vein of intuition,—a peculiarly happy example of that power, by which all moral truth is apprehended. Such an effect he concludes to have followed from that mission of the Saviour into the world, the object whereof was to raise the natural tone of humanity. 'Our knowledge *is* Divine, but it is 'so, just because humanity itself is Divine; it comes from God, 'because we came forth from God,' (p. 328.) And if *we* can give to Revelation a higher place, it must be because we suppose the advancement of humanity to depend on a higher principle,—because we look on Christianity, not as an exaltation of man's natural state, but as a re-creation in Christ Jesus.

So far we fully agree with Mr. Morell, that whatever origin be ascribed to inspiration, the same must be given to that power which is the adequate criterion of its meaning and its claims. You cannot exalt the natural above the supernatural. To do so were against history and against reason. It were against

history, which relates no such attempt: it were against reason; for what were the use of a supernatural guide, if its meaning were to be prescribed by a natural interpreter? Either, therefore, you must pull down Scripture to the level of reason, or you must admit the existence of some Divine principle of guidance in the Church of God. For it is at once the interpreter of Scripture, and the judge of its inspiration. A middle line was attempted by all the Protestant bodies at the time of the Reformation. They built up fabrics, which promised to be enduring, the basis whereof was, first, the verbal inspiration of the sacred canon, and secondly, certain arbitrary interpretations of it, which were drawn up by eminent men. Mr. Morell relates, with evident satisfaction, that not one of them has stood its ground. 'The first assault of a vigorous philosophical Rationalism shattered into fragments the brittle texture of those logical systems, &c.' (p. 283.) And why not? What right had Luther or Calvin to set eternal limits to the mind? We wonder that Mr. Morell, who, generally, is neither weak nor unfair, should not have discerned the wide difference between dogmas, which thus stood upon nothing, and those synodical decrees of the English Church, which are confessedly put forth as not contrary to Catholic consent, and are built upon the Church's claim to 'authority in controversies of faith.' For this claim plainly rests upon the other principle which has been noticed. The objection to which it will be liable is, that it involves the claim to infallibility. But what it asserts is not the infallibility of the Roman Church, but the indefectibility of the Church Universal. Unless this can be maintained, we see no alternative but our author's. Either Revelation was not above humanity, or the power by which it is judged must be so also.

The contrast then between the system of our author and that of the Church is manifest. All that can be attained by mere humanity, he asserts for his criterion of truth. Its ground is intuition, not logic; the judgment of the race, not individual intellect; the enlightened mind, finally, which has been duly moulded by the great Teacher of humanity, and His lofty-minded disciples. But it remains a human judgment still. We should be sorry to impute to him opinions, from which his English education may have saved him; and we do not assume, therefore, that like his master, Schleiermacher, he has fallen into those deadly errors, which deform the works of that able man. We do not infer that he disbelieves the doctrines of the Trinity, because he sneers at S. Athanasius, (p. 246); or that by him, as by his German teacher, the great truths of our Lord's satisfaction for sin, or of Eternal Judgment are denied. It is enough that he

lowers the mystery of the Gospel to the standard of nature. Man natural is his standard of truth, not man redeemed. What God bestows upon man, he supposes to have been bestowed according to the law of creation, not the law of grace.

Now to all this we oppose the Divine mystery of the Gospel; we assert that when the manhood was taken unto God, there began that sublime system of grace, which is characteristic of the Christian kingdom. We affirm that it is still acting in the ordinances, and speaking through the judgment of the Universal Church. For 'lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.' And from this power were derived those higher intuitions, whereby the secrets of the unseen world were laid open to our Lord's disciples. And if we are asked how we can discriminate what has been uttered on this undoubted authority from such less important sayings as, no doubt, proceeded at times even from the mouths of Apostles, we refer to the criterion which is supplied by the judgment of the collective body of Christ. This body we believe to have often spoken by its authorized representatives, and we hope and believe that it will yet again speak; and to its decisions we shall listen as to the voice of God. But this voice will never speak for the purpose of making new Revelations, but only of fixing the sense of old ones. For such is the promise of God Himself. And having this criterion of truth, we can afford to discard that system of a mechanical inspiration, which would otherwise be essential. For since the criterion is Divine, the Revelation itself must be Divine also. The intuitions, on which it is dependent, must be supposed to be a real communing with things unseen. A spiritual world is truly round about us, and of its immortal verities the Apostles had the same clear perception as the senses convey of the material universe. In recording the result of these sacred communings, what was necessary, save that they should speak the truth? When the Apostle tells us that he left a cloak at Troas, we do not think it necessary to assert more than that he had truly reason to say he had done so. And when S. John relates that the 'Lamb that was slain,' was seen before the throne, or when S. Paul expresses the same fact, by declaring that 'He ever liveth to make intercession for us,' still, that they speak the truth is all which it is essential for us to affirm. What matters it, that in the one case the informant may have been memory; in the other, inspired intuition; supposing that we have the testimony of an unfailing witness that both are to be believed. There will be no evil in admitting that in both cases the results are conveyed to us in human words, provided we hold firmly to these two facts, of which the Church's witness assures us, 1st, that an actual world of wonders

has its existence outside of us; and, 2dly, that with its secrets the Apostles were as fully conversant as they were with those bodily and sensible appearances which their eyes beheld or their hands handled.

In conclusion, we will recapitulate the three particular complaints which we have to make against Mr. Morell's theory of inspiration. 1st. He does not recognise the distinction which ought plainly to obtain between the words of Him who 'spake as never man spake,' and those of His Apostles. To them the unseen world was opened by His power, and their spiritual eye was armed to discern its mysteries, but how far their knowledge may have extended respecting the universe we are not concerned. It is indifferent whether S. Paul was acquainted with the system of Copernicus; but it is otherwise when we come to Him, to whom all the secrets of time and space are naturally open. That any words of His could be imperfect or inaccurate, it were a profanation to conceive.

2dly. Our author does not make due account of miracles. Supposing that Scripture does not mount above the level of nature, he sees no value in those miraculous events, by which a superhuman system was naturally accompanied. We are far from looking at the subject of miracles in that cold calculating spirit, which has often been applied to them. We need not count or weigh them; nor do we conceive that each act of revelation must be countersigned by a corresponding act of power. But we cannot forget that our Lord referred to miracles, and that S. Paul, whose words are our especial authority for many new views of truth, alludes more than any other Apostle to this sanction. (Gal. iii. 5; Rom. xv. 19; 1 Cor. 14, 18.) We look therefore with great suspicion on the tendency which appears in other quarters, as well as in our author, (p. 152,) to depreciate the weight of miracles, even without denying their reality. It is part of the same system which would sink the mystery of redemption into a mere exaltation of the natural powers of man.

3dly. Our author treats the words of the Apostles with a contempt, which he could never entertain, if he recognised that Divine intuition of which they were possessed. Did he believe that the unseen world was open to their gaze, he would hardly think himself justified in rejecting their expressions, because they do not range with the partial deductions of his own logic, (pp. 175, 6.) How differently is this subject treated by the ablest of modern writers.

'Supposing, for argument's sake, S. Paul's reasonings are separable from his conclusions, and he is only inspired in the latter, yet, is it indeed come to this, that in order to defend the Gospel, an Apostle must be supposed to indulge in words and arguments, which mean nothing? Is one who is greater than

man with inspiration, less than man without it? Are his antitheses and amplifications and similitudes, are his words of emphasis and weight, such as "light," "power," "glory," "riches," "height and depth," "inward working," "spirit," "mystery," and "Christ indwelling," to stand for nothing? Are they random words uttered for effect, or from a sort of habit, as sacred names are now used by sinners to make their language tell? Are his expressions glowing, not because his subject is great, but because his temperament was sanguine? Is he antithetical, not because he treats of things discordant, but because he was taught in the schools of Tarsus? Or does he repeat his words, not from the poverty of human language, but the slenderness of his vocabulary? . . . Surely it is not only shallow but profane, thus to treat the argumentative structure of an Inspired Volume.'

Mr. Morell's volume is not likely, of course, to gain much acceptance with the Puritan portion of the Church of England, the sceptical tendency of whose tenets he so forcibly exposes, and whose intolerance he is unable to speak of with patience. He has no sympathy with those who rant about 'the *simplicity of the Gospel*,' (Pref. xv.) He complains that 'the religious excitement of the age leads insensibly into the same diplomatic habit of action, which we find in the contentions of political and other purely secular interests,' (Pref. xxiii.) But does this party expect more support from Mr. Newman? They might have some right to do so, for Mr. Newman's volume is but the expansion and enforcement of the main truth of Puritan theology, the existence merely of personal religion; Mr. Newman's whole object is to contend for this principle; to show that it involves all goodness and all truth, that nothing else is worth seeking after, that it is idle to waste attention on non-essentials, when everything turns in reality on the relation between God and the soul. Now this is so much what we have been used to hear; it is the very opinion which has been made the ground for neglecting all sacramental ordinances, that we might expect the work in which it is ably and clearly set forth to be an especial favourite with the depreciators of the Church's system. The offer made to them by this writer is of an intellectual rectification of their own principles; their system is stated with force and defended with earnestness. How many will be led away by the subtlety of the work, we cannot say. It would be more persuasive, if it stopped short of the conclusions which it develops. We observe, however, that the 'Record' newspaper speaks of our author as 'the greater of the two Newmans,' a title which can only be justified by an attraction towards some of his opinions. Perhaps their unreasoning apprehension from the 'Sterling Club,' may act as a salutary caution against the real dangers of their position.¹ But let us notice some of the particulars in

¹ Having alluded to this subject, we cannot help inserting the observations of that sensible paper, the 'New York Churchman,' for April 28. Persons at a

Mr. Newman's work, which may be expected to find favour in their eyes.

Nothing is of greater moment than the means of acceptance with God. This is of course the main object of all religion, its professed purpose—to rescue man from a state of alienation, and to bring him into favour with God. We all know what is to be heard on this subject from Puritan pulpits, that men must come to Christ as they are, that they have only to believe themselves as one with Him, and they are so; that such faith will of itself lead to right conduct, and that the great impediment to it is the habit of trusting to the routine of ritual observances, or of making work-righteousness a condition of acquittal. We do not stop at present to inquire how far truth and falsehood are mixed together in such a system; we notice it only to observe that Mr. Newman says Shibboleth, the right way, and therefore might pass muster with the Tryers of the Pastoral Aid as a converted character.

'The great, the imminent danger is, that the soul which begins to turn once more towards God, should exaggerate the difficulties in the way of its restoration; and often nothing can be happier, than if in a fit of unreasoning enthusiasm it suddenly conceives itself to be the special object of the Divine favour. Let the man but once come really under a sense of God's unchangeable complacency, and he will then soon mourn bitterly enough for his sins, and profitably to himself. "Thou shalt be loathsome in thine own eyes, *when I am pacified with thee* for all that thou hast done." This is the rationale of the recovery of men from deplorable hardness and remorse, under the influence of doctrine commonly esteemed fanatical, but practically proved to be far more powerful to convert and rescue than any wisdom of the mere moralist. The preacher anxiously warns the sinner not to think that he must make himself good and righteous *before* he comes to Christ; but let him "come as he is, ragged, wretched, filthy, with all his sins about him;" let him believe that he is accepted, and he shall instantly be made whole; he shall be received with joy, as the prodigal son returning: a ring shall be placed on his hand and shoes on his feet: the angels shall be glad because of him: he shall be justified in the midst of his ungodliness; and his faith shall be counted as

distance are sometimes better judges than those near at hand. 'The London Record,' and some sectarian papers in this country, have been making a loud outcry about the "Sterling Club," of which the Bishops of Oxford and St. David's, with several other distinguished divines, are said to be members. As the Rev. Mr. Sterling died a more than suspected infidel, it was, of course, charitably inferred that all the members held the same sentiments, and we have had much whining about the lamentable results of Puseyism and High Churchism. It appears, however, that the "Club" was formed ten or twelve years ago before the heterodoxy of Mr. Sterling was ever suspected; it consisted of literary men, artists, and other clever people who met for social purposes, and not for the maintenance of any set of opinions. It was called by that name partly because Mr. S. was the prime mover in the business, and partly as a pun upon the word. Many of the original members have long ceased to attend its meetings. It is needless for us to add that the word of the "London Record" is not to be taken for anything. Whatever objections may, not unreasonably, be made against the 'Sterling Club,' the attempt to connect 'Tractarianism' with Mr. Sterling's speculations is sufficiently absurd.

righteousness. Undoubtedly if the hearer imagines that this is some process for enabling him to continue in sin without evil consequences, it is a ghastly delusion; but if he accepts it as a method of freeing him from the power of inward sin, as well as from all farther spiritual consequences, it is precisely the thing needed for his case. There is no single thing which more strikingly shows the gross blindness of common moralizing divines concerning the soul, than the incredulity and contempt which is cast upon sudden conversions.'—*Newman*, pp. 78, 79.

Let any one read these lines and say whether Mr. Newman should not be allowed by the Puritan party to understand the Gospel. Here is their '*articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*' fully adopted. And this doctrine carries its proof so completely in itself, that no further question seems admissible. For if faith be its own criterion, if those who are conscious of it have in that circumstance a sufficient test of the sincerity of their profession, what more can be required. The favourite argument against the sacramental system is, that it is a needless interference, which is superseded by that immediate apprehension of pardon which is provided by faith. But Mr. Newman's sympathy with the Puritan party does not stop here. The '*eadem velle et eadem nolle*' may be shown by other instances. He joins with them in protesting against the notion that any real objective gift of grace is bestowed in either sacrament through the efficacy of sacerdotal blessing. Its result, he says, is that 'a wafer 'blessed and water sprinkled by a priest are often invested over 'the breadth of Europe with magical virtue; and the words of 'a creed, reverentially recited by one who does not profess to 'understand them, are believed to have power in heaven and 'hell,' (p. 10.) Again, he asserts that to have any value for Ordination is a form of Feticism: 'the ordained and consecrated are all *Fetish*,' (p. 11.) Fasting is a 'Babylonish practice,' (p. 83.) He refuses to believe 'the pretended magical force of a sacrament, until some tangible proof of it is adduced,' (p. 162.) It is 'to ignore the whole momentous reality of the new birth,' to identify it 'with a magical process effected by sprinkling water on an infant,' (p. 111.) And not only does he thus sympathize with the dislikes of the party, he also concurs in their predilections. Charles Wesley is 'that glorious hymn-writer,' (p. 65.) 'As mariners or travellers delight to remember dangers past, 'so do practical Christians; and the distresses of their inward 'life have furnished abundant themes to Christian hymn-writers 'innumerable. From these, without undergoing their throes, we 'may gain rather ample knowledge of their experience,' (p. 89.)

All this might well induce the party in question to suppose that in Mr. Newman they have gained an accession to their ranks. And the earnestness with which he advocates his views, must needs produce a favourable impression in his favour. Nor

are those views anything more than a legitimate deduction from the belief that all religion consists in the personal surrender of the individual soul to God. Let this notion be taken as the sum of all religion; let the idea of a Federal union, of Church-membership, of approach to the Father through those common ordinances, in which we take part together as members of the Lord's body, be looked upon as something which is merely superadded and non-essential, and we undertake to say that Mr. Newman's conception of religion is correct, and that those whom he addresses are bound to accept the conclusions which he develops. Those conclusions, however, are sufficient, we hope, to make many of them doubt the sufficiency of that article of Justification by Faith in Christ, which they have usually represented as not only true but as the sole adequate test of orthodoxy. In the book before us we have a sufficient proof that a man may comply with the letter of this test without being a Christian at all. For not only does Mr. Newman deny the advantage of liturgical prayer, (which some would be less offended at,) but he attacks in reality the idea of all public prayer whatever. He protests 'against that tyranny of public opinion which stigmatizes as 'irreligious all who are, indisposed to "come to church," and 'hinders each from following the indications of his inward 'monitor. Under church I include chapel; for there is much 'in common," (p.167.) Nor is he more favourable to the idolized ordinance of preaching. We must really quote his words; their truth we are sure will be keenly felt by those who have suffered under the infliction of Puritan preaching:—

'The sermon! Can any one say a word against this? Is not this at length "the means of grace?" Reader, must I ask whether thou hast ever heard a bad sermon? One so dull and drowsy that it was impossible to maintain attention: one so empty, that no food for heart or mind could be found in it: one so logical, that the soul was never addressed at all, but only the critical faculty called out: one so illogical, that the hearer's understanding violently resents it, and will not leave his soul free to feed on the good food which is intermixed: one so uncharitable as to turn the heart sick: one so full of gross carnal superstition as to excite indignation, that Paganism and Formalism still live to vex us: one so vulgar, coarse, and profane in the manner of address, as to spoil good matter. . . Under all these things, I, oh reader! have groaned a hundred times—perhaps thou hast not. . . Occasional listening to a preacher will always be more or less coveted: but it is very hurtful to imagine that we *all* *always* want a "regular ministry" to teach us. Nothing is more desirable for those who are already fully pledged than that each should be driven out from the nest to seek his own food by soaring through God's wide heaven, instead of huddling together, as now, with closed wings, on the flat earth, gaping for morsels of meat, killed and cooked by another.'—Pp. 173, 175.

Here, then, is the whole *public* portion of Puritan religion swept away at a stroke. But still worse remains, if anything can seem worse to those who make piety consist in hearing

sermons. Our author goes on to tell us that 'Sundays have nothing to do with abstinence from worldly business,' (p. 156,) and that it would be far better to employ them in a measure as days of labour. Finally, he totally denies all *authority* to Scripture, (p. 198,) and asserts that to ascribe any supernatural knowledge to the Apostles is incompatible with the clearer perceptions of truth which have been attained by this reasoning age, (pp. 208, 210.) Of course this implies unbelief in the doctrines of Christianity. Yet he uses the name of Christ, stating it to be equivalent to that of God, (p. 64.) What is the precise form of heresy which he has adopted he does not tell us; probably it is moulded of so many erroneous elements that he fondly fancies it original. His positive system, if we were to express it in Christian terms, would be a modification of the Sabellian heresy; though it would hardly be correct to apply a name, which has been commonly used of those who call themselves Christians, to one whose real theory is that Christianity has wholly passed away, and that its sole residual effect is the impulse which has been given to the intellectual progress of society. Mr. Newman, however, occasionally uses Sabellian language in a manner not unlikely to mislead others; and it is so usual for men to hesitate in carrying out infidel principles to their full logical result, that we should not be surprised if (as was so long the case with Blanco White) he still deceived himself, and fancied that he was only rejecting the niceties of S. Athanasius, when, in truth, he is attempting to harmonize the usual phraseology of the Christian world with a bare belief in the abstractions of Theism.

But why, it may be asked, have we asserted Mr. Newman's theory to be the full expression of the Puritan system, if he advances so many propositions which that party abhors? We never said that he represented its present aspect; we affirmed only that his views were the *intellectual complement*, if we may so express it, of theirs; that the one therefore in the end leads of necessity to the other. And Puritanism has in fact so often issued in infidelity, that their intellectual proximity is in no degree surprising. Now what is Mr. Newman's theory? We have already stated it to be that all religion consists in the individual relation of the soul to Christ, meaning, as he says, by Christ to express God. And what is the objection which is commonly made by Puritans to the sacramental system? They are ready to respect sacraments, as a very effective mode of preaching, a sort of acted sermon; but to suppose them essential, is to limit, they say, the freedom of man's access to Christ, and thus to put the Church between man and his Saviour. And why is this supposed to be an obstruction? Because God, they say, is a

Spirit, to whom the spiritual part of man can betake itself by immediate approach. What need then of any authorized time and place, or of the intervention of any appointed minister, when man has but to enter into the temple of his own heart in order to reach upward to the Godhead? These things are useful as helps to the untaught, but to the spiritual worshipper they are rather an obstacle. And therefore, to make them essential, to bid us wait for them, to depend on them, is to put the Church or sacraments instead of the Saviour.

All this language, be it observed, depends upon the hypothesis that by the exercise of their thoughts men have at once an approach to God. It supposes that their thoughts are an immediate object to the Supreme Being, as is doubtless true, and likewise that the mind of man is able, by its immediate energy, to approach God. And that such was the case, according to the law of man's original creation, must be admitted. But to rest on this at present is to depend on what at the commencement we showed to be the Rationalistic, as opposed to the Christian scheme. For there are but two ways in which those Divine gifts, on which all Theists profess to depend, can flow forth into man from his Maker. The first is that natural connexion which was introduced by creation, and which sin has obstructed. The second is the re-creation of man's race in Christ, which began in the sanctification of that manhood which was personally one with God, and issues in the sanctification of His brethren, through their sacramental union with Himself. This second, therefore, is the law of grace: the first that of nature. But when it is maintained that the intercourse which the individual soul maintains with God is the *natural* mode of intercourse, it is evident that men have in view that law of connexion, which was introduced by creation, and not that new law which has been introduced by grace. To this they look then as the means of intercourse with God. It is an immediate and direct connexion; the same whereby Adam received from his Maker those commands which were anterior to any other channel of intercourse. And did such a connexion exist at present, (as it might if man had not fallen,) men might still receive intimations by such direct influence of the Supreme Being, as must be of paramount authority in the guidance of their lives. Now this is exactly the position of Mr. Newman. He who receives directions from a superior by word of mouth, knows them to supersede any previous written instructions. Let men hold intercourse, therefore, with God by that immediate relation which obtains between their souls and His Eternal Being, and a previous provision can affect the fulness of their information. Why should Scripture or usage, why should public worship or

sacramental union, be allowed to intrude, when man is already in immediate contact with his Maker? Why should such outward impediments 'hinder each from following the indications of his inward monitor?'

It is plain that no external means can be necessary as a channel of intercourse between God and man, supposing that this intercourse is completely attained according to the law of nature, and through the relation which the mind bears to the mind's Creator. But allow that man has been alienated from God; that Christ, as the God-man, is the necessary link between them, and the whole theory of the immediate relation of the mind to God falls at once, while the sacramental system comes in as the natural means of a renewed intercourse between man and his Maker. So that in fact there are but two grand systems into which this whole class of subjects is divided. Let the system of nature be taken, and there comes in the notion of Rationalism; of an individual relation of mankind to God. Adopt the principle of the new creation, and you must take the sacramental system, as being the manner in which the mediation of Christ extends itself to mankind. So that the Puritan creed, which would begin with the individual and pass on to the body, which makes the private relation of mankind to God the basis of religion, and represents our collective union in Christ as a mere system of technical convenience, must of necessity end in Mr. Newman's theory, because it adopts his fundamental principle. Does the teaching of Scripture, or belief in the person of Christ, or the doctrine of present grace, or the expectation of future judgment, go against any man's private will; and they must respectively be thrown away, as inconsistent with that primary principle which allows no higher criterion than itself.

Thus it is, then, that Mr. Newman is led to affirm the system of mediation to be a mere *Feticism*, a blind confidence in a certain artificial scheme, invented by men for the deception of their fellows. His own acute mind must, of course, be conscious (perhaps all his readers are not) that the whole Christian theory, the Incarnation of the Son of God, His atonement and sacrifice, must all be referred to the same class with the sacramental system, its ministering priesthood, its holy rites, its prayers, and blessings. And for our part we may remind him, that, as believers in Scripture, we have a definite declaration that his rash profaneness *cannot* have been suggested by the Spirit of God. For 'no man, speaking by the Spirit of God, calleth Jesus accursed.' We wish that we could believe that our author could be unconscious how wide is the extent of that awful malediction which, in the pride of his individual confidence, he has ventured to utter:—

'The *cursed* invention of Mediators is designed to hinder this contact, [of the soul with God,] and have too effectually done their work, whether they be the lower gods of polytheism, or priests, saints, and a Virgin. *All* Christianity might have been thus blighted, only that, side by side with the growth of the Mediatorial idea, the reverential imagination of the Church at Antioch sublimated the Mediator into something spiritually undistinguishable from the morally perfect and omnipresent God; and thus neutralized the doctrine, saving spirituality at the expense of logic.'—P. 68.

What is this but a declaration that Christ, as the *Incarnate* God, as partaker of our nature, and as thus distinguished from Parent Deity, is in fact included in the anathema, which this man, in the strength of his self-esteem, has uttered against all who interfere between his spirit and the Spirit of his Maker? For here is a distinct avowal, that 'we will not have this *man* to reign over us.' Were we to express our author's opinions in a few words, we should paraphrase them thus:—I, Francis William Newman, address myself directly to the Parent Spirit of the Universe, and respond to the aspirations of my nature. I want no human help: I am indifferent to Aquinas and Paul, to the first Adam, from whom my race was drawn, and to the last Adam, who was born of a virgin.

And were we wrong in representing this as a form of the final apostasy—popular as are such errors, and covering themselves, as they often do, with the forms of the Gospel? Is there anything by which the whole Christian system is more directly opposed; anything which heaps greater contempt on the cross, or does fouler despite to the Spirit? 'Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is that spirit of Antichrist whereof ye have heard already that it should come, and even now already is it in the world.'

We will not stop to enter further into Mr. Newman's volume; to refute his assertions, or illustrate the tendency of his system. It is enough for us to have shown their parentage and their result. They have their origin in his denial of those supernatural influences which are still acting upon humanity in the ordinances of the Church. They are the systematic expression of that heresy, which, in its less methodical form, exhibits itself in the denial of Baptismal Regeneration, or in the exaltation of the intellectual appeals of the pulpit above the ordinances of grace. This theory our author has determined to put into shape, and to carry out into its logical consequences. He has wished to show us that Rationalism can have its *development* as well as the Church. And his result is the denial of the Gospel, and of its authors; of the hallowed influence of all holy words, and even of that Word Incarnate, whose Presence is Life.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers, including their Private Correspondence.* By ELIOT Warburton, *Author of the 'Crescent and the Cross.'* London: Bentley. 1849.

THE oft-told history of our great rebellion is once more before the public in three octavo volumes by Mr. Eliot Warburton. This eventful period of our constitution will never weary the historical reader; our martyred king, his friends and his foes, are lasting characters in the English mind, the *dramatis personæ* of civil discord and political tragedy, according to our first and our clearest conceptions of these national calamities. The importance and the interest of this period does not depend so much on the extent or the terrors of its consequences, although it claims consideration enough on this ground alone, as on the gradual development of certain principles, the steady and persevering opposition between two ideas, which may be traced throughout it. The whole history of Charles is the cold-blooded battle of modern politics. Individual minds are laid open, private thoughts and motives exposed, in a manner which would be impossible and without interest in writing of almost any other time, but which give a profoundly moral and philosophical character to the study of these men, their principles, and their actions.

The French Revolution, and the recent disturbances throughout Europe, as also the fearful ravages of anarchy in mediæval Germany, are known more by their results than by the stages through which men rose up to the final explosion. A sudden frenzy of madness does not afford the same room for study and examination as the history of a quieter but more fixed hatred, working its way, and placing two opposing factions in long-continued hostile array. England was, on many accounts, the fairest example of the real character of that great change which, at one time or other, in every country, has placed modern habits of thought and modern politics, both civil and religious, on the system of the middle ages. English people are not so quickly aroused as many nations on the Continent, but they dwell with peculiar tenacity on their ideas of truth, or may be their prejudices; and, from a natural love of fair play and justice, they fight their cause out with unequalled perseverance. That age, therefore, or that generation whose sad lot it is to be actors in such a contest, affords experience at the bitter price of its own happiness, and gives knowledge by its demonstration of human frailty.

It is strange to watch the mixture of good and evil, the

elements of truth and the corruption of falsehood, in all parties at such times as those we are discussing! Varied, however, as are the motives, equally varied is the success. Good in the end ever works its end and triumphs, 'Magna est veritas et prævalēbit;' but, nevertheless, its visible triumph is often overshadowed by that vengeance which, with equal certainty, pursues the evil adhering to it. The Cavaliers and the Puritans both were conquerors and were both conquered. The cause of loyalty and of the Church, so nobly advocated by the Cavaliers, after many sufferings and memorable sacrifices, to atone as it were for its errors, was at length triumphant, yet fell from its lofty position because its sins were not purged away. And the cause of Puritanism, as being a wholesome scourge to both Church and Throne, effected its purpose with a terrible conquest, again fell, and yet has remained a thorn in the Church and State, rankling with no little power from that time to this. It is, however, of the individual actors in the awful tragedy itself that we would now speak. The group of Cavaliers and Churchmen by whom we are surrounded, when we dive into the study of these times, are a motley crew; every exalted virtue, every heroic faculty, has there its type, but every infirmity of our nature has the same. Well, indeed, would it be for any to escape unharmed by the breath of fame from such a scrutiny, and such hatred as the leading Cavaliers have been exposed to. The sad but graceful Charles, the zealous and determined Laud, the stern but heroic Strafford, the impetuous Rupert, the graphic Clarendon, the gentle Stanley, are poetically impressed in our imagination, and we trust that the cruel and bitter judgments of Mr. Macauley, and those of his school, will not be the future opinions of the people of England. Let them remember that caution need be used in trusting the honour of England's Church and throne to a political historian who appreciates neither Church nor loyal principles; who exaggerates the vices of those he does not sympathize with, and glosses over those of his friends; and whose whole history we have justly heard described as a book written for a particular party, at a particular time, and for particular purposes.

Before we bring forward any extracts from Mr. Warburton, we will first make a few remarks on the author's own part in the work; we can then the more freely lay before our readers some examples of his illustrative and descriptive powers.

The author of the 'Crescent and the Cross' is aware that history, strictly speaking, is not his province, and therefore he does not pretend to call these volumes by that solemn and responsible name. He feels more at home under the idea that he is collecting memoirs and garnishing them with a little gossip.

The 'stately march' of history he does not aim at; nor is he sufficiently equal in his style ever to become an historian. Few can equal him in brilliancy of touch when a scene or character is before him towards which his heart warms; but when the minor details of politics or warfare are to be described, we cannot say that he sustains the reader's interest. Yet these details are given at great length, and occupy a large share of the whole work. One *cause* of this inequality is, no doubt, the constant interspersions of letters, which, though of no great individual interest, yet form the very plan of the work, and are necessary to illustrate the more prominent events. Yet one *consequence* is to give rather a sentimental tone to the whole work, as though it were undertaken, not so much from deep interest in the cause he would advocate, as from the attractiveness of particular actions and phases of character. Perhaps, indeed, this is really the case, and not only the accidental consequence of our author's plan. Great timidity is apparent in defending the true cause as established by the King, Laud, and Strafford. A large part of the first volume is occupied with preliminary assurances that these three persons were to blame throughout; and that it was only a part of their characters which is the subject of his admiration. After having done this, he professes to throw himself into the royal cause heart and hand, yet the same spirit is ever showing itself. The secret, we suspect, is, that Mr. Warburton has no sympathy with the Church party in this contest, and without that, the cause of the cavaliers has no foundation; for it was on this that their master himself rested his own royal prerogative. Chivalrous loyalty unconnected with the consecration of the Church, which is the meaning of the much-contested expression, '*jus divinum*,' is but a romantic shadow, and deserves the jealous suspicion of the world, which has every right to remonstrate against the arbitrary dominion of an irresponsible human power. A christian monarchy claims allegiance on the ground of its responsibility to heaven, and therefore, if that high title is given up, no wonder that the people insist on the monarch's responsibility to themselves. We do not here advocate the principle of '*jus divinum*,' as sanctioning arbitrary power, or as being altogether in place of constitutional safeguards. Heaven alone is fit for such a government. But there is a certain balance between ideal principle and the necessities of a corrupt world which it is the chief object of man to arrive at in every branch of morals; and our own constitution we would instance as a wonderful example in political government of the adaptation of a theoretical '*jus divinum*,' to the proper claims of a well-disposed community.

Grievous troubles, however, have been necessary before this constitution has been granted us, and therefore it is that we look with peculiar interest to such times as those we are now reading of. In a contest like that between King Charles and the Puritans, we see arrayed against each other no mere personal enemies; no hired troops, fighting under the direction of the supreme power, about they know not what; but we see the two principles, of a Divine right to govern, and the power of the visible Church of Christ on earth to consecrate that right on the one hand, and on the other hand, of the denial of all visible delegation of power either in religion or politics; or, as it may almost be called, 'the doctrine of consecrated things.'

Throughout these volumes we miss the expression of any sentiments which imply that the author really felt for the cause, the heroes of which he commends. The burning intellectual and moral zeal of those great men who truly stood to their principles, Mr. Warburton passes over with comparative coolness. He looks on such as wonderful phenomena, and pathetically describes the tragedy of death which closed so many of them to this world. Again he dwells on the readily-granted infirmities of Charles's vacillating disposition, though not without sympathy or without appreciation for the nobility of his nature, yet without that entire forgiveness which his misfortunes and his death entitle him to, if ever faults can be atoned for in the judgment of fellow mortals. Our author's hero of these times, rather shows his point of admiration. Prince Rupert was a dashing, chivalrous cavalier, bold in arms and devoted to his uncle, King Charles; but he entered on the service of commanding the royal army, not so much from any especial love of the English constitution, or as representing the *principle* of that side in the contest, but rather from his love of military adventure and his allowable wish to assist his uncle in distress. No doubt he was a zealous royalist, but it would not appear he had much sympathy for the Church's part in the question, or that in his private capacity he exhibited the religious spirit which was part of the true cavalier character.

It is time, however, now that we come to the book itself. The following extract from the preface will explain the nature of our author's plan:—

'For the first and second volumes of this work I am answerable as an Author; for the last, as little more than Editor. I have undertaken the responsibility of introducing therein a large collection of Original Papers relating to the Civil Wars.

'This collection is derived from Colonel Benett, Prince Rupert's Secretary. It contains upwards of a thousand letters, written by the leading cavaliers to their young chief during the war, together with many of a later date. Besides such letters, there are considerable materials, in various stages of preparation, for a formal biography of the Prince; of these some are frag-

ments, each containing an episode of their hero's life, apparently ready for publication, and corrected by Rupert himself. His biography was of more importance to this Prince than to most men: no person, perhaps, except his royal master, was ever more exposed to calumny, or less defended. He seems to have superintended the preparation of his memoirs about the year 1657, in order to meet the misconstructions of his actions which he apprehended in England, the country of his adoption. On the Restoration he found that his popularity was already restored, in the same hour with that of his royal kinsman; and from this time the preparations for his biography appear to have ceased. The extraordinary vicissitudes of his career were then nearly terminated. At all events, from this period I am obliged to seek in other sources for biographical materials.'—Vol. i. Pref. iii. iv.

The other sources here spoken of are the private collections of those families descended from the Cavaliers, which have been examined and arranged with great care. The next passage we will quote is from an introductory survey of the whole event of the rebellion. We cannot agree with our author's notion of moral courage expressed in the last paragraph.

'Nor is the interest inferior to the importance of those momentous times: there is a fearful fascination in the rapid current of their events; we are hurried along, like the actors themselves, so rapidly from scene to scene, that we have only too little time for thought. The finely balanced fortune of each battle day—the beleaguered town all but surrendered—the blessed treaty almost accomplished; the King and people yearning for rest and reconciliation; now, within a point of attaining it—now, at deadliest issue on some undecided field. Then follow the King's flight, the vain treaty, the mock tribunal, the too real and ghastly scaffold, the reign of the regicidal oligarchy, trampled on in turn by their master-tyrant.

'And through all these stormy times shines steadily the heroic character of English nature, nobly manifesting its grave and earnest power: terrible and unsparing on the battle-field, self-controlled and considerate in all intervals of peace. Compared with the great German war, generous and gentle as a tournament; yet steadfast in purpose, as behoved its great and glorious end and aim. I do not presume to canvass my reader's sympathies for either Puritan or Cavalier; I leave them to plead their own cause in their own letters:—I invite him to listen to their own long silent voices, speaking once more—eagerly, earnestly—as when armed men with desperate speed bore these, their blotted, and often blood-stained pages, from leaguered city or roving camp—from faltering diplomatist, or resolute warrior, at whose beck men died. Every letter will possess some interest for the thoughtful reader, and shed some light for him on the heart of the bygone times. He will find them still animated by the passions that were then throbbing in every breast. At first the earnest, rather than angry spirit of our memorable English war is apparent in them; but they gradually become more intense in their expression, as if they were the work of a single man; the same note of triumph or tone of despair is perceptible in all. Human nature, and the nature of each writer, is transparent in them all; the reader is the confidant of kings, princes, statesmen, generals, patriots, traitors; he is the confessor of the noblest minds and the most villainous natures; he sees the very conscience of the war.

'The greater part of these letters and this work relates to the Cavaliers, and especially to Prince Rupert. Nevertheless, I am far from assuming the indiscriminate advocacy of their cause, though I have endeavoured to do justice to the gallant men who espoused it. I believe that cause, if at

first triumphant, would have led to despotism and intolerance; I know that it was stained by rapine and licentiousness; and I dare not suppose that by such agency the higher destinies of this great nation could have been promoted or achieved.

‘But I also believe that the Cavaliers did good service in their generation, by keeping alive the generous spirit of loyalty, by cherishing the genial charities of life, and maintaining unimpaired the chivalrous character of our country. On the other hand, I do not believe that the King’s party monopolized all the chivalry—or the vices either—of the war. If the Puritan cause was adorned with little outward shows or braveries, its source of energy lay deep within, in the souls of men; and there lay also, its support and power. Devoted and desperately daring as was the Cavalier, he had not the same occasion for moral courage as the Puritan; his cause was that of his “anointed King,” at the same time graced and guarded by ancestral predilection and long-established reverence. The Puritan entered on the strife, not only against his sovereign, but against those ancient prejudices of world-wide respectability which to *him* also had once been dear and reverend; he left the firm and simple ground of allegiance to struggle dangerously after what was then a mere abstraction. The Cavalier, fired with visions of kingly power and courtly fame, as he dashed all plumed and scarfed through fields of blood, had nothing but the fortune of the day to fear. The Puritan, dark and grim, stood stoutly to his arms as one who knew that freedom or the scaffold were his only alternative.—Vol. i. pp. 4—8.

Prince Rupert was born soon after his father, the King of Bavaria’s coronation—a coronation most splendid in its ceremonies, but most unhappy in its results. Frederic, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, with great possessions, and head of the Protestant union, occupied a most distinguished position, and he wisely hesitated about accepting the Bavarian crown, but Elizabeth, his Electress, sister of Charles I., taunted him for his fears, and in an evil day gained her object. ‘You were bold enough,’ she said, ‘to marry the daughter of a king, and you hesitate to accept a crown! I had rather live on bread with a king, than feast with an Elector.’

We now pass on to the consequences of this advice. She who enjoyed the fair names of the ‘Queen of Hearts,’ and the ‘Pearl of Britain,’ had rough scenes to go through, which early brought her infant Rupert into the field of battle.

‘And their loved and lovely Queen,—the queen of many a heart now stilled for ever in her cause—her reign is over! Her lofty spirit had led Frederic into danger; it now sustained him in defeat. Prostrated by his ruin, he was only roused to the exertion of escaping by the energy of Elizabeth; and it was full time. The stern Maximilian was at the gates, and allowed the city but eight hours to frame such terms of capitulation as might save it from the horrors of assault. Before then, or never, the young Queen must be far away over the rugged mountain passes through the wintry snow. Nor did she hesitate; delicately nurtured as she was, and within a few weeks of her confinement, the brave Englishwoman preferred any fate to that of captivity and disgrace. One moment her voice faltered, as her devoted followers offered to set the enemy at defiance, and defend the city to the death, to cover her retreat. “Never!” she ex-

claimed, to Bernard Count Thurm, "never shall the son of our best friend hazard his life to spare my fears,—never shall this devoted city be exposed to more outrageous treatment for my sake. Rather let me perish on the spot than be remembered as a curse!"

'The carriage that was to convey the royal fugitives stood ready for their flight, when, a sudden alarm being given, they were hurried away by their servants, and borne off among the crowd with desperate speed away over the level plain, attended by a few faithful followers, and up, by rarely-trodden paths to the mountains, where wheels could no longer move; there the poor Queen was placed on a pillion behind Ensign Hopton, and sped forward again as best she might, with all her sorrows, through the snow.

'Meanwhile young Rupert was sleeping soundly in his nurse's arms, undisturbed by the tumult and distraction round him. The terrified woman laid down her charge to hurry after the fugitives, and Baron d'Hona, the King's chamberlain, found him still asleep upon the ground. There was then no time for ceremony; the chamberlain flung the prince into the last carriage just as it dashed away from the Strahoff. The rough jolting soon wakened the poor child, who had rolled into some indescribable recess they call "a boot;" his lusty cries attracted attention, and he was restored in safety to his mother.'—Vol. i. pp. 37—39.

In due time the young Prince Rupert went to the University of Leyden, and of this period we have the following notice:—

'Schoolboy experiences and events, however deeply they impress the character, leave little to record, and we only learn that our Prince became well grounded "in mathematics and religion," and was, "indeed, made Jesuit-proof," so that those "subtle priests with whom he hath been much conversant, could never make him stagger." Nevertheless he was by no means an exemplary scholar, for he had an utter distaste for the learned languages, and infinitely preferred amusement or military exercises to the most abstruse metaphysics.'—Vol. i. p. 44.

His more congenial occupation of war commenced in 1635, as volunteer in the life-guard of the Prince of Orange, 'rejecting all distinction of his rank, discharging all the duties, and 'sharing all the hardships of the private soldier.'

This campaign was in alliance with the Protestant Republicans, and, strange to say, with the Red Cardinal of France, (so called to distinguish him, that is Richelieu, from Mazarin, styled 'His Black Eminence,') against the Catholic powers of Spain and Italy. The campaign, however, was not worthy of note, except as affording an opportunity for individual acts of chivalry.

Prince Rupert, soon after this, visited the English Court, and there passed a pleasant and quiet year. Various suggestions were here made, with a view of placing him in a comfortable birth. The young soldier objected to a bishopric, which was thought a convenient settlement, and an expedition to 'goe as vize-roy' to Madagascar also failed. A rich heiress was then thought of, but Rupert's heart was not so easily affected in youth as it appears to have been when more advanced in years. Meanwhile he was made honorary Master of Arts in the University of Oxford, which city he visited with the King, and then proceeding

to London, enjoyed the dissipation of Whitehall. The following notice of the English Court at this period is interesting in itself, and forms a melancholy contrast with future events:—

“At this period Charles the First held the most splendid court in Europe:” it was so, not only for the pomp and magnificence displayed there, but for the refined taste and exquisite judgment that had enriched its precincts. The finest works of art in Europe were collected there, and Rubens and Vandyke were found among their own creations. Ben Jonson was poet-laureate to the Court, and Inigo Jones gave classic beauty to its decorations. Ferabasco refined the musicians to the standard of his own exquisite ear, and the King had skill and power to appreciate and to heighten all. Bassompierre described the company of this rival Court as “magnificent, and its order exquisite.” We may be excused for dwelling a moment on this graceful splendour when the rest of our lives are to be spent in the camp or leaguer, the restless bivouac and the dreary moor.

“Charles appears,” says Mr. D’Israeli, “to have desired that his Court should resemble the literary Court of the Medici. He assembled about him the great masters of the various arts. We may rate Charles’s taste at the supreme degree, by remarking that this monarch never patronised mediocrity: the artist who was honoured by his regard was ever a master-spirit. Father of art in our country, Charles seemed ambitious of making English denizens of every man of genius in Europe.” Vandyke and Rubens were domiciled in England; and who can tell how much the Cavalier cause owes of its romantic interest to the classic, yet original grace, with which the former has immortalized the persons of its heroes. The Italians happily call him “Il Pittore Cavalieresco,” and it was in one of his happiest moods that he made that fine picture of Prince Rupert bequeathed, in gratitude for many a noble service, to Lord Craven, and now in possession of his descendants at Combe Abbey.

“In the midst of such society it was natural for our young Prince to imbibe the accomplished tastes he saw so richly displayed around him, and therewith to nourish and cultivate his own natural genius for the arts. We shall soon find him a solitary prisoner, consoling himself with such resources, and exercising those gifts that ultimately made his pencil as famous as his sword.

“But these Medicean enjoyments were not the only attractions that the Court of Charles possessed for the young Palatine. The Queen, Henrietta Maria, had a passion for society, and a Frenchwoman’s wonderful tact in sustaining its effervescence. She had contrived to impart to her drawing-room gossip some of the deep and agitating importance of the Council Chamber. Every interest was, therefore, concentrated there: every political or social intrigue was there to be heard of, to be canvassed, and schemed about yet further. Under this glittering mask, most of the many mischiefs of the State were concocted, or, at least, received their poisonous ingredients. The Queen’s winning manner and sweet beauty threw a grace and fascination over all this, and Lady Carlisle, the prime minister of her boudoir and petty politics, was also beautiful and persuasive: Lady Rivers, Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, belonged to the same circle, and were similarly qualified. Their charms, or talents, or interest, as well as the magic of their place, secured for them the adoration of the poets and wits, Donne, Carew, Suckling, Waller, Lovelace, Matthewes, and others, through whose flattery they are best known to us, and whose wit is living still in the cold and unexplored recesses of our libraries. Among the men of higher “caste” and lower intellect who were then Court butterflies (or caterpillars) were Lords Holland, Newport, Devonshire, Elgin, Rich, Dun-

garvon, Dunluce, Wharton, Paget, Saltoun; and some of worthier stamp, as the Duke of Lennox (Richmond) Lord Grandison, and Lord Fielding, (Earl of Denbigh's son). Turning from the sparkling "Academie," and the treachery-brooding "chamber" of Lady Carlisle, truth, intellect, and honour, were to be found in the society of Falkland, and such friends as he gathered round him at Burford and in London. I do not know that the conversation of such men as Hyde, Selden, Hales, or Chillingworth, would have had much charm for the soldier-prince at this time, but it qualified, as men of mind will ever do, the tone of general society, in which the influence of a Bacon, a Raleigh, and a Burleigh, was still felt.'—Vol. i. pp. 72—76.

From scenes such as these, we next find our Prince in the continental wars, entering upon what may be called his career or his science of *cavalry charges*; for that line of warfare was his strong point, too much to the neglect of every other, if we may except a happy and ready manner of keeping the commissariat department well supplied, and the use of a watchful ear, which he kept about him at all times, as the following incident will show:—

'One night, there was a pause in the almost perpetual conflict; the soldiers of attack and defence both rested their wearied limbs, the besiegers in deep sleep. Rupert's watchful ear detected some sounds within the walls; now plainly audible and now so faint, that he feared to give what might have proved a false alarm. He wakened his brother Maurice, who likewise heard some doubtful sounds rising from among the red gables of the old leaguered town. The brothers moved away through the mist, and crept up the glacis so silently and so near the enemy, that they could detect the forming of troops for a sortie, and even their appointed destination. Retiring to their own camp as silently as they had left it, they hastened to Prince Frederic's quarters, and before the enemy had crossed their drawbridge, the Hollanders were drawn up in battle order to receive them.'—Vol. i. pp. 80, 81.

One of his first charges is thus described:—

'This was an unexpected pleasure to Rupert, who dashed at his assailants with delight; his charge was resistless then, as ever; the force of five hundred men and horses, reckless as battering rams, hurled by enthusiasm against masses which every man and horse felt certain they had only to reach in order to rout—had, could have—but one result; the Palatine cavalry rode through them, over them, and almost before them to the drawbridge of the town; the survivors rushed into their refuge, and Rupert, reforming his array, resumed his line of march in triumph.

'A picturesque array; accoutred in the old chivalric fashion, with plumed helmet, and bright armour over leathern doublet; steel cuisses to the knee, and huge "gambadoes" armed with the large knightly spur. Tall powerful horses, such as Wouvermans has left us, stepped proudly under their caparisons; and the small "cornet," or flag, that fluttered over each troop, gave liveliness to the gleaming column as it wound along the wide plains of Hanover. The main body also consisted, for the most part, of cavalry, as better suited to the rapid movements by which this hazardous and romantic expedition alone could be accomplished. The few infantry belonging to the army, principally Swedes, were armed with the pike and arquebuss, or musket, steel-cap, and corslet.'—Vol. i. pp. 83—85.

A similar charge soon afterwards was equally victorious for

the moment, but ended in the Prince himself being taken prisoner. We give the account of this adventure:—

‘The Prince was already on the spur; his men were, for the most part, volunteers, and led by English chivalry, and the electric spirit of his own daring shot lightning sympathy through every heart and hand. They charged, or rather dashed at, the charging enemy: their own fugitive comrades whirled past them, like the eddy of some cataract, as on they rushed, their white plumes waving like a foam, and met, and repelled, and bore down the Austrian cavalry, overwhelming all whom they encountered, and chasing the remainder resistlessly before them. Colonel Boye was despatched to look for Conigsmark, and conjure him to follow up the Prince’s success, but in vain; it seemed the destiny of Rupert ever to be defeated, even while he conquered. The Prince pursued the Austrians, who suddenly were seen to halt, wheel about, and prepare to charge again, and a fresh body of imperial troops under Marshal Götz appeared supporting them. The Prince’s condition was now almost desperate; he was left unsupported, his horses fatigued, and his men tenfold outnumbered. Just then, Lord Craven came up at the gallop with two troops of the Elector’s guards, and renewed the fight. Once more the Austrians charged, and forced the Palatine cavalry back, still struggling, into the defile from whence they had issued: but here they made a firm stand, repelling every attack, until a strong body of the enemy crept down the hill-side, charged the Prince’s flank, and put his few remaining troops to the sword, or threw them into irretrievable confusion. No thought of retreating ever occurred to the Prince’s mind; he struggled onward through his enemies as fast as horse and sword could force their way, when suddenly he found himself the sole object of attack to a score of cuirassiers: he turned for a moment to cheer on his men, and found himself alone! With a desperate effort he broke through his assailants, and soon afterwards, to his surprise, found himself disregarded by the eager enemy. For a moment he was unable to account for their neglect; until he observed that the Austrians all wore a white ribbon in their helmets as the sign. He had by chance adopted the same mark to render himself conspicuous to his followers, and thus passed uninjured among the hostile forces. As he rode through the confused and still struggling bands under this disguise, he observed one of the cornets, whom Lord Craven had brought up, struggling with a few gallant soldiers to defend the Elector’s standard. In a moment Rupert was in the *mêlée*, fighting fiercely till his last comrade fell. Then, once more bursting from his assailants, he rode at a high wall, his exhausted horse refused it, and sunk upon the ground. His pursuers rushed forward to secure him; but striking down the foremost man he refused all quarter, and fought desperately on, until overwhelmed with numbers and borne by sheer strength to the ground. Colonel Lippe struck up the visor of his helmet, and, not knowing his face, demanded who he was? “A colonel,” replied the Palatine. “*Sacrémet!*” cried the grey-haired veteran, “you are a young one.” Just then, General Hatzfeldt rode up; he immediately recognised his prisoner, addressed him with respect, and committed him in charge to Colonel Devereux to escort to Warrendorp.’—Vol. i. pp. 88—90.

For three years did Rupert ‘pine like a caged eagle’ in his captivity, relieved only by his own thoughts. The retrospect of his life even now afforded him much to dwell on, and no doubt his spirit looked forward with confidence to future activity. Meanwhile, however, he was not without the consolation of

agreeable society. A little romance even tinged this quiet portion of his life.

'Among the few recreations permitted to the Prince was an occasional dinner with the Governor, and free access to his gardens. It was destined that his imprisonment, as well as his chivalric career, should lack nothing of the requirements of romance. Strange as it may read in these matter-of-fact pages, Count Kuffstein had a daughter, an only, cherished child, who lived in his stern old castle, like the delicate Dryad of some gnarled tree. She was "one of the brightest beauties of her age," and rarely gifted, "no lesse excelling in the charmes of her minde than of her faire bodye." The imagination of the reader will easily supply what the faithful historian is not permitted to record. How the heroism, the misfortunes, and the noble person of her royal captive, touched her imagination: how the impetuous young Prince, whose thoughts had ever fed on tales of love and glory, passed his time in that grim castle hitherto without an object, save to watch time and the old Danube rolling by: how this fair girl dawned upon his gloomy life, charged by her father to cheer her royal prisoner, and, if it might be, to win his soul over to the ancient faith. Does the reader pity him—or even her? Though soon to be forsaken, she never was forgotten in all the wild vicissitudes of his dangerous and reckless career; and to woman's foolish heart even this is something. And for him—how often, when wearied of the doomed yet charmed life he bore, must his thoughts have flown back to that fair girl: back, from the hushed ambush, or raging battle-field, or stormy seas, to those quiet and innocent days, when he listened to her loving controversy, as they stood by the antique battlements, with the old Danube rolling by!'—Vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

Soon, indeed, was this pleasure lost; for in a short time, instead of her 'gentle presence, twelve mousqueteers and two halberds watched night and day over that beardless boy in that strong castle:—

'Still, youth and its hope triumphed over persecution. Debarred from all human society, the Prince made friends of a "beautiful white dogge and a hare." The former was given to him by Lord Arundel, and was "of a breede so famous that the Grand Turk gave it in particular injunction to his ambassador to obtaine him a puppie thereof." It is curious to observe this daring and restless man amusing himself by teaching a dog that discipline he himself could never learn, and inducing a hare to lay aside that fear towards him that he inspired so widely even among brave men. "This hare used to follow him about, and do his bidding with docility," having discovered in this wild soldier some touch of the same gentle nature that its fellow found in the poet Cowper.'—Vol. i. pp. 99, 100.

At length, however, sufficient interest was made to procure his release, and henceforth Rupert devoted himself to the cause of the Cavaliers. On his road to England he passed through Prague, where he was welcomed by a banquet and a vehement German 'drinking-bout.' Rupert, always temperate, soon left the table, on which the Elector exclaimed, in pure astonishment, 'What *shall* we do with him, if he won't drink?' As a sample of the extent to which these 'drinking-bouts' were carried on, we have the following account of the reception of an ambassador:—

“The King of Denmark feasted my Lord Leycestre from eleven in the morning. He gave thirty-five healths; the first to the Emperor, the second to the King of England (his nephew); then all the kings and queens of Christendom, but omitted the King of Bohemia [in whose cause the ambassador had come to his Court]. The King was taken away in his chair, but when two of the guards came to carry my Lord Leycestre, he shook them off, and walked away stoutly.”—Vol. i. p. 105.

Prince Rupert landed first at Dover, but returned to the Hague with the Queen of England. He then landed at Tyneworth, and made such haste to join his uncle, that, his horse slipping in the dark, he dislocated his shoulder. With the assistance, however, of a ‘bone-setter,’ he resumed his journey in three days, and proceeded to Nottingham; thence he went to Leicester to join the King, and there received charge of the royal cavalry, consisting of but 800 horse! The next day, being the 22d of August, 1642, they proceeded to Nottingham, where the royal standard was then set up amid the gloom of a raging tempest—sad omen of approaching times.

Having now enlisted Rupert fairly in our great national contest, let us look at the personal appearance of this hero who inspired his drooping party with such fiery zeal, and won for himself a name so renowned:—

‘Prince Rupert was now nearly twenty-three. His portraits present to us the ideal of a gallant cavalier. His figure, tall, vigorous, and symmetrical, would have been somewhat stately, but for its graceful bearing and noble ease. A vehement, yet firm, character predominates in the countenance, combined with a certain gentleness, apparent only in the thoughtful, but not pensive eyes. Large, dark, and well-formed eyebrows, overarch a high-bred, Norman nose: the upper lip is finely cut, but somewhat supercilious in expression; the lower part of the mouth and chin have a very different meaning, and impart a tone of iron resolution to the whole countenance. Long flowing hair (through which, doubtless, curled the romantic “love-lock”) flowed over the wide embroidered collar, or the scarlet cloak: he wore neither beard nor moustaches, then almost universal; and his cheek, though bronzed by exposure, was marked by a womanly dimple. On the whole, our cavalier must have represented an appearance as attractive in a lady’s eye, and as unlovely in a Puritan’s, as Vandyke ever immortalized.’—Vol. i. p. 113.

The spirit which Rupert at once infused into the royalists is a proof of his wonderful energy of character. The means he adopted to recruit the army are thus described:—

‘For the Prince flew like wildfire—as Parliament writers affirmed—from place to place; breathing and inspiring ardour, astonishing country gentlemen, and giving a momentum to corporate bodies, incredible till then. Restrained by no local influence or patriotic misgivings, he only saw in the anti-royalist a foe: wherever he found a Roundhead horse, he clapped a cavalier trooper on its back; and with equal decision, when he dashed into a Puritan town, he levied a contribution. The good people who had been quietly debating about abstract rights and wrongs, were taken by surprise at these practical acts. Now here, now there, a gallant troop of cavaliers

would come cantering up, swaggering, and, I fear, swearing not a little, but comporting themselves in a good-humoured off-hand sort of way, that gave less offence than injury, especially to the women. Now some peaceful village had to furnish a day's creature-comforts for a squadron of these merry "malignants," and now some respectable assize-town was called upon to pay them for a week. Saddles too, for their horses, were very often required; spurs for their boots, feathers for their hats; iron for armour, cloth for doublet; it was wonderful how much they wanted, and how much they got. Throughout the wide north and west no place was secure from their visitation; reckless of danger and setting all odds at defiance, their merry foraging parties seemed indeed to make a game of war. The fiery and impetuous daring of Prince Rupert, his perfect indifference to danger, moral and physical; his fertility of resource, his promptitude and zeal for the cause, had endeared him to the young cavalier; while the old soldiers respected his experience in havoc, and knew that his terrible *prestige* was well-founded. Wherever the flutter of a cavalier-scarf was seen, Prince Rupert was there, or believed to be there: by his name contributions were levied at the unscrupulous will of the trooper; by his name villages were conquered and cities menaced and children stilled. And, in truth, he was seldom far off or over-indulgent when he came: his sleepless vigour, his untiring energy, were everywhere felt, dreaded, and admired. With such a leader, and in such a time, his forces rapidly increased. He rode forth from Leicester on the 26th of August, at the head of eight hundred horse, ill-equipped and almost undisciplined: he paraded at Shrewsbury, on the 28th of September, with upwards of three thousand troopers and dragoons, well-fed, well-horsed, and laden with Puritan plunder and execrations.—Vol. i. pp. 387—389.

It is not our purpose to follow the melancholy course of this war in any chronological order, but a few incidents immediately connected with our hero, and a few of Mr. Warburton's brilliant descriptions in the field of battle, or otherwise, will be interesting to our readers. The following extract tells a story which brings the evil of civil war very near home. The Cavaliers were attacking a Mr. Purefoy's house in his absence:—

'The attack was renewed during some hours, with heavy loss to the Cavaliers, who had nothing but pistols and perhaps a few dragoon's carbines to oppose to an enemy firing with deadly certainty from behind impregnable stone walls. There were only twelve muskets in the house, but these ladies and their maid servants loaded as fast as they were discharged, melting down the pewter plates for bullets when the ammunition began to fail. At length even Rupert consented to retire his men under shelter; but finding a strong wind blowing from the farm-yard, he fired the barns, and advancing under cover of the smoke, assailed the very doors. Then at last the brave lady came forth, and claimed protection for the lives of her little garrison. When the Prince ascertained their number, his anger was changed into admiration; he complimented Mr. Abbott on his gallant defence, and offered him a good command in his regiment, which was declined. The Prince then respectfully saluted Mrs. Purefoy and drew off his troops; nor did he allow a man of the garrison, or any property whatever, to be injured.'—Vol. i. pp. 391, 392.

Rupert's way of dealing with mayors and corporations was summary, and must sadly have disturbed the composure of those bodies. In a letter to the Mayor of Leicester he required

two thousand pounds sterling to be given for the King's service, at ten of the clock next morning, adding to his letter the following ominous postscript:—

‘P.S.—If any disaffected persons with you shall refuse themselves, or persuade you to neglect the command, I shall to-morrow appear before your town, in such a posture, with horse, foot, and cannon, as shall make you know it is more safe to obey than to resist his Majesty's command.’—Vol. i. p. 394.

It is just to the King to say that he repudiated such conduct, but nevertheless 500*l.* was paid, in this case, at the appointed hour. Rupert on several occasions acted as his own spy, and adopted various disguises, such as the following extract describes:—

‘Meanwhile the restless Rupert, chafing at delay, made a reconnoissance towards Warwick, in order to employ himself, unattended by a single trooper: it was an adventure in which his heart rejoiced. He was overtaken, when near the town, by a heavy shower, and took refuge in an alehouse. He there found a country fellow who was on his way to Warwick to sell cabbage-nets. The Prince could easily ingratiate himself when he pleased with those about him, and was soon in high favour with all the toppers at the inn; he, of course passing as a Puritan. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him: “Hold, my good fellow!” said he to the net-seller, “I want to go to Warwick, and I’ll sell your nets for you; here’s a crown for you and these good fellows to drink till I come back, for I must have your horse; ay, and your coat too, my friend. I want to put ‘a touch’ on a friend of mine.” The countryman thought that this was at the same time “a good bargain and a good joke,” so he doffed his long coat and slouched old hat, and the disguised Prince having assumed them, rode forward to the stronghold of his enemies. He soon sold his nets, as the purchasers might have them at their own price; he heard at the same time all sorts of accounts of the battle, and no small share of execration on himself, which he bore with great philosophy, and apparently with relish. He ascertained the state of the Roundheads’ army, and all the approaches of the town, and then returned to his expectant friend at the alehouse. Having resumed his own attire, and mounted his own horse, he told the countryman he might inform his customers in Warwick “that Prince Rupert had been their salesman; that he was obliged to them for their custom, and would soon be among them, to supply them with something else.”’—Vol. ii. pp. 41, 42.

The first charge of cavalry established Prince Rupert's name. The Roundhead army were unaccustomed to so impetuous a rush; we give, however, the account in his own words:—

‘Rupert sprang to his feet, leaped upon the nearest horse, and called to his comrades to charge, “For the honour of God and of their country!” Not one who heard him paused or waited for his men to follow him; in gallant rivalry, each only strove to be first upon the enemy; unarmed as they were, they spurred forward with the cheering war-cry, “For a king!” and so charged their iron-clad enemies, and charged them home. The Roundheads met them stoutly, too, though scarcely disengaged from the narrow lane. They were mailed all over and well commanded, never-

theless, they could not stand before that furious charge. Rupert was ever resistless when first he came upon his enemy, and now he and his comrade Cavaliers, not only dashed through, but rode down the hostile ranks. At the same time Lord Crawford was ordered by the Prince to fall upon the right flank of the enemy, which he did with severe effect. Swords, however, struck almost vainly upon the impenetrable armour of the Roundheads; they seemed unwounded, yet they were shaken, routed, driven into the river and drowned, or utterly dispersed. The brave Sandys, their colonel, did not share their flight; he fell in the first shock, as did his major, Gunter. The survivors never drew rein for four miles, when they were espied by Essex's life-guards, galloping into Pershore with swords drawn; many unhelmeted, and all filled with such fear that they frightened the life-guards too; then they galloped altogether to the head-quarters of the Lord-General, where they received but "a cold welcome," which one of them candidly confesses was their due. As the Cavaliers returned from the pursuit, they found, to their surprise, that but four or five of their troopers had fallen, whilst of the officers, who formed the front rank in the irregular and chivalrous charge, all had received some wound, except Prince Rupert. On the other side, four hundred are said, by Lord Falkland, to have been slain; few were taken prisoners, but five or six standards were won, and many good horses, which proved far more valuable.

'The moral effect of this skirmish was very great. That the best Parliamentary cavalry, fully armed and well mounted, should have been put to sudden and utter rout by half their number of Cavaliers, without armour, and on wearied horses, appeared very ominous. The defeated troops magnified their opponent's valour, in order to mitigate their own disgrace; many wandered altogether away from the Roundhead standard, and spread abroad the "terror of Prince Rupert's name; his irresistible courage, and that of the King's horse."—Vol. i. pp. 403—406.

The following survey of the royal army is given by our author shortly before the great battle of Edgehill:—

'It is difficult, perhaps, for quiet people, in the nineteenth century, living under a powerful and prosperous sovereign, to imagine the enthusiastic sentiment, the passionate loyalty that was excited by the misfortunes of Charles I. To all the devoted affection with which in after times the Pretender's cause was cherished, there was now added the solemn sense of religious duty, and an intense conviction that in their King's safety, all the glory and prosperity of England was involved. Loyalty was, then, to the Cavaliers' politics, what religion was to morals, a rule, a cause, and a foundation. Therefore it was that fathers, and mothers, too, sent their only sons, with joy and pride, to fight for the fatal standard; loving wives embroidered for their husbands the scarlet scarf that was soon to be more deeply dyed: man, woman, and child, wherever loyalty was professed, gave their heart's first wish, their soul's most fervent prayer; for that they freely offered up their wealth, their nearest affections, and their lives, to the advancement of the royal cause.

'The King's array at Shrewsbury, where his little army was assembled, is not to be regarded coldly, as a mere mass of men collected to do a master's bidding for a master's wages. Almost every gentleman and many a poor soldier there, represented some home left unprotected, and household goods endangered. No love of lucre or prospect of ambition had filled up those doomed ranks: the better, and the greater part, were not only volunteers, but self-despoiled, in order to promote the royal cause. Every gentleman brought with him a retinue, according to his means, together

with money, plate, and arms, to furnish which, many a household was stripped bare and many a comfort sacrificed for ever. But it was all for their King! And that, to their brave old-fashioned hearts, was a sacred word and an irresistible appeal.

‘Not that the royal army was altogether composed of such materials; had it been so, that King had never died a felon’s death upon a scaffold. But that such true-hearted men abounded in his ranks, is proved by the long and desperate struggle they maintained against all the power of Parliament. In our future pages, we shall find some traces of this nobler, purer spirit to the end, but they are far too few, and gradually become still more so. Men of evil and violent passions always work their way into foremost places in troublous times, and leave the stain of their own characters upon their cause: thus, Falkland, Hopton, Carnarvon, are pushed aside by Goring, Digby, and even Lunsford, in the path of notoriety, if not of fame,—as they were but too often, even in the royal favour.

‘To the latter the King’s preacher, Dr. Symmons, thus addressed himself, in a sermon he preached before the royal army:—

“Alas! gallant gentlemen and Christian people, you all know there are too many and too great occasions given by some amongst you to our enemies to report evil of us, I beseech you, therefore, in the fear of God, to walk worthy of your employment. You that be commanders I beg of you, that you would more strictly punish sin according to those military orders set forth by his sacred Majesty, your religious master.”

‘To the former, also, he addresses himself in these noble words:—

“A complete cavalier is a child of honour. He is the only reserve of English gentility and ancient valour, and hath rather chosen to bury himself in the tomb of honour, than to see the nobility [nobleness?] of his nation vassalaged; the dignity of his country captivated or obscured by any base domestic enemy, or by any foreign fore-conquered foe. . . . Perhaps you now expect, that by way of use, I should stir you up to be cruel, but, noble gentlemen and soldiers, if I should do so, I should forget myself to be a minister of the Prince of Mercy, and to be a subject of a most merciful King, whose meek and gentle nature, as we all love and admire, so should we strive to imitate. And I bless God for it, I could never yet speak that language of *kill, slay, and destroy*, which the ministers of the rebel side are so skilful in: I durst never incite men to fight up to the back in blood. The spirit of the Gospel is an unbloody spirit—‘We,’ says the Apostle, speaking of himself and all true ministers of Christ, ‘have the mind of Christ which endeavoureth the salvation, not the destruction of men’”

‘The preacher then exhorts his soldier-hearers to spare and to be very merciful: to live temperately and in brotherly love: and, in conclusion, he entreats them to fine every one for swearing, according to statute; and of the proceeds, to purchase comforts for the poor rebel prisoners. Jeremy Taylor was also, I believe, one of the royal chaplains at this time, and many other eminent Churchmen attended the King’s army throughout their service.’—Vol. i. pp. 412–415.

The battle of Edgehill, that terrible tragedy that stained the peaceful fields of Warwickshire, is described at considerable length, one passage of which we extract:—

‘The King addressed his soldiers in the name of their country and their faith. His royal nature ever rose with the occasion, and now he spoke and looked as became a chivalrous monarch: and his devoted troops regarded him with an enthusiasm unknown to tamer times.

“The King has come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye :
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, ‘For God and for the King.’”

‘Even thus Charles I. looked and was received by his Cavaliers. He was clad in armour, with the brightest star of chivalry upon his breast ; and his voice was firm and cheerful as he addressed his soldiers in these brave words :—

“If this day shine prosperous unto us,” said he, “we shall all be happy in a glorious victory. Your King is both your cause, your quarrel, and your captain. The foe is in sight. You show yourselves no ‘malignant party,’ but with your swords declare what courage and fidelity is within you. I have written and declared, that I intended always to maintain and defend the Protestant religion, the rights and privileges of Parliament, and the liberty of the subject, and now I must prove my words by the convincing argument of the sword. Let Heaven show his power by this day’s victory, to declare me just ; and, as a lawful, so a loving King to my subjects. The best encouragement I can give you is this : that come life or death, your King will bear you company, and ever keep this field, this place, and this day’s service in his grateful remembrance.”

‘There is no sound that ever rent the air so terrible as the deep silence of suspense before the battle word is given ; it is the moment when the soul sinks under the awe of something that thrills deeper than any fear. During that dread pause many a fervent prayer was offered up by the true hearts that abounded in both armies, but none was more simple and sincere than Sir Jacob Astley’s, uttered manfully aloud : “O, Lord ! thou knowest how busy I must be this day ; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me ;” then rising, he exclaimed, “March on boys !”

‘The Parliamentary army began the fight by three shots from their guns upon the right ; the King’s artillery instantly replied. Then the whole line advanced : as the Cavaliers approached, a horseman darted from the enemy’s column and rode up to Prince Rupert, flinging from him the orange badge he wore. It was a lieutenant in Sir Faithful Fortescue’s troop, to announce the defection of his commander with all his men, and that the signal would be the firing of a pistol in the ground. The Prince, already on the move, observed the signal, and forebore to assail the deserters, but Killigrew and Byron slew several of them before they discovered their purpose. Rupert now led on the royal horse, commanding them to use their swords alone, and “charge !” Before the word was fairly uttered, that brilliant cavalry was on the spur ; away in one wild sweep of magnificent confusion the proud chivalry of England dashed, in generous rivalry each seeking to strike the first home-stroke “for God and for the King !” What could abide that thundering charge, all spur, no rein, every heart within that flashing armour was on fire, every voice a shout of triumph, every plume bent forward to the charger’s mane ! The Roundheads seemed swept away by the very wind of that wild charge. No sword was crossed, no saddle emptied, no trooper waited to abide the shock ; they fled with frantic fear, but fell fast under the sabres of their pursuers. The cavalry galloped furiously until they reached such shelter as the town could give them ; nor did their infantry fare better. No sooner were the royal horse upon them than they broke and fled ; Manderville and Cholmondeley vainly strove to rally their terror-stricken followers ; they were swept away by the fiery Cavaliers. “But,” adds the canting and profligate Lord Wharton, who, it was said, hid himself in a saw-pit on the occasion, “it pleased God to begin

then to show himself, for their cavalry took bait upon our baggage and so lost their advantage . . . only three hundred of ours were slain!" The more shame for them if it had been true.'—Vol. ii. pp. 19—23.

The sad havoc that was going on on the other side, while Rupert was thus victorious himself, is well known. Rupert was not a general to command a whole army, for it was ever his fate to conquer and then find himself conquered. On this account he can never stand high in military science. How many brave generals have been deterred from making brilliant charges, for which they might have acquired a name, by this very fear; but Rupert thought only of one thing—to sweep the very earth by the impetuous wave of his own regiment, regardless of what might happen elsewhere during his absence; thus, when he returned flushed with the excitement of victory, he more than once found his enemies in possession of the field.

An expedition from Oxford, under Prince Rupert, which passed over Magdalen Bridge plumed and glittering, ended in the death of Hampden, which is thus described:—

'Hampden now came up from the enclosures about Wapsgrove House, and endeavoured to check the Cavaliers, and give time to his comrades to rally; but he received his death-wound in his first charge; two carbine-balls struck him in the shoulder, broke the bone, and buried themselves in his body. His course was run. He feebly turned his horse, and rode away from the *mêlée* towards his father-in-law's house at Pyrton. "There he had in youth married the first wife of his love, and thither he would have gone to die." But Rupert's fierce squadrons were now scattered over the plain, doing fearful execution on the fugitives, and the wounded patriot was forced to turn back towards Thame. At length he reached the house of one Ezekiel Browne, where his wounds were dressed, and some hopes of life were held out to him. He knew better; he felt life's task was done, and he passed his remaining hours in writing to Parliament the counsels he could no longer speak. After six days of cruel suffering, he died, having received the sacrament from a minister of the Church of England. His last words were, "O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to . . ." His utterance failed, he fell back, and died. He was followed to his grave amongst his native hills and woods of the Chiltern by all the troops that could be gathered for that sad duty. And so he was committed to the dust as bebecmed a gallant soldier.'—Vol. ii. pp. 208, 209.

Our author exhibits much sympathy for Hampden, and, without doubt, he was more honest in his political views, as well as less inclined to violence, if he had followed his own nature, than were many of his party; but still, there he was amongst the rebels, and must share their lot of praise or dispraise: nay, his own disposition and his talents make him all the more responsible, and all the more blameable for the part in which we see him, as a matter of fact, engaged. Well was it for him that he was spared the trial of further extremes.

It is true, however, that with Hampden died the original claim of justice with which the rebellious party would sanction

their proceedings. He represented the cause of a constitutional wrong, and after his death that pretence was almost abandoned. The stronger minds who, at the beginning of the quarrel, marked out the political line of their respective parties, were now much thinned. Strafford, Laud, Pym, and Hampden have now left the scene. The true elements of the struggle are with them forgotten, and brute force settles the question which had arisen from the contact of high principles with evil passions in the deeper minds of the first generation in this unhappy reign. Charles is now left alone to an unequal contest. Cromwell rises up as his personal enemy, with a strange and devastating power, from which Rupert can no longer protect his cause. The fatal tragedies of Marston Moor and Naseby follow each other, and leave Cromwell to his evil triumph. Rupert is the same to the last, but he avails not. The Ironsides of Cromwell are more than a match for his desperate charges. At Marston Moor, Rupert had been successful as ever with his own regiment, but the conclusion of the day is thus described:—

‘And now the conquerors on either side have done their work, and have time to rally and breathe and look around them; each moving to regain his battle ground. When lo! as if starting from the dead, each victor meets another, returning from the slaughter of his enemies to claim the victory. Then came the severest trial of the day. Each occupied the ground his enemy had covered when the fight began: and through the lurid and sulphurous shades of approaching night, was seen the gleaming armour of another hostile line. Then it was that Rupert’s followers failed him: the high and sparkling metal of his Cavaliers, consuming all before it in the first outbreak, fainted now before the sustained flame of fanaticism that burned in the Puritans’ excited hearts. Still Rupert strove to rally the panting and exhausted troops; still his loud battle-cry “For God and for the King!” rose above the din; but he no longer found an echo to that cry. The Puritans galloped up to his Cavaliers, and met with scarcely an antagonist; “their enemies were scattered before them,” as they too truly said. Away over the broken ground and dismounted guns and shattered carriages, the Cavaliers are flying through the darkness, and leave the bloodily contested field to the Puritans—and CROMWELL.’—Vol. ii. pp. 459, 460.

The prestige of military power now changes from Rupert to Cromwell, from the furious Cavaliers to the indomitable Ironsides, whose fierce fanaticism and savage strangeness of nature, which seemed to cut off all bonds of sympathy with other mortals, made them to be reputed as mysterious agents of an unearthly power. Among the dead on Marston Moor was Prince Rupert’s dog, which circumstance was celebrated with great exaltation by the parliamentary journals, as the dog had been suspected of being the Prince’s familiar spirit in disguise. Even this took away some of the awe which had attached to the name of the Cavalier.

At Naseby, Rupert again won his part of the battle, but the cause received its final blow. The conclusion of this battle is thus told:—

‘Cromwell’s horse were there carrying all before them; and skirting the *mêlée*, was seen the King, striving vainly to rally his broken squadrons. Such was the scene the ill-starred Rupert beheld when he thought the victory was all his own. In a moment he plunged into the thickest of the fight, cleaving his way furiously towards where the King was cheering on his dismayed troopers. “One charge more, gentlemen!” cried the unhappy monarch, “one charge more, and the day is ours!” Then, placing himself at the head of his most forward troopers he prepared to charge. The royal impulse communicated itself in a moment to thousands; once more they faced the enemy, and in another moment the King might have won a glorious victory, or more glorious death, when one of his courtiers, ever his curse, snatched at the King’s bridle, and turned him from the path of honour to despair. Was there no hand to smite that traitor to the ground—not even the King’s, that should have done it? The momentary glow in the King’s breast was past; he suffered himself to be led away like a child; he turned his back upon his enemy, his kingdom, and his honour. Rupert just then came up, but it was too late; the battle-heart of his men was broken; the horse were in disgraceful and tumultuous retreat. Vainly he strove to rally even his own devoted cavalry. They, too, were unmanned. All was over except the slaughter.’—Vol. iii. pp. 108, 109.

From this time we may trace but one melancholy progress—a gradual decline of power with Charles standing out before us, as a victim destined in his death to atone for the faults of one cause, and to be the judgment of another by the fearful sin it committed. Of Rupert, it is enough for the present to say that, after suffering much from the vacillation of Charles’s disposition, who, now refusing to second his measures, and now even suspecting his honesty of purpose, grievously tried his constancy, he left this country and entered upon other adventures, of which we may give some account if space permit. Charles was wasting in strength of resolution; but what his enemies call weakness was often but too lenient a heart towards his subjects even in rebellion. After the battle of Edgehill, Charles ought in military tactics to have pushed on towards London without delay, but he did not, and, as it would appear, from the very temptation of absolute conquest. He dare not trust himself with a victorious army to enter London as a conqueror.

Charles in heart was not a soldier, yet he had courage; for his princely bearing, as misfortune tried him, brought out this as well as other excellences of his character. Some remarks on Charles’s character, and also his latter end, we will extract from our author.

The commencement of fighting, and Charles’s melancholy expression on that occasion, is made the opportunity for the following passage:—

'Well might he be "very melancholy;" well might the shadow of his soul's misfortune be dark upon that brow—that lofty brow, so familiar to our memory! How many of us can recollect our childish sympathy for the first time touched by the power of art, as we gazed upon the portrait of that mournful face: the innocent boyish enthusiasm that kindled within us as we heard from loyal lips of the wrongs and sufferings for which so many of our fathers died. It was only in after-years, when reluctantly forced to abandon the once literal creed of "kings can do no wrong," that we detected other characteristics besides those of nobleness and truth in the martyr monarch of Vandyke and the Cavaliers. Yet even then, when better read in the dark facts and darker calumnies that history reveals, we trace in those sad features the characters of weakness rather than of wickedness; the unerring signs of a vacillating mind are visible; and that high-arched brow and uncertain lip, the delicate soft hand that droops by his side with all the helpless grace of a girl, the very attitude in which he stands—all bespeak a spirit, ill-calculated to encounter the storms of a state. It is not only after misfortune and disappointment had done their work, that these characteristics become visible in the portraits of Charles. From the very first, even when he sat at Velasquez during his romantic visit to romantic Spain, buoyed up by lusty youth and a bridegroom's hope—even then his portrait wears a sad, doomed look, as if he felt already destined to expiate the crimes and the follies of his tyrant ancestors.

'Having accompanied the King of the Cavaliers so far towards his fatal goal—having endeavoured to extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in prejudice, it is time to consider what there was in this ill-fated monarch that, notwithstanding all his faults, attached so many of the best and bravest men of England, not only to his cause, but to his person.

'No human character has ever been so rigorously scrutinized by cotemporaries and historians as that of Charles the First. His public and private conduct have been exposed to every test and inquisition that the most malignant hatred could suggest, or the most subtle genius could invent. The greatest writers of our own day have exercised all their ingenuity, and practised all the easy but imposing art of denunciation upon this conspicuous theme. The Milton, the Pym, and other leading minds of his own time, sought out, as a matter of conscience and duty, how they could most bitterly malign him. Every sentence that admitted of a second meaning was perverted to his reproach; every action was distorted, exaggerated, exhibited in the darkest point of view, and immortalized in sublime invective. The glory of freedom was then the great theme of orator and poet; the crime of despotism was a necessary antithesis, and its attributed author was magnified into proportionally colossal guilt. Charles I. was identified with the principles that were then most obnoxious; he was driven forth, like the scape-goat of the Hebrews, into the wilderness of reprobation, with the curses due to all others' crime heaped thickly upon his devoted head.

'The very scurrility and bitterness of the party pamphlets of that unscrupulous and heated time have been ever since sustained, enlarged upon, and taken for truth by the anti-monarchical writers of a later period. Yet how little, comparatively, has this awful array of persecution and arraignment brought home against their victim, setting aside his one great and inexcusable vice of insincerity, which he mistook for policy and state-craft necessity. Grievous and many wrongs indeed he wrought against the liberties of England; fatally he persevered in the prejudices instilled into his youth concerning king-craft, divine right, and royal prerogative; and terribly he atoned for these his errors. Nevertheless, when we peruse, even as chronicled by his enemies, his words, his letters, his expressions; when we observe his patience, his undaunted spirit, his piety, his long-

suffering, and his redeeming death, we are forced to acknowledge that there was somewhat of righteous and heroic in this much-vilified monarch; something, apart from the high sentiment of loyalty, that justified the devotion of his followers; and that in the world of truth to come, will confute the worst accusations of his enemies. Unhappy in his time, his reign, his circumstances, his friends, his enemies,—he was still more unhappy in that which gave evil power to them all—the fatal facility and weakness so often and so pertinaciously misconstrued into perfidy and crime.—Vol. i. pp. 328—331.

There was indeed cause for melancholy if we consider the time which passed between ‘the beginning of blood, and the conclusion of the sacrifice’ in his own person, as opened to our eyes in the following words:—

‘The 30th of January, 1649, was the day appointed for the great sacrifice; the greatest in profane history, when all its solemn circumstances are considered. It was not only that an illustrious and gallant man was doomed to die; it was not only the sacrifice of an ancient monarchy to the vulgar ambition of a demagogue; but it was the annihilation of the time-honoured and most ancient sentiment of religious loyalty. Never again was the inevitable bondage of humanity to be ennobled by belief in the Divine nature of its government; never again was the proudest spirit to bend reverently before its King as before the “anointed of the Lord!” From that day forth the people were wiser, not happier, from their dread experience. The graceful ideal of sovereignty was turned into bloody dust before their eyes; and in its place rose up the harsh and capricious authority of brutal force.

‘Some years passed on, and Cromwell was a king in all but name and nature. *He* then recognised the power that still lingered in that sacred name. He was already in enjoyment of all the irresponsible power that ever cursed our earlier kings; he had already exercised such despotism as no Stuart had ever dared to speak of; he had raised his country’s pre-eminence among the nations; he had stimulated her energies, revived her prosperity, flattered her pride, and laid broadly the foundations of her future glory. Nevertheless, England cursed him in her heart. The nation, down to his own creatures, indignantly rejected him as king. He saw his power departing from him before he died; and then the people took refuge even in the vices and imbecility of the Second Charles from the revolting mockery of a protectorate.

‘Every imagination is familiar with the closing scene of the Civil War’s dark tragedy. The scaffold erected in ghastly contrast to the fair architecture of the Banqueting Hall; the bolts driven into the floor in the fashion of shambles by the human butchers: the headsman’s block so low that the King was obliged to lie along the floor in order to reach it with his neck.

‘The fierce array of fanatic troopers round the scaffold; the uncovered masses of the people, reaching far away towards the green hills that bounded the vista of old streets, or visible through the archway that opened towards the venerable Abbey of Westminster. And high above the heaving tumultuous masses of people and soldiers stood the King, with the headsman by his side: the royal victim showed a manly and cheerful bravery towards his fellow men, a trusting and deep humility towards God. His voice was calm and musical as he uttered his dying words—brief, eloquent, and full of forgiveness, of prophecy, and prayer; his eye was vividly bright as he laid his neck upon the scaffold. One moment’s pause, and the King gave the signal with his hand; the axe flashed through the dark group on high; and from below, “one dismal universal groan” burst forth from a nation’s breast, and all is over.

'Charles Stuart, slaughtered by hypocrites, fanatics, and traitors, lay calmly in his coffin, in the midst of the Banqueting Hall, in the darkness and silence of midnight. His destroyer was not so calm though he had conquered: impelled by a horror of suspense, he went to visit the dead King. Did he not envy the dead majesty that lay there in calm repose, its lifework done?

'When the next morning came, and the scaffold was removed, and the streets were thronged again with their usual busy crowds, the people doubtless marvelled to think how simple a matter it was to kill a king, and yet how powerful must be those who slew him. But even those who sought the life of Charles acknowledged the grandeur of his death, and Cromwell's own laureate celebrated the event in worthy English verse. The partizan was lost in the poet, and Andrew Marvell has left us this noble picture of the scaffold scene:—

"While round the armed bands
Did clasp their bloody hands:
He nothing common did, or mean,
After that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."—Vol. iii. pp. 398—401.

The King's great companions in life were not parted from him in death. The ends of Strafford and Laud are thus alluded to by Mr. Warburton:—

'But Strafford was ever superior to circumstances; he now compelled even his evil destiny to do him honour, by encountering it with lofty self-possession and magnanimity. Henceforth, until "that wisest head in England" was bowed upon the scaffold, the whole interest of the time was concentrated on his fate and the principles with which it was associated. Strafford's impeachment, defence, betrayal by the King, and dying scene contain one of the sublimest tragedies to be found in history.

'This first great offering at the shrine of English freedom was soon followed by that of his friend and coadjutor Laud. The former was doomed as the great pillar of the misgoverned State, the latter of the Church.'—Vol. i. pp. 182, 183.

'In the meantime, however, the parliamentary leaders stained their cause with an act of atrocity that the reddest days of French republicanism never saw exceeded; the condemnation of the poor old Archbishop Laud, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. It was held to be a great favour that he was only beheaded ultimately. They dared to seek the authority of the judges for this murderous and wanton deed, but even they, however timidly, professed themselves unable to assist the Parliament in legalizing such atrocity. To Laud himself it was very merciful to take him from the penury, and loneliness, and imprisonment, in which they had long left his grey hairs to whiten; to promote him from the too just imputations of arbitrariness and indiscretion under which he had long lain, to a noble martyrdom on the scaffold. His defence was magnanimous and unanswerable; his dying speech is one of the noblest and most touching that ever preceded a bloody death, and that death itself was but repose to him, and a triumph for his fame.'—Vol. iii. pp. 42, 43.

Throughout this work there are interesting passages descriptive of the noble conduct, or noble deaths, of many who gave their all to the cause of Charles. Also there is abundant proof that Cavalier ladies were not behind their husbands in the cause of loyalty, or in personal courage, when fairly called on to exert it: Lady Arundel for instance.

‘On the 2nd of May, 1643, during the absence of Lord Arundell at Oxford, Sir Edward Hungerford presented himself before Wardour Castle, demanding admittance in search for malignants, and upon being denied, called a body of troops under Colonel Strode to assist him in reducing it by force. With this army of thirteen hundred men he summoned the castle to surrender, and received no other reply than that “Lady Arundell had a command from her lord to keep it, which order she would obey.” On the following day cannon were brought within musket shot of the walls, and continued to fire on the castle for six days and nights: two mines were also sprung. During all this time the heroic lady with her followers, amounting to about fifty servants, of whom only half were fighting-men, perseveringly defended her stronghold, the women supplying ammunition to the men, and exerting themselves in extinguishing the fiery missiles thrown over the walls. At length their powers of resistance being completely exhausted, and no hope of relief appearing, a parley was offered, and the castle surrendered on capitulation. The terms, however, were only observed as far as regarded the lives of the besieged; for the rebels had no sooner taken possession, than they at once set about plundering and demolishing all the valuables it contained, and wastefully ravaged the country round, so that the loss of property was computed at 100,000*l.*—Vol. ii. pp. 215, 216.

The following letter from Lady Denbigh to her son after the death of her husband is one of most pathetic eloquence. Her son, now to succeed to the honours of his father, had joined the Parliament, and her passionate appeal that he may no longer remain with the murderers of his father is as refined a composition as we ever remember to have read.

“FROM THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH TO BASIL, SECOND EARL OF DENBIGH.

“MY DEAR SON,—I am much comforted with the receiving of your kind letter in this time of my great sorrow for the loss of my dear husband, your dear father, whose memory I shall ever keep with sorrow and a most tender affection, as he did deserve from me and all the whole world. God make me able to overcome this my affliction! I beg of you, my first-born son, whom I do so dearly love, to give me that satisfaction which you now owe me, to leave those that murdered your dear father—for what else can it be called? When he received his death-wound for saying that ‘he was for the King,’ they shewed no mercy to his grey hairs, but swords and shots, a horror to me to think of. O my dear Jesus! put it into my dear son’s heart to leave that merciless company that was the death of his father; for now I think of this party with horror,—before with sorrow. This is the time that God and nature claim it from you. Before, you were carried away by error, now it seems monstrous and hideous. The last words your dear father spoke, was to desire God to forgive you and to touch your heart. Let your dear father and unfortunate mother make your heart relent—let my great sorrow receive some comfort. If I receive joy, you shall receive blessing and honour. Think, if I may be so happy as to obtain this my desire of

you : let me know, and I shall make your way to your best advantage. I do know you shall be welcome. I give you many thanks for the care you took in paying the last rites to your father ; I have a longing desire to see you, and if I had any means I would venture far to do it. The Queen hath been very kind to me, and hath written to the King to stay the place that Lord Denbigh held, that it may not be given to any, but that my lord's debts may be paid out of it ; besides, the Queen did send me money, or I do not know what I should have done, I was in so great want. I thank you for the message you sent me by John Grime ; so, with my blessing, I take my leave. Your loving mother, S. DENBIGH." —Vol. ii. pp. 157, 158.

The deaths of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle are thus graphically told :—

'The doomed Cavaliers heard their sentence with astonishment, but without dismay. They were to die before sunset ; they requested, but in vain, to be allowed to live until the following morning, "that they might settle some things in this world, and prepare their souls for another." They were only allowed time for some brief prayer, and to receive the sacrament. At seven o'clock they were hurried out to a green spot beneath the castle walls ; three files of musketeers, with Ireton, Rainsborough, and Whalley received them there. Sir George Lisle was removed out of sight of his comrade's execution, but the volley that announced his death rang upon his ear. The gallant Lucas had died as he had lived, with the unostentatious courage of a gentleman : he knelt down upon the green sward, and prayed fervently for a little while ; then rising, he stood erect, with a cheerful countenance, before his executioners ; he opened his doublet, and bared his manly bosom to their fire : "See, I'm ready !—Rebels, do your worst !" were the last words he uttered ; before he ceased to speak, the Roundheads fired, and he fell lifeless ; four bullets had pierced his heart. Sir George Lisle was now brought forward : he knelt down and kissed the dead face of his friend, with lips that were in a few moments to be as cold. Then rising, and looking upon the firing party, he told them that they stood too far : one of them replied, "Never fear, sir ; I'll warrant we'll hit you !" The Cavalier smiled as he said, "I have been nearer you when you have missed me." Then, after a short prayer, he too gave the order to fire, and nearly in the same words his dying friend had used,—"I'm ready !—Traitors, do your worst !" That moment he fell dead." —Vol. iii. pp. 405, 406.

We conclude this sad history with a tribute to the loyalty of Oxford, a place of no small importance in these troubled times.

'On the 29th the King reached Oxford, where the royal court was for the future to be held. That loyal city "was the only one in England at that time wholly devoted to his Majesty," and although it remained faithful to the last, it suffered but little from its loyalty. The parliamentary forces under Lord Say had respected the seat of learning after a fashion, and there are fewer marks of Puritan iconoclasm to be found in this majestic city than in any other of similar beauty and similar visitation. . . .

'In those days when Oxford formed the rallying-point for all the most chivalrous and loyal men of England, and constituted the great centre of operations on which the fate of empires depended, the stately old colleges must have had some stirring experiences. When the streets rang to the sound of the trumpet summoning the young Cavaliers to mount instantly, as some daring Roundheads hovered near the city, or some foam-covered trooper brought tidings of a stolen march, or to be stolen convoy within

their reach. Or, when the students were mustered by Dean and Warden "in buff and bandolier" under Lord Dover, to guard the walls and prove their manhood under their sovereign's and the ladies' eyes. It was only when assault was threatened, that these young volunteers were allowed to act as Cavaliers: eagerly then they saw the "toga yield to arms" and earnestly they wished every success to the Roundheads that might bring them within reach of University discipline. Musically, in those romantic times, the old cloisters of All Souls or of Magdalen gave echo to the armed tread of the Cavalier, or the faint rustle of the silken robe that floated by his side, and shared in his unweary watch.'—Vol. ii. pp. 44—46.

Elsewhere a note informs us that the Queen, and many of her ladies, resided in Merton College, during her stay in Oxford. The Privy Council was held at Oriel; the King and Prince Rupert had their quarters at Christ Church.

It is time now that we conclude with a brief review of Prince Rupert's history after the time that he left England in the summer of 1646. One occupation in which he was employed still for the royal cause is thus told:—

'The naval expedition undertaken by Prince Rupert in the autumn of 1648, is of a nature without any parallel in history. We must look back to the days of the Scandinavian Sea-kings for even a resemblance to Rupert's present mission. His was a spirit cast in the old Northern heroic mould; resolute, indomitable, adventurous and dauntless. He was one who could—

"Turn what some deem danger to delight,
And for itself could woo the approaching fight."

He lived in a romantic world of his own, notwithstanding the dismal realities of his position: the petty intrigues of the young king's petty court; the perpetual mutinies of his own dissolute sailors; the humiliating efforts to raise money; the mercenary considerations that prompted almost every exploit; even the details of captive cargoes, the forced sales of "sugars, and indigo, and hides," not one, nor all, of these things could bring down his soaring spirit for more than a moment to their own level. From the time that he first trod the deck of his gallant ship, he assumed the bearing and the tone, as well as the habits, of the ancient Vikingr. In the commission that he received, he was invested with "all the command at sea that he had held formerly on shore:" that is to say, he was absolute. To gratify the official people about the exiled court, the young Viking received what were termed "Instructions," but those instructions were dictated according to his own resolute will, and were binding no longer upon him than he chose. Nor was this power to be wondered at: who else, in the midst of such a storm of misfortune, would or could have undertaken a post of such difficulty and danger? Who else could have borne the royal standard in such a career as his, without dishonour to it? Rupert was destined to maintain the *name* of Royal England on the seas, and to contend with his mighty enemies not only for their naval supremacy but their wealth. This last was the first great object of the Prince's cruise; the Prince of Wales and all his court were almost famishing in their exile; they looked to Rupert's squadron to supply them with the very necessities of life. But for this consideration, the extraordinary squadron we are about to sail with would never have been fitted out. And while Ormond anxiously expected Rupert to enable him to reconquer Ireland, the courtiers' first anxiety was, that his Highness should enable them to obtain their bread. The naval specu-

lation was perfectly successful in this point of view. The King being persecuted by every one proved a source of great profit to the royal buccaneers. There was scarcely any flag that had power to protect its owner. Wherever a ship was seen she was pursued; wherever pursued, she was taken; and the remaining process was wonderfully simplified by the nature of the "Court of Adjudication." This high-sounding tribunal seems frequently only to have comprised the officer of the watch; at other times it amounted to a court-martial of the beggared and rapacious Cavaliers. A sail in sight and a well secured prize, soon became synonymous. There was something very attractive in this sort of adventure, and it required all the native characteristics of gentlemen to prevent the sea-going Cavaliers from carrying their buccaneering to excess. But it was *not* carried to excess; at least all was done fairly and above board, as to an enemy; no cruelty was practised; fair terms were offered and honourably kept towards the victims of this predatory war.—Vol. iii. pp. 256—259.

For some years after this Rupert was engaged in an expedition to the West Indies, of which a lengthened account is given. We there find him in storms and shipwrecks at sea, as he had ever been on land. He was now amongst wild Indians, as he had formerly been among the savages which civil war develops, even in the most civilized countries. On his return to Europe our hero betakes himself to the more quiet occupations of inventing the mezzotinto style of engraving, and also to many chemical experiments which might apply to the art of war.

At the Restoration, Prince Rupert came to England, and spent the remainder of his days in comparative tranquillity, with one or two naval expeditions against the Dutch. The old town of Windsor was his principal residence, and his pursuits maintained their scientific character. In short, he appears to have been an eccentric old gentleman, sometimes immersed in his laboratory, whither Charles II. and Buckingham delighted to visit him, and sometimes in the gayest scenes of those gay times. Nor was he free from the vices of the Court; indeed, Mr. Warburton is obliged to regret the fact that his hero was not respectably settled early in life. His latter days are thus pictured:—

'The brief remainder of Prince Rupert's existence was passed in tranquillity and retirement; a calm and quiet evening closing in after his life's stormy day. The philosophical veteran is still visible to our imagination, as he dwelt in the Old Tower at Windsor, surrounded with armour, and strange implements, and strange old books. The walls were hung over with maps of countries that he would have visited, and plans of battles that he might have fought. As he gazed from his citadel on the matchless scenery that surrounds it, he could trace the course of many a midnight march and bold assault. He had seen many of his faithful troopers perish on the very slopes beneath his eyes; and farther off, to the very horizon, there was no town that had not echoed to the tramp of his bold troopers, no church-tower that had not given warning of his march. Those troopers had all passed away; the very name of Cavalier was almost forgotten; the

cause for which they had fought and fallen was now triumphant, yet in dishonour, and he, their leader, was estranged, if not exiled, from the King he had served too well.

‘Doubtless the royal recluse had ample food for his meditation. All men of activity in youth are thoughtful in their age; retrospect is the ruminating of the mind, whereby memory is changed into experience, and becomes profitable towards a future life, either in this world or the next. In the retrospect of Prince Rupert’s life, as regarded his fellow-men, there was little to visit him with self-reproach; if his career had been unprosperous, it had been unstained by one dishonourable act: he had striven manfully to perform what he esteemed to be his duty; in council and in camp he had been ever fearless and disinterested; he had endeavoured to promote the prosperity of his adopted country with grateful solicitude; and when the country and the King had fallen under the power of the Cabal, he had retired from all participation in the disgraceful proceedings that he was unable to resist.

“When impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.”

And that station he was contented to occupy until the hour of his death.—
Vol. iii. pp. 510, 511.

He died on the 29th of November, 1682, aged sixty-three, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with great ceremony. Thus ends Prince Rupert, a man of genius, of self-devotion, and unequalled bravery. His character will ever be one to excite very different feelings. Some will ever hate his very name, and we do not say but that they could make out such a case against him as to convince many that he is not the sort of man we want among us very often. But some, again, will ever most gratefully preserve the memory of one who, with reckless daring and chivalrous loyalty, strained every nerve to defend our King and country from the dark and gloomy sway of political fanatics and republican tyrants.

ART. V.—*Visit to Monasteries in the Levant.* By the Hon. ROBERT CURZON, JUN. London: Murray. 1849.

THE present condition of the Greek Church, her practical working, and future prospects, are certainly matters of sufficient importance to claim our serious consideration; and yet, it is a fact but too apparent, that the utmost ignorance and misapprehension exists on this subject in England; and that great indifference, to say the least of it, is manifested towards this living branch of the Church Catholic. It is well known that she has but lately arisen from a long-protracted and fiery trial, when her children were the unresisting slaves of a Mahomedan power, and day by day the cry of the false faith went up from her desecrated altars—while the cross was wantonly thrown down and trampled under foot on the threshold of each one of her polluted sanctuaries; but whether in these her days of persecution and misery, she may not have had her martyrs and confessors, whose holy lives, and glorious deaths of torture, were as the shining of stars in the thick darkness which enveloped her—whether there be not in her, now, as then, a singular faithfulness, in the fundamental parts of doctrine and practice, to her first apostolic teaching, are questions on which most persons in this country are profoundly ignorant. Some few able and valuable books have lately appeared on the Eastern Church, but these are not generally read, and the universal impression seems to be that it is a mere system of unredeemed error and superstition.

It may appear strange, considering the vast numbers of English travellers who yearly visit the East, that more accurate details on this important subject should not have long since been brought to England; but the truth is, that by far the larger proportion are wholly indifferent to the matter. They are lured to the shores of Greece by the charm of classical association. They luxuriate in the lovely climate; and they wander with delight in scenes where the past seems no longer a great shadowy phantom haunting the imagination, but a thing real and tangible, a shape, a form, whose vast remains are mouldering in the dust on which they tread; who, every here and there, before their very eyes, thrusts out as it were a skeleton hand from beneath its winding-sheet of ages, that they may handle the crumbling bones, and so form some notion of what the living frame has been; but it never occurs to them to

ascertain whether this beautiful land is now the shrine of a true worship, or of a paralysing superstition; nor do they ever remember that the wild poetic people round them claim to be their brethren indeed, members with themselves of the visible Church of Christ. Others, again, who might be disposed to take some interest in that branch of the Church which has gathered so large a portion of the Christian world within her fold, are too fatally prejudiced against her before their arrival in the East, to be at all capable of discerning her actual condition. In their preconceived ideas, they have given full credence to the charge of superstition and formalism, which has been brought against her, and they take no other means for ascertaining its truth or falsity, than by witnessing a few or those outward ceremonies and customary observances of the people, which often do not even form a part of her ritual; whilst their ignorance of the language and habits of the country, as well as of the ancient forms of symbolism, all combine to furnish them with the most mistaken and extravagant notions, which they afterwards promulgate on the authority of eye-witnesses.

We are convinced that nothing would tend so much to remove these false impressions, as a few details, simply given, of the actual working of the Greek Church at the present time, not only in her public services, but in her private teaching and discipline. We were, consequently, well pleased to witness the publication of any work calculated to enlighten the English public in these matters; and we had hoped, judging from the title of Mr. Curzon's book, that his '*Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant*' might have had the desired effect. We must own, however, that in this respect we have been disappointed, although his volume is cleverly written, and very interesting to the general reader.

Mr. Curzon's sole object in visiting the religious houses of the Levant, was to procure any ancient MSS. which their libraries might contain; to gain this end he did not disdain very discreditable means, even to the extent of what in England would be called drugging the wine of his guests; and he was too much absorbed in the pursuit, to use his own phrase, of his '*venerable game*,' to find leisure for investigating into the state of the Greek Church, or for correcting even those misapprehensions respecting her which he entertained in common with most of his countrymen. Thus the advantages afforded him for ascertaining the truth of her position were neutralized by the bias his opinions had already received, although the gay adventurous spirit which renders the account of his travels so amusing, often placed him in scenes of great interest and novelty.

It is, however, with much regret that we are compelled to notice in Mr. Curzon's book, something beyond mere indifference towards the Eastern Church—there is a certain tone of levity in his remarks, and an occasional disposition to treat her with ridicule and contempt, which is calculated to have a very prejudicial effect. One of the great evils of the present age, which we have reason deeply to deplore, is the reckless spirit of contempt, the thoughtless profanity with which many English travellers are wont to write and speak of foreign Churches. Most often profoundly ignorant of the nature of the things at which they scoff, they scruple not to brand with ridicule the living branches of Christ's Church, forgetting that they cannot aim a blow at one portion of the Body without the shock being felt throughout the whole. It is this fatal tendency which daily widens the rent in the seamless garment of the Lord, and places ever further from us that distant vision of the blessed unity for which He prayed in His hour of agony. But results yet darker spring from it, for it does most surely pave the way for the scepticism which is advancing on us from every side. When these persons hold up to scorn and contempt the doctrine and practice of those who profess the Faith from the same source that we do in our own communion, they think not how, in the minds of others, they may shake the very foundations of the truth itself. They may not design to mock at any, but such matters as they themselves deem incredible or inexpedient; but those who are led by them to scepticism on minor points, may not be disposed to stop short where they do. We have seen in revolutionary France, and elsewhere, that there is nothing too sacred or too awful to be exempt from human profanation when once an opening has been given to the course of unbelief; and though we doubt not that our countrymen are often wholly unaware of the evil effects of their own words, it is yet certain that by all such levity, and scoffing at practices which other men deem holy, they are but hewing down the barriers before the feet of those, who are ever so ready to rush in where angels fear to tread. We should be very sorry to assert that Mr. Curzon's pleasant book will produce such results as these; but, at least, we must lament in it the total absence of that very different spirit with which we conceive it to be the bounden duty of all men to treat of the Churches in other lands. We would have them ever go there only in all brotherly love and sympathy, free from prejudice, and treading cautiously, as on holy ground, desiring earnestly to draw closer the bonds of the fellowship which unite us, viewing with reverence and gratitude the traces of the Divine Founder's Hand, and wherever they may be discerned, and noting, if need be, the stains which the

dust of centuries may have gathered on them, gently and tenderly, as we would think of a brother's failings.

We have said, however, that a higher and more correct view of the Apostolic Church of the East may be gained from a simple account of her system as it works in the present day; and we shall find much to corroborate this statement in the actual facts which Mr. Curzon witnessed.

The first part of his volume gives the narrative of his journey through Egypt and Syria. It is full of interesting information respecting the Coptic and Syriac Churches, and it affords, also, a valuable testimony to one fact we are too apt to overlook,—that in many a spot unknown to the world, in the desert and in the mountain solitude, Christian devotion abides and flourishes, upheld by no human care, and adorned with many of those earlier graces of her first purity which she has well-nigh lost in lands more busy and tumultuous. The following account of Mr. Curzon's meeting with the Abyssinian monks at the Coptic monastery of Souriani, which is situated in the desert of Nitria, gives us a striking instance of this fact, though we cannot but regret that it is written in such a style as to throw a shade of ridicule over the self-devotion, which, under any circumstances, must claim our highest respect.

‘ While we had been standing on the top of the steps, I heard from time to time some incomprehensible sounds, which seemed to arise from among the green branches of the palms and fig trees in a corner of the garden at our feet. “What,” said I to a bearded Copt, who was seated on the steps, “is that strange howling noise which I hear among the trees? I have heard it several times when the rustling of the wind among the branches has died away for a moment. It sounds something like a chant, or a dismal moaning song; only it is different in its cadence from anything that I have heard before.” “That voice,” replied the monk, “is the sound of the service of the church, which is being chanted by the Abyssinian monks. Come down the steps, and I will show you their chapel and their library. The monastery which they frequented in this desert has fallen to decay; and they now live here, their numbers being recruited occasionally by pilgrims on their way from Abyssinia to Jerusalem, some of whom pass by each year; not many now, to be sure, but still fewer return to their own land.” Giving up my precious manuscripts to the guardianship of my servants, and desiring them to put them down carefully in my cell, I accompanied my Coptic friend into the garden, and turning round some bushes, we immediately encountered one of the Abyssinian monks walking with a book in his hand under the shade of the trees. Presently we saw three or four more; and very remarkable looking persons they were. These holy brethren were as black as crows; tall, thin, ascetic looking men, of a most original aspect and costume. I have seen the natives of many strange nations, both before and since, but I do not know that I ever met with so singular a set of men, so completely the types of another age, and of a state of things so opposite to European, as these Abyssinian eremites. They were black, as I have already said, which is not the usual complexion of the natives of Habesh, and they were all clothed in tunics of wash-leather, made, they told me, of gazelle skins. This garment came down to their

knees, and was confined round their waist with a leathern girdle. Over their shoulders they had a strap supporting a case, like a cartridge-box, of thick brown leather, containing a manuscript book; and above this they wore a large shapeless cloak, or toga, of the same light yellow wash-leather as the tunic; I do not think that they wore any thing on the head, but this I do not distinctly remember. Their legs were bare, and they had no other clothing, if I may except a profuse smearing of grease, for they had anointed themselves in the most lavish manner, not with oil of gladness, but with that of castor, which however had by no means the effect of giving them a cheerful countenance; for, although they looked exceedingly slippery and greasy, they seemed to be an austere and dismal set of fanatics, true disciples of the great Macarius, the founder of these secluded monasteries, and excellently calculated to figure in that grim chorus of his invention, or at least which is called after his name, "*La danse Macabre*," known to us by the appellation of "*Dance of Death*." They seemed to be men who fasted much, and feasted little; great observers were they of vigils, of penance, of pilgrimages, and midnight masses; eaters of bitter herbs for conscience sake.—P. 93.

Many of the customs of the early Christian Church, as well as its peculiarities of architecture, are still palpably evident in the Coptic monasteries. It is singular that Mr. Curzon's description of one of their most ancient churches—a building half catacomb, half cave—is in most respects strikingly similar to the Greek chapels of the present day; his account of the great Coptic establishment called the White Monastery has some interesting details.

'The peculiarity of this monastery is, that the interior was once a magnificent basilica, while the exterior was built by the Empress Helena, in the ancient Egyptian style. The walls slope inwards towards the summit, where they are crowned with a deep overhanging cornice. The building is of an oblong shape, about two hundred feet in length by ninety wide, very well built, of fine blocks of stone; it has no windows outside larger than loopholes, and these are at a great height from the ground. Of these there are twenty on the south side, and nine at the east end. The monastery stands at the foot of the hill, on the edge of the Libyan desert, where the sand encroaches on the plain. It looks like the sanctuary, or cella, of an ancient temple, and is not unlike the bastion of an old fortification; except one solitary doomed tree, it stands quite alone, and has a most desolate aspect, backed, as it is, by the desert, and without any appearance of a garden, either within or outside its walls. The ancient doorway of red granite on the south side has been partially closed up, leaving an opening just large enough to admit one person at a time.

'The door was closed, and we shouted in vain for admittance. We then tried the effect of a double knock, in the Grosvenor-square style, with a large stone, but that was of no use; so I got one still larger, and banged away at the door with all my might, shouting at the same time that we were friends and Christians. After some minutes, a small voice was heard inside, and several questions being satisfactorily answered, we were let in by a monk; and, passing through the narrow door, I found myself surrounded by piles of ruined buildings of various ages, among which the tall granite columns of the ancient church reared themselves, like an avenue on either side of the desecrated nave, which is now open to the sky, and is used as a promenade for a host of chickens. Some goats also were perched

upon fragments of ruined walls, and looked cunningly at us as we invaded their domain. I saw some Coptic women peeping at me from the windows of some wretched hovels of mud and brick, which they had built up in corners among the ancient ruins, like swallows' nests.

'There were but three poor priests. The principal one led us to the upper part of the church, which had lately been repaired and walled off from the open nave, and enclosed the apsis and transepts, which had been restored in some measure, and fitted for the performance of Divine service. The half domes of the apsis and two transepts, which were of well-built masonry, were still entire, and the original frescoes remain upon them. Those in the transepts are stiff figures of saints; and in the one over the altar is the great figure of the Redeemer, such as is usually met with in the mosaics of Italian basilicas. These apses are above fifty feet from the ground, which gives them a dignity of appearance, and leaves greater cause to regret the destruction of the nave, which, with its clerestory, must have been still higher. There appear to have been fifteen columns on each side of the centre aisle, and two at the end opposite the altar, which in this instance, I believe, is at the west end. The roof over the part of the east end which has been fitted up as a church, is supported by four square modern piers of plastered brick or rubble work. On the side walls, above the altar, there are some circular compartments containing paintings of the saints; and near these are two tablets with inscriptions in black on a white ground. That on the left appeared to be in Abyssinian; the one on the other side was either Coptic or uncial Greek; but it was too dark, and the tablet was too high, to enable me to make it out. There is also a long Greek inscription in red letters on one of the modern square piers, which looks as if it was of considerable antiquity; and the whole interior of the building bears traces of having been repaired and altered, more than once, in ancient times. The richly ornamented recesses of the three apses have been smeared over with plaster, on which some tremendously grim saints have been portrayed, whose present threadbare appearance shows that they have disfigured the walls for several centuries. Some comparatively modern capitals, of bad design, have been placed upon two or three of the granite columns of the nave; and others, which were broken, have been patched with brick, plastered and painted to look like granite.

'The principal entrance was formerly at the west end, where there is a small vestibule, immediately within the door of which, on the left hand, is a small chapel, perhaps the baptistery, about twenty-five feet long, and still in tolerable preservation. It is a splendid specimen of the richest Roman architecture of the latter empire, and is truly an imperial little room.

'The arched ceiling is of stone; and there are three beautifully ornamented niches on each side. The upper end is semicircular, and has been entirely covered with a profusion of sculpture in panels, cornices, and every kind of architectural enrichment. When it was entire, and covered with gilding, painting, or mosaic, it must have been most gorgeous. The altar on such a chapel as this was probably of gold, set full of gems; or if it was the baptistery, as I suppose, it most likely contained a bath, of the most precious jasper, or of some of the more rare kinds of marble, for the immersion of the converted heathen, whose entrance into the church was not permitted until they had been purified with the waters of baptism, in a building without the door of the house of God—an appropriate custom, which was not broken in upon for ages; and even then the infant was only brought just inside the door, where the font was placed on the left hand of the entrance—a judicious practice, which is completely set at nought in England, where the squalling imp often distracts the attention of the congregation, and is finally sprinkled, instead of being immersed; the whole

ceremony having been so much altered and pared down from its original symbolic form, that, were a Christian of the early ages to return upon the earth, he would be unable to recognise its meaning.—P. 131.

The concluding remarks in this passage are much to the purpose. We believe that even in the present day the Eastern Church may be shown to maintain many of these primitive customs with a singular accuracy. Unfortunately, Mr. Curzon gives us very few details on the subject in the account of his journey through Egypt and Syria, and we shall therefore pass on to the history of his visit to continental Greece, and to the *ἅγιον ὄρος*, the Holy Mountain of Athos, which seems to stand alone in the world as a special monument to the power of that faith which, with its strong and sweet persuasion, can draw men away from all the joys of life, when most the ardour of youth and hope would make them seem alluring, and constrain them to abide in a solitude, where no human ties can chain back their hearts from heaven. We must first, however, notice what appears to us a mistake of Mr. Curzon's, respecting the Greek quietists, of whom he gives some account when describing his visit to the monastery of S. Sabba.

‘It was in one of the caves in these rocks that the renowned S. Sabba passed his time in the society of a pet lion. He was a famous anchorite, and was made chief of all the monks of Palestine by Sallustius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, about the year 490. He was twice ambassador to Constantinople, to propitiate the Emperors Anastasius the Sibt and Justinian; moreover, he made a vow never to eat apples as long as he lived. He was born at Mutalsca, near Cesarea of Cappadocia, in 439, and died in 532, in the ninety-fifth year of his age; he is still held in high veneration by the Greek and Latin Churches. He was the founder of the Laura, which was formerly situated among the clefts and crevices of these rocks, the present monastery having been enclosed and fortified, at I do not know what period, but long after the decease of the saint. The word Laura, which is often met with in the histories of the first five centuries after Christ, signifies, when applied to monastic institutions, a number of separate cells, each inhabited by a single hermit or anchorite, in contradistinction to a convent or monastery, which was called a cœnobium, where the monks lived together in one building, under the rule of a superior.

‘This species of monasticism seems always to have been a peculiar characteristic of the Greek Church; and in the present day, these ascetic observances are upheld only by the Greek, Coptic, and Abyssinian Christians, among whom hermits and quietists, such as waste the body for the improvement of the soul, are still to be met with in the clefts of the rocks, and in the desert places of Asia and Africa.

‘They are a sort of dissenters, as regards their own church; for, by the mortifications to which they subject themselves, they rebuke the regular priesthood, who do not go so far, although these latter fast in the year above one hundred days, and always rise to midnight prayer. In the dissent, if such it be, of these monks of the desert, there is a dignity and self-denying firmness much to be respected. They follow the tenets of their faith, and the ordinances of their religion, in a manner which is almost sublime.

‘They are in this respect the very opposite to European Dissenters, who

are as undignified as they are generally snug and cosy in their mode of life. Here, among the followers of S. Anthony, there are no mock heroics, no turning up of the whites of the eyes, and drawing down of the corners of the mouth; they form their rule of life from the ascetic writings of the early fathers of the Church; their self-denial is extreme; their devotion heroic; but yet to our eyes it appears puerile and irrational, that men should give up their whole lives to a routine of observances which, although they are hard and stern, are yet so trivial that they appear almost ridiculous.'—P. 200.

We are glad to read even this partial tribute of admiration to these devoted men, but we are certain that Mr. Curzon is mistaken in applying to them the term of Dissenters; he is probably not aware of the great distinction between the two classes of clergy in the Greek Church,—the monastic bodies and the working priests; the latter are not expected to live, in any respect, by the same severity of rule which is enjoined upon the former. Under all circumstances, it seems quite anomalous to suppose that an extraordinary sanctity exhibited by an individual within the pale of the Church, should be qualified as dissent; and certainly, with regard to the quietists and other ascetics, it serves, on the contrary, only to place them very high in the estimation of their brethren, and to entitle them to the most sacred and difficult offices.

Before we proceed further to extract from Mr. Curzon's book such passages as bear more directly on the Church of Greece, we would now endeavour, by a few details of her practical working, to elucidate somewhat the truth of her actual condition at the present time.

There is one primary fact concerning her which must not lightly be overlooked—it is the glorious testimony which she can offer to the abundant fulfilment of the great promise once made to the Church of Christ; for there has been in her, throughout ages of unparalleled trial and suffering, a constant manifestation of that Abiding Presence, without which she never could have survived, living and triumphant, to appear before us this day, as a witness to His love and truth. Let it be remembered that, from a period so remote as that which preceded the triumph of the Venetian Republic in the East, until within the last few years, this Church has been exposed to the blighting influence of the Mahomedan faith; the darkness of that debasing and yet seductive creed has been around and within her, seeking by every conceivable means to extinguish the light of truth, of which she was the guardian—by persecution, and by the power of a hopeless slavery—by the fire and the sword—by the temptation of ease and luxury—by the licensed gratification of human passions, which renders the Moslem superstition so dear to human corruption—by all these

was she long and sorely tried; but still, amid her many struggles—amid the convulsions of contending powers, when Turks and Venetians fought for every inch of the land where the feet of Apostles had trodden—during the last hundred years of unbroken and paralysing subjection to the Turkish rule, after the Venetians had been expelled from the Ottoman empire—still she has kept the faith once committed to her, with her succession inviolate and her ritual unchanged. Through gloom and tempest, century after century, the Greek Church has sent in her harvest of souls to the garner house of the Lord—not a few entering therein to receive a martyr's crown; the voice of her prayer and praise has gone up to heaven echoing back the very words of our elder brethren in the faith—S. Chrysostom, S. James, and many others. Twenty years have seen her at length the authorized Church of a Christian land, and if she has not come out of her great tribulation with garments altogether unsoiled, there is yet much in her primitive temper—in the devotedness of her priests—in the simple faith and obedience of her people, and in many of her beautiful and touching ceremonies, which betrays the impress of apostolic times.

The Church in Greece is altogether independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople; it is governed solely by the Holy Synod, formed by seven Archbishops, one of whom, generally the Archbishop of Attica, is president. The Bishops are extremely numerous, each having their separate diocese, where they hold a complete authority over all the priests within their spiritual jurisdiction; whilst these, in their turn, have uncontrolled influence among the people committed to their charge. The bishops are elected by the Synod, the civil power having no share in the appointment; they must be single men, or at the least widowers, whereas the parish priests are all, without exception, married. There is a third class, entitled the *πνευματικοί*, or 'spiritual,' who have alone the privilege of being confessors; these are specially appointed by the Bishop, who, before granting them a licence, never fails to make the most rigorous investigation into their life and conversation. They are almost invariably chosen from the monastic bodies, but of late this rule has of necessity been infringed in some degree, as the members of the brotherhoods have been greatly diminished by the legal prohibition against the admittance of any new members into the smaller monasteries.

It is only within the last few years that a university has for the first time been established in Athens; before that period there was no other means whatever provided for the education of the priests, even of the highest rank, but the ordinary village schools, and such casual opportunities of acquiring

knowledge as their own desire of improvement might lead them to seek. The institution of this new college is of too recent date to have wrought any change on the Greek priesthood of the present day, although, doubtless, its influence will be felt by their successors. We must treat more of their past history than of their future prospects in judging of their present condition; and we are, therefore, ready to admit the charge of ignorance which has been brought against them. At the same time the state of poverty and oppression under which they have so long groaned, and their distance from the European field of science and study, considerably explain and excuse this defect; and where there is a valid excuse for want of learning, we may readily believe that a simple faith is permitted in the scheme of providence to supply its place. The Greek priesthood rest their belief with simple trust on the Creeds, the bulwarks of the Christian faith, and on the teaching of their Church as conveyed to them through the canons and liturgical books. Nor do they only, with childlike submission, hear and obey her voice in the weightier matters of doctrine, but also in the most minute details of her enjoined observances. They know nothing of that strange anomaly which would permit them to accept her instruction as a divinely-appointed guide on certain points and reject it in others,—to follow her commands so far as they agree with their own views and inclination, and systematically neglect them whenever they clash with their self-formed ideas. They have not intellectual skill to sift and examine into the minutiae of her various instructions, in order that they may determine whether some points in her doctrine be not erroneous, or some observances in her practice inexpedient and superfluous. If in certain things she be to them a true teacher, worthy of reverence and submission, they hold that she must be so in all; they receive her teaching, not in part only, but as a whole, and, giving themselves up to her guidance unreservedly, they yield her an active and implicit obedience even in the most trifling particulars.

These remarks apply equally to the Laity as to the Clergy. We would not pretend to say that the former do not often display much laxity in their appreciation of Church privileges, and that individual unworthiness is not sometimes to be found amongst the latter; but with respect to the actual discipline of the Church, it is an undoubted fact that, however much a priest might wish to shrink from the heavy duties laid upon him, it is a thing unheard of that any should dare to omit or alter one iota of her enjoined observances.

There is another striking peculiarity in the Greek Church which is an inestimable blessing to both priests and people. It

consists in the fact that it is their inviolate practice to take the actual words in which their Church's teaching is conveyed to them quite literally, never stopping short of their full meaning—never going beyond it—not reasoning on them—not attempting to analyze them—not seeking to give them a different interpretation from that palpably evident. The result of this strict adherence to the letter of their instruction is especially remarkable as regards the Holy Sacraments; the various words which assign to them their distinct value and importance are taken in their plain and literal sense by each and all; thus it cannot be with them as we see it elsewhere, that the same expression should convey to one person the idea of an empty sign or symbol, and to another the belief in an awful and mysterious conveyance of grace; for instance, when the priest administers the sacred elements to the communicant, he uses no other words than these: 'This is My Body,'—'This is My Blood,' and as such the celebrant gives them and the recipient receives them, but in her practical teaching no attempt is made to penetrate or define the mystery. In like manner, in respect to the clause *Filioque* in the Creed, which caused the separation between the Eastern and Western Churches, the members of the Greek communion do *not* make any dogmatic assertion on this subtle point of doctrine,—they simply declare that it is an interpolation on the Creed, and therefore not to be accepted by them,—they do not pronounce as to whether the actual *sense* of the addition and the doctrine it involves is or is not to be rejected; but they refuse to receive *more* than their Church originally taught them.

To this conscientious acceptance of her simple statements we believe may be traced the origin of the remarkable obedience and reverence manifested by the members of the Greek Church to their Clergy. They are taught by the 'Holy Catechism or Orthodox Instruction,' that Christ hath delivered over seven sacraments to His Apostles; viz. Baptism, the Holy Myrrh,¹ the Holy Communion, the Repentance, (*i.e.* absolution of the penitent,) Extreme Unction, Ordination, and Marriage. Of these, Baptism and the Lord's Supper are termed τὰ δύο κύρια καὶ ἐξάλετα μυστήρια; and in treating of them separately, it is added, τοῦτο τὸ μυστήριον διετάχθη ὑπ' αὐτοῦ τοῦ Σωτῆρος; but the remaining five are not the less explicitly stated to be sacramental means of grace; consequently, in the sacrament of Ordination, when, according to the form of the Greek ritual, the Bishop says: 'Let us pray that the Holy Ghost may descend

¹ The Catechism proceeds to explain the Holy Myrrh as being 'the ceremony of anointing, by which the baptized persons receive the gifts of the Holy Spirit.'

upon him,' they believe that through the laying on of hands, as the same Catechism proceeds to say, the awful blessing does in fact descend, and the priest becomes a man set apart, consecrated by Divine authority and power to be their spiritual guide in all things. Therefore do they obey him with reverence and humility; for this cause they wait on the threshold of the church till he appears, that they may bow down to kiss his hand, and ask for his benediction as a good thing greatly to be longed for; for this, when he comes into their house, they hasten to place before him of their best, as for their most honoured guest, and never fail to pray him at least on the first day of every month to visit their dwellings and bless them, that if the Son of Peace be there His peace may rest upon it; still more for this cause when they make to him their humble confession of past misdoings, they believe that if He who tries the reins and the heart can indeed discern in themselves a deep and true repentance—so surely as their sins are remitted to them on earth by His servant's hands, they shall be remitted to them in heaven.

The self-denial and frugality displayed in the lives of the Greek priesthood would, we believe, be scarcely credited in this country if fully known;—the asceticism, the total abstinence from the luxuries of life, which elsewhere are counted as the evidence of peculiar sanctity, by them are practised habitually, in the most unostentatious manner, as duties of an ordinary nature. Poverty is not necessarily abstemious or self-denying; and therefore these good qualities should be mentioned though they are in a measure the fruit of circumstances, which have saved them from the great peril of riches; in practical illustration of which we may mention that the salary of the Archbishop of Attica is, if we remember rightly, about 120*l.* per annum. Government has taken possession of all ecclesiastical property, and awards a very small salary to the Bishops only; the other priests receive no payment excepting the very trifling offerings made at baptisms and weddings. Thus, even the highest dignitaries, the members of the Holy Synod, live with a humble simplicity, far removed from the world's pomp and pleasure, which must have many points of resemblance with the holy lives of the early Fathers of the Church. Although it is amongst these that are to be found various exceptions to the almost invariable ignorance of which we have spoken, and some of them are noted for deep research and learning, they yet never seek to raise their condition above that of the poorest around them;—they are generally men single of purpose, lowly in heart; their dwellings are very humble, their attendants few; day by day they pursue their quiet round of duty—preventing the morning watches at the altar, where the daily prayer and praise are offered up,—

going on foot from house to house where the sick or sorrowful implore their presence, and returning to the church at night—fall to repeat their solemn act of worship before they betake them to their needful rest,—living all the while with an abstemiousness which would seem to characterise their whole lives as one long fast, but for the contrast with their severity of abstinence at the appointed seasons of humiliation; and yet, with all their simplicity of habits, there is a peculiar calm and dignity in the manners and appearance of these men which is very striking: they never seem to forget their priestly character and responsibility, even as they never, on any occasion whatever, lay aside the priestly robes; they are always to be seen with the dark flowing garments, high cap, and black crape veil, which from time immemorial have been their appointed costume, moving along with an aspect of unworldly repose, which seems involuntarily to command respect from all. They seldom, if ever, use the customary forms of salutation, but silently offer their hand to receive the reverential kiss, or bestow their dearly-prized blessing in return for any act of courtesy; nor does their lowliness of mind and practical humility ever cause them to forget the great authority committed to them, which they sometimes exercise with a wholesome severity and an uncompromising determination. We may give, as an instance of this, a striking example of church-discipline which occurred some time since.

There was a certain priest, named Kaïres, a man of remarkable talent and great intellectual powers,—energetic, ambitious, and full of the most zealous patriotism; self-taught, he had availed himself of all such opportunities of acquiring knowledge as Greece could afford him, until he had in fact become one of the most learned amongst his countrymen; but his earnest and aspiring mind was not easily contented; he longed for yet higher attainments, and still more for the means of conferring such signal benefits upon his country as should cause his name to be held in honour of succeeding generations. He made his way to Europe with the two-fold design of increasing his stock of knowledge to the uttermost, and of obtaining pecuniary assistance in aid of a scheme which had become the object of his life. It was to found in Greece an extensive college, of which he was to be the sole director and principal instructor. It seems clear, that at this time Kaïres was actuated in no degree by a pure desire for his Master's glory, but more probably only by an unholy ambition to win for himself a crown of earthly fame, which will readily account for his swift yielding to the temptation which shortly overtook him. In his unbounded zeal for knowledge of all kinds he seems to have cared little from what poisoned source it came to him, and he gradually imbibed those fatal Rational-

istic opinions which threw so fearful a blight over Western Europe. It was no doubt his arrogance of intellect and presumptuous attempt at independence of mind, which soon led him on to a complete overthrow of the faith; but whatever might have been his previous opinions, it is certain that Kaïres returned to Greece a confirmed Deist.

He concealed his real views, however, and continued to hold his place as a priest in the Church; for he had returned from Europe with a sum raised by subscription which was sufficient, when increased by his own little fortune, for the execution of his great scheme. It was speedily carried into effect; he opened his college, and as he was believed to be a man, not only of vast learning, but of great piety, pupils were sent to him from all parts of the country. Nothing could exceed the admirable wisdom and judgment which guided him in the arrangement of this institution; his schools were a model of order; the instruction, so far as regarded secular knowledge, was first-rate, and his college very soon became a flourishing establishment, where the education of a vast number of young men was ably conducted. This had continued, however, but a very short time when strange rumours began to gain ground respecting Kaïres's opinions: he was said to be a propagator of Arianism; finally, it was asserted that he actually taught Deism in his schools. No sooner was this suspected than, without delay or circumlocution, he was summoned to appear before the Holy Synod to answer to the charge brought against him.

The scene of Kaïres's trial in the ecclesiastical court is said to have been very remarkable. The six Archbishops, of whom at that time the Synod was composed, were in no way remarkable for learning, but in all probability much the contrary, although some were, we believe, noted for holiness of life. They were aged men, simple and unpretending in speech and manner, whilst the accused, who stood before them, was not only well known as a man pre-eminent in their country for knowledge and talent, but he was celebrated most especially for his extraordinary eloquence. He was told plainly the charge which had been made against him. He answered with a powerful and beautiful address, in which we believe he detailed, in glowing language, the rise and progress of his institution, the wonderful effects which had already been produced, and the sure prospects he now had of rendering a lasting blessing to their dear country, to which end he had devoted his life and energies as well as his worldly goods. The Synod heard him without comment, and when he had concluded they simply desired him to repeat the Creed—(of course as a distinct act of faith). Kaïres evaded the order, and again addressing them, implored of them, if we

remember correctly, not for any peculiarity of doctrine, or shade of opinion, to impede a scheme which might prove the glory of regenerate Greece, and be the means of her ultimate restoration to the high place she once held in the scale of nations. He spoke long, and eloquently; they heard him patiently; but, when he paused, they repeated their former command in the self-same words. He was then forced to answer that his conscience refused to let him utter that declaration of a faith which he did not hold. At once, although the room was crowded with those who had well nigh idolized him for his active patriotism and brilliant genius, although serious tumults might be expected from his disappointed pupils, the Holy Synod commanded Kaïres, then and there, to strip himself of those priestly robes which, as he was not a Christian, he could no longer be permitted to wear—they were the tokens of the holy office from which he was henceforth expelled. Kaïres refused, as by so doing he must have resigned himself to give up the institution from which he hoped so much—none but a priest being permitted to take the direction of any school or college. On his refusal the Synod proceeded, without delay, to sentence him to imprisonment—an order which was instantly put in execution; and he was kept in close confinement until the sanction of the civil power had been received for his further condemnation to perpetual exile. The schools were of course abolished, and the progress of the fatal error he was disseminating effectually stopped.

We have spoken much of the obedient *habit of faith*, if we may use the term, so remarkable in the Greek Church; but we would not be supposed to assert that she has altogether escaped the taint of that modern scepticism which is ruining the souls of so many baptized members of other branches of the Church. There has been too much of intercourse with young France and revolutionary Italy for her to pass unscathed in this respect; but the evil is confined to a certain class only—chiefly to young men who have been educated in Europe, and even these have sufficient reverence for the Church of their fathers to abstain from bringing their opinions very prominently forward; while certainly of the great mass of the population we may confidently assert that they do, as obedient children, follow the form of sound words once delivered to them.

From what we have now stated respecting the unvarying obedience of priests and people to their Church, it will be readily understood that her practical system must everywhere be the same, and when we have given some idea of her discipline and observances as displayed in a country parish, we shall have conveyed such information as may equally be applied to other localities, and to the higher grades of society.

In this age of fierce unrest and intellectual strife, when such unholy wisdom and so many subtle errors are striving for the mastery, there are special charms which belong to a quiet Greek village, deep buried among those lofty mountains which enclose it in a peaceful solitude. The simple and intelligent people are altogether cut off from secular knowledge—they know nothing of the arts and sciences—of the mighty works of man's invention, the devices of human intellect; there are no influences from without to tell them of the evils that are in the world—of the errors and controversy, the deep questions stirring the minds of many to very madness—they have but one teacher for things temporal and eternal, their own unchanging Church. Their priest, like themselves, has probably never gone beyond his native village; he is the successor of him who last held that sacred and responsible office, and who has been his guide and instructor in all things pertaining to the faith. Chosen by his predecessor, almost in infancy, for the position of neophyte, he has been taught by him all that the Church would have him to know; he has learnt to repeat the canons and formularies by heart, and to read the Scriptures with at least sufficient ease to enable him to decipher the lessons for each day; he has spent his childhood and youth ministering in the courts of the Lord's house; for more than twenty years he has gone about with his head uncovered, however fiercely the sun might shine upon him, in token that he is set apart to minister in the presence of things holy; then at the appointed time he has been sent on foot, or perhaps on horseback, over many a steep and difficult path, to be admitted into Holy Orders by his Bishop, and to receive from him, if his character can stand the previous examination, the licence of confessor, which office, being sole priest in the village, it is necessary he should likewise hold. He has then returned probably to lay in the grave his former guide and master, and to take his place as spiritual father of the little flock whom he will quit no more.

Ignorant of all save that which his Church has taught him, he has sufficient knowledge for his people's wants. Of heresy and error, of doubt and difficulty, he knows nothing. The dogmatic truth once given to him, he faithfully received. Faithfully as he received it, he gives it to them again, and is in all things their spiritual governor, counsellor, and friend. In him they reverence the authority and wisdom of the Church; to him they ever turn for guidance. As he alone can teach of right or wrong, it is little likely that they should arrogate to themselves the right to speculate upon his conduct, or dispute his commands; nor could any question in fact ever be raised by them upon the performance of his duty as priest, for he can but himself follow

implicitly the ritual enjoined. They cannot so much as read the Holy 'Evangelia' which night and morning they kiss with such deep reverence; but he requires to give them but little oral instruction in the truths which they well know it contains, for by the simple medium of their customary services and ceremonies, they are taught all that is fitting in doctrine and practice; by the very sacraments which convey the blessing, they are told of its existence. From their solemn Burial Service they learn the certainty of immortality to soul and body; in the Holy Eucharist the mystery of their redemption is made manifest; the necessity of regeneration is shown to them in the plunging of their children beneath the baptismal waters, where they must die to sin, and rise anew to live in Christ; while they are abundantly reminded that they must repent of sin, or they shall all likewise perish, in their confession and absolution. In the beautiful marriage ceremony they perceive that all human ties must be sanctified by the heavenly benediction, in order that they may become the antepast of that unutterable communion of saints, when the whole family of heaven and earth shall be gathered into one in Him; and from infancy to death, they are shown that in Him alone all fulness dwells by many significant tokens. Long before their infant fingers have received strength they are guided to form the sign of the cross, and ever afterwards they never fail to repeat it on all occasions: in their moments of grief or danger, because from Him alone cometh help; in the height of their joy, because from Him all blessings flow; most especially before tasting food, in remembrance that the same Hand which dispenses to them the good things of life, once for their sakes was pierced with the torturing nail; and ever when they lie down in the sleep that is so like to death, or rise to the day that may be one of sin or sorrow. They cannot read the record of their Lord's holy life and sufferings in His written word; yet, could any know the details of His fasting and temptation, His bitter cross and passion, better than they do, who, after thirty-seven days of severest abstinence and mortification, enter on that solemn Friday, (by them called 'The Great,') within their darkened church so still and silent, though intensely crowded, there to prostrate themselves at the bier which represents His tomb, and watch beside it during the long hours of that awful night and day, till with the first moment of Easter morning, the sudden bursting forth of light and music, and a multitude of glad triumphant voices, proclaims to them that He is risen, and they shall rise again with Him?

Besides all this they daily hear the portions of the Gospel recited from the altar, and their zeal or laxity in obeying the

precepts therein enjoined, is fully laid open to the priest, and duly noted by him at the period of confession.

They are not devoid either of powerful incitements to that self-sacrifice and devotion even to the death, which is far more rare in lands of brighter light and deeper learning than among the simple members of the Greek communion; for in their scanty stock of knowledge, conveyed to them, as we have shown, chiefly in signs and symbols, the histories of the martyrs and the saints of old have a most prominent place; on the walls of their humble churches are painted many a noble record of that glorious constancy of faith which has well-nigh passed from earth—the faith whose sincerity was tested in the flame, whose strength was manifest in the torture; and as they gaze daily on the pictured faces of the martyred, smiling and serene in agony, they gather unconsciously a strange calm strength, for the performance of many an act of bitter sacrifice and self-imposed toil, which shows how holy a longing has stirred their childlike spirits to follow on His steps of suffering. During the shock of the convulsion which overthrew the Turkish dominion in Greece, many a martyr soul escaped unknown, uncheered by human sympathy, from the world, where as an apostate he might have dwelt in luxury, would he but have professed the Moslem faith! and many turned away from the intoxicating cup of this life's pleasures, which was offered to their lips in the name of Mahomet, and rather chose to drain the bitter draught of death! Weak women even, young and timid, who were tempted with the promise of some luxurious home, where the loving care and tenderness for which their nature craved should be around them—even they, in the summer time of life, fainting and shuddering at the thought of violence and torture, yet offered their breasts unhesitatingly to the piercing of the knife, and went down to their untimely graves in the name of Christ! And even now, although they need not to shed their blood for His name's sake, the members of the Greek Church find ways and means of offering up their lives in martyrdom with a simple humility, far removed from ostentation and parade, which is very beautiful. Independent, however, of the higher acts of devotion which they may choose to impose upon themselves, the daily routine of spiritual exercises to which they are called by the discipline of the Church, is by no means easy of performance.

Before the rising of the sun, the bell calls them to matins, and it is rare indeed that any fail in their attendance—the labouring men ready to go and work for a few hours before the heat is too intense—the women leading or carrying even the youngest of their children—the aged, who might well be expected to claim a few hours longer of repose—all came

thronging to their open church, so picturesque in its fantastic Byzantine architecture. Mr. Curzon's description of the chapel in the Greek monastery of Barlaam, gives so good an idea of the interior of the Greek churches, which are all precisely the same, that we will transcribe his own account.

'The monastery of Barlaam stands on the summit of an isolated rock, on a flat, or nearly flat space, of perhaps an acre and a half, of which about one half is occupied by the church and a smaller chapel, the refectory, the kitchen, the tower of the windlass, where you are pulled up, and a number of separate buildings containing offices and habitations of the monks, of whom there were at this time only fourteen. These various structures surround one tolerably large, irregularly-shaped court, the chief part of which is paved; and there are several other small open spaces. All Greek monasteries are built in this irregular way, and the confused mass of disjointed edifices is usually encircled by a high bare wall; but in this monastery there is no such enclosing wall, as its position effectually prevents the approach of an enemy. On a portion of the flat space which is not occupied by buildings, they have a small garden, but it is not cultivated, and there is nothing like a parapet wall in any direction to prevent your falling over. The place wears an aspect of poverty and neglect; its best days have long gone by; for here, as everywhere else, the spirit of asceticism is on the wane.

'The church has a porch before the door, *νάρθξ*, supported by marble columns, the interior wall of which, on each side of the door, is painted with representations of the Last Judgment, and the torture of the condemned, with a liberal allowance of flames and devils. These pictures of the torments of the wicked, are always placed outside the body of the church, as typical of the unhappy state of those who are out of its pale; they are never seen within. The interior of this curious old church, which is dedicated to All Saints, has depicted on its walls on all sides, portraits of a great many holy personages, in the stiff, conventional, early style. It has four columns within which support the dome; and the altar or holy table, *ἁγία τράπεζα*, is separated from the nave by a wooden screen, called the iconostasis, on which are paintings of the Blessed Virgin, the Redeemer, and many saints. These pictures are kissed by all who enter the church. The iconostasis has three doors in it; one in the centre, before the holy table, and one on each side. The centre one is only a half-door, like an old English buttery-hatch, the upper part being screened by a curtain of rich stuff, which, except on certain occasions, is drawn aside, so as to afford a view of the book of the Gospels, in a rich binding, lying upon the holy table beyond. A Greek church has no sacristy; the vestures are usually kept in presses, in this space behind the iconostasis, where none but the priests and the deacon, or servant who trims the lamps, are allowed to enter, and they pass in and out by the side doors. The centre door is only used in the celebration of the holy mass. This part of the church is the sanctuary, and is called, in Romaic, *ἁγία Βημα*, or *Θῆμα*. It is typical of the holy of holies of the temple, and the veil is represented by the curtain which divides it from the rest of the church. Everything is symbolical in the Eastern Church; and these symbols have been in use from the very earliest ages of Christianity. The four columns which support the dome represent the four Evangelists; and the dome itself is the symbol of heaven, to which access has been given to mankind by the glad tidings of the Gospels which they wrote. Part of the mosaic with which the whole interior of the dome was formerly covered in the cathedral of S. Sophia, at Constantinople, is to be seen in the four angels below the dome, where the

winged figures of the four Evangelists still remain. Luckily for the Greek Church their sacred buildings are not under the authority of lay churchwardens—grocers in towns, and farmers in villages,—who feel it their duty to whitewash every thing which is old and venerable and curious, and to oppose the Clergyman in order to show their independence.

‘The Greek Church, debased as it is by ignorance and superstition, has still the merit of carefully preserving and restoring all the memorials of its earlier and purer ages. If the fresco painting of a saint is rubbed out or damaged in the lapse of time, it is scrupulously repainted, exactly as it was before, even to the colour of the robe, the aspect of the countenance, and the minutest accessories of the composition. It is this systematic respect for every thing which is old and venerable, which renders the interior of the ancient Eastern churches so peculiarly interesting. They are the unchanged monuments of primæval days. The Christians who suffered under the persecution of Dioclesian, may have knelt before the very altar which we now see, and which was then exactly the same as we now behold it, without any additions or subtractions either in its form or use.’—P. 286.

There is of course this difference between the chapel of a monastery and the church of a country parish—that in the latter, one of the aisles is appropriated to the use of the women, the other is filled by the men, and the centre is left unoccupied; behind the iconostasis, as Mr. Curzon observes, no lay person is allowed to intrude.

Whilst certain parties in England look upon it as an insupportable deprivation of comfort that their cushioned and carpeted pews should be exchanged for open benches, in the Greek churches there are no seats whatever provided for either priest, or people. On the stone floor, where there is no mat or carpets, they are expected to stand and kneel, and no other posture is so much as contemplated. At all times it is required of them that they should stand during the reading of the Gospels; and even on Maundy Thursday, when the portions appointed to be recited occupy the time from sunset till midnight, they are not allowed to change their attitude, unless, as not unfrequently happens, they fall down from actual fatigue. The matin service is extremely simple, and resembles that appointed for daily morning prayer by the Church of England; there is first the solemn invocation, “*Ἄγιος ὁ Θεός, ἅγιος ὁ Ἰσχυρὸς, ἅγιος ὁ Ἀθάνατος, ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς*.” Then the Psalms and Lessons are chanted by the priest in ancient Greek, which, however, so nearly approaches to the modern Romaic, that even the most uneducated can understand them; the prayers are then said. They are chanted with a very peculiar and monotonous intonation, the priest standing before the screen with his face turned to the unseen altar. The prayers concluded, he brings the incense in its silver censer from behind the iconostasis and offers it to each worshipper in turn, uttering at the same time the words of the blessing; he then retires, and the people silently

go to kiss the feet and hands of the pictured saints. This act of simple reverence to the memory of the holy departed is distinctly stated by the Seventh Council, which authorized the admission of pictures into their churches, to be merely the *ἀσπασμὸς* or *φίλημα*—that is, the common salutation or kiss bestowed in ordinary life by one friend upon another; but the precise nature of this reverential act as practised by the Greek Church, is practically illustrated each time that the corpse of one but newly called from earth is laid before the altar, there to receive the last rites and the last tokens of love from those who can hope to hold sweet converse with him again only in the blessed communion of saints. When the burial-service on these occasions has been concluded, and the holy words have died away—when the priest for the last time has traced on the brow and breast of him, for whom the storms of life are hushed, the same sign that in infancy was imprinted there, in token whence the grace and strength would be obtained to bear him through them—then the friends and relations are desired to draw near, and one by one they press upon the cold lips the *τελευταῖος ἀσπασμὸς*, whilst each in turn addresses the corpse with many a touching and earnest word, beseeching of him in the holy realms, whither he has gone, to watch and wait for them who yet must weep and struggle here. Exactly similar to this touching ceremony is the salutation given to the pictured saints, but we will give the words of the ‘Orthodox Instruction’ on this point:—

‘The invocation of saints is not repugnant to the first commandment. The invocation of God is a most profound homage to His Divine Majesty, and a universal trust in Him alone. The invocation of saints is a uniting our prayers with their prayers; the saints, when alive on earth, prayed for others, and entreated others to pray for them; see Rom. xv. 30; 2 Cor. i. 11; Phil. i. 4; and Acts xii. 5; much more after death when they are nearer to God, united to Him, and continually enjoying His presence, must they feel an ardent desire for the salvation of believers *known to God*. Such being the case, what should prevent us from uniting our prayers, that is, our desire for our salvation, with the desire and prayer of S. Paul for instance, or any other saint? Now in this consists the invocation of saints, which so far from superseding, implies the mediation of Christ as the sure and necessary foundation both of their prayers and ours. The greatest honour we can pay the saints is to strive to imitate their lives, and like them to put our trust in God alone.’

Notwithstanding much that has been asserted on this subject, it is, however, a fact, that in the practice of the members of the Greek Church, they do but seldom avail themselves of the licence here given to unite their prayers with those of departed saints. In respect to the reverence due to the Blessed Mother of our Lord, whom it has been declared that they worship because they never fail in like manner to bestow upon her picture the cus-

tomary *ἀσπασμός*, we will also give the statements of the orthodox Catechism. After saying, that 'the most Holy Mary remained and remains a virgin, before the birth, during the birth, and after the birth of the Saviour, and is therefore called Ever Virgin,' it proceeds to ask, 'What other great title is there with which the orthodox Church honours the most Holy Mary?' 'Answer—That of Mother of God.' '2. What thoughts should we have of the exalted dignity of the most Holy Virgin Mary?' 'A.—As mother of the Lord, she excels in grace and nearness to God, and so also in dignity, every created being.' This is the only formal instruction given by the Greek Church. At the same time we are ready to admit that many, too careless, or too ignorant to have understood the hidden meaning of the outward act, do in fact give an undue and unwarrantable interpretation to the reverence which they are enjoined to pay to the Blessed Virgin.

At sunset the community of the country parish are again called together for the vesper office, which is similar to that of the morning; the Greek Church, however, is not satisfied with claiming the attendance of her people twice in the day to public worship—she also duly regulates their private devotions; in the words of the 'Orthodox Instruction' they are taught that 'the duty of a Christian in private prayer is to say, at least, the "In the name of the Father," the Lord's Prayer, the Holy Creed, and the Salutation of the Angel.' He is also instructed at what hour he ought to pray, and for what special benefits; and it is remarkable how universally and rigidly these directions are followed, although by no means to the exclusion of spontaneous prayer. The great benefit of this watchful care on the part of that Church, in the ordering of her children's ways, may be aptly illustrated by the effects to be perceived in this country from the neglect of a similar discipline. It was but the other day that a forcible instance of it came under our notice. A person residing in a town in England, where there were churches and schools, and every apparent means of instruction, on being asked what form she was in the habit of using for private devotion, answered that she had for forty years recited the same 'beautiful prayer,' and forthwith proceeded to repeat Watts's hymn, 'How doth the little busy bee.' We believe it might be a curious subject for investigation to ascertain how many of the peasantry in England limit their devotions to the old rhyme, 'There are four corners to my bed,' &c.

Such then is the daily public and private routine appointed for members of the Greek Church. On Sundays the Holy Communion is regularly celebrated at dawn of day, and all who will may partake of it weekly; if none present themselves, the

priest communicates alone, but on no occasion whatever is the celebration omitted. The people, it must be owned, are somewhat lax in availing themselves of this great privilege, but we cannot feel surprised that they are so, on account of the extreme severity of the preparation required before they can be permitted to approach the Holy Mystery. The first great essential is, that they must confess, and receive absolution; on no pretence whatever can they partake of the Holy Eucharist without doing so. Their catechism teaches them with respect to this sacred rite, that 'it is the sacrament by which he who confesses his sins, and repents sincerely that he has sinned, receives from God forgiveness by the spiritual father,' and they especially believe that the blessing sacramentally conveyed depends entirely on the reality of faith and repentance on the part of the recipient.

The *πνευματικοὶ* or confessors are generally monks, as we have said; but under any circumstances they are men who invariably devote themselves to severer study and more ascetic lives than the other priests, that they may fit themselves by prayer and meditation for the difficult task of guiding the souls whose hidden lives are laid bare before them. It is absolutely necessary also that they should have attained, not only to a ripe, but to an advanced, age, before they can assume this sacred office. It is very rarely that they enjoin any penance on their people, except in cases of gross violation of the laws of God and the Church, when they generally refuse them permission to approach the Holy Communion until some stated period, when their repentance shall have been tested; but they exercise a considerable degree of watchfulness over the lives and conduct of those committed to their guidance, and often use a wholesome severity towards them, in compelling them to abstain at any cost from things hurtful to their spiritual welfare. Under no circumstances would they allow the slightest neglect of the Church's ordinances to pass unnoticed. It is generally considered advisable that they should always resort to the same confessor; but there is nothing to prevent either party making any change in this respect which they may deem advisable, and there is no confessor ever appointed in a family. The actual ceremony is conducted with the utmost secrecy; it is considered a subject too sacred to be mentioned even amongst the most intimate friends or relations. Although, as we have stated, the duty is never omitted before the Holy Communion, yet the priest generally enters and quits the house unknown to all save the individual concerned. The confession takes place the day before the celebration; after it is concluded the communicant retires into complete solitude, where he proceeds to recite a certain number of prayers, which the Church positively commands to be repeated

before communicating. They are long and fatiguing—all are, of course, said standing or kneeling, and when concluded, the communicant must not only fast rigidly from all food until the next day, after he has partaken of the Holy Eucharist, but he must also abstain from speech and from all intercourse with his family and friends, not uttering so much as the common salutation before retiring to rest; they limit also the hours of slumber on this occasion, and there is another part of their preparation which is very beautiful—knowing that they must approach that solemn altar only in love and charity with all men, they go, before commencing the prayers of which we have spoken, to all the members of their household in turn, not excluding the lowest of their dependents, and request their pardon for all offences they may have committed against them in thought, word, or deed, tendering at the same time their own forgiveness for any injuries received, and not quitting them until they have obtained the kiss of peace in token of reconciliation. At dawn of day, fasting and still silent, the communicant proceeds to the church; he usually places himself at once kneeling upright on the stone floor, where he remains, without changing his position, throughout the whole long ceremony. It is at their option to stand during the introductory prayers, but very few ever seek that relief. After the general confession and the exhortation the priest retires for the consecration behind the screen which hides the altar from the people, who remain during this interval in silent prayer. The *ἄρτον* or bread is a round loaf made expressly for this purpose, and never used for any other; it is stamped with four crosses, and after the consecration, these are cut out and laid aside to be given later to the communicants, who carry them home to any sick or aged member of their family; it is then called the *ἀντίδορον*. When all is ready the priest comes forth, holding the sacred elements, covered, with a silken veil upon his head, in token that they are now consecrated; he stands holding them in silence for a few minutes, and then retires to bring a small quantity to each communicant in turn. He administers in both kinds; they are given together in a spoon, and he utters no other words, as we have already said, than these, ‘This is My Body—this is My Blood.’ There is no limitation in respect to the age of the communicant—the youngest infants are brought to the altar, for confirmation follows immediately on baptism. During a certain number of hours after partaking of the Holy Communion, no food is taken whatever excepting a little bread and wine. The celebration cannot take place after noon.

Within the last few years the preaching of sermons has begun to be currently put in practice, but these are generally

delivered on holidays. All saints' days and festivals are observed with the utmost strictness, and often greatly to the injury of the people's worldly interests, as they perform no work whatever on these occasions. In the country parishes they are kept in a very striking manner. There are thickly scattered over the whole of Greece an immense number of small churches generally called 'rock chapels,' because they are so frequently built in the mouth of caverns on the mountain side, or on the summit of an inaccessible precipice. They are all extremely ancient, some almost incredibly so. There is one not far from Athens, that stands as a strange monument to the struggle of the light with the darkness during those bygone centuries, whose trace yet lingers round it. It is very small, and almost in ruins, but it bears within it the record of four great epochs of alternate gloom and light, which seem to have passed over it like sunbeams chasing clouds. There is first a block of white marble, on which may be read in distinct though very ancient characters, an inscription dedicating this temple to Pluto and all infernal gods. Over this is placed the altar of the Christian sacrifice surmounted by a cross; the rudeness of the sculpture and peculiar form showing, that at some very remote period the temple of Pagan worship had been converted into the house of God by the followers of Christ. But the cross is broken, the altar has been overthrown, and the pictures of the saints bear many traces of desecration, at the time when the Christian Church became the Mahomedan mosque, and the rites of the false faith were performed within it. Lastly, the Turkish minaret then built upon it has been destroyed and trampled under foot, the Moslem symbols all removed, and now the lamp ever burning before the altar, ruined as it is, testifies that once more the true faith of Christ crucified is triumphant there.

These chapels are all dedicated to some one particular saint. As there is, generally, no population near them for very many miles, the service is never performed within them except on the day appointed for the commemoration of the saint to whom it is dedicated. On that day the priest of the nearest village makes a pilgrimage to the spot for this express purpose, accompanied by the whole of his parishioners, who follow to attend the service. The distance is often fully a day's journey over steep and perilous paths, but they let nothing deter them from what they hold to be a duty. Long before sunrise they quit their homes and set forward in procession, the priest going first, riding on his ass and carrying the books and incense vessels; the villagers following on foot, bringing with them the provisions for the day and their children, for they are very scrupulous in taking even their youngest infants to church,

both in order that they may receive the blessing of the priest, and because they believe that all must derive a certain benefit from being even within the holy atmosphere of that place which His Presence has sanctified. Fainting under the burning sun, they toil along till they reach the little chapel, so utterly deserted, except on these occasions. At once, without waiting to repose, lest the appointed hour should pass, the priest proceeds to perform the service; and thus there is not in all Greece a mountain cliff, or desolate ravine, however lonely and inaccessible, where once in the year, at least, the voice of the Church is not heard to sound proclaiming the truth of Revelation. Before the altar of every church in the country, and of these chapels also, there hangs a small crystal lamp filled with oil, which must always remain lighted night and day. On this occasion, when the prayers are over, the priest takes it down, trims it, and re-lights it. He then departs with his flock leaving that little flame burning there in the midst of the great solitude, with entire confidence that it will so burn until the same day in the next year, when they shall return again. It is not that they look for any miracle in the matter, but this duty of tending the lamp of the sanctuary is one of those which calls forth that spirit of sacrifice, of which we have spoken as being so remarkable in the practice of the Greek Church. They hold that it would be a most culpable negligence if ever this light, which typifies the brightness of the true Faith, were to be extinguished; and, therefore, as soon as they know that the oil must be nearly spent, some one of the peasants from the nearest village, however distant it may be, sets out alone, and on foot, to go to the chapel and replenish it. This is no common act of self-sacrifice, for the journey is often dangerous as well as difficult. It is generally performed at night, for the humble villagers cannot afford to lose a day's labour. Sometimes it is the working man who has toiled all day in his vineyard, who when evening comes, sets forward to spend the long hours of the night in journeying to the spot where the pious duty waits him. But more often it is some poor weak woman, whose natural timidity and feeble frame render the task indeed most painful which she volunteers to perform; for it is not enjoined on any in particular. Quietly and humbly, she makes her preparations—she binds a few rushes round her feet to defend them, as far as may be, from the stones and thorns—she takes with her the oil as a voluntary offering from her own scanty store, and commences at night-fall her pilgrimage—she has a firm faith that, for her errand's sake, a protection will be around her, but she well knows it will be needful; for even should she escape the mountain brigands

on her path, it is very certain that the sound of her steps will rouse the wolves, and jackals, and the poisonous snakes. What she does is not assuredly for praise of men, for she has no other witness to her deed than the quiet stars that light her on her way; and when, exhausted, she has reached the desolate chapel—when by her pious care she has seen the living flame burn bright, which testifies to the shining forth of One who is the Light of the world—and when, bowing down, with her bleeding feet and aching limbs, she utters to no mortal ears her simple *Πάτερ ἡμῶν*, who shall dare to say, that hers is not a service acceptable to God?

There is another particular in which the members of the Greek Church certainly approach closely to the earlier discipline in mortification of the flesh,—it is the manner in which they observe the fasts enjoined upon them. These are numerous and most severe; they are appointed for every Wednesday and Friday, besides the vigils of certain holidays in the course of the year. This is independent of the principal fasts, which are the three weeks of Advent, the forty days of Lent, and Holy Week, which is not included in that number. Lastly, the fast in the month of August, which is called *ἡ κοίμησις τῆς Παναγίας*, (the sleep of the Virgin). They do not hold the doctrine of her assumption, but they maintain that she never passed through death, and that her body only slept, in the grave. It will be scarce credited how rigidly and universally these fasts are kept. During the Advent fast nothing whatever is eaten, but a limited quantity of shell-fish, that being the season when this sort of food abounds; and as it is very unpalatable they obtain it for a mere trifle, so that scarcely any thing is spent on their subsistence. During Lent they eat nothing whatever but a little rice boiled in water twice a day; they do not allow themselves even bread; in Holy Week they abstain almost entirely. The last fast is the least severe; they are then permitted to eat vegetables.

It is precisely on account of the zeal and sincerity with which the members of the Greek Church obey these her commands, that they have been accused of formalism, and it is asserted of them that they limit their attempts to do God service to these outward observances. Even admitting that it were so, a fact which we believe could easily be disproved, we would simply ask—What, after all, is the only acceptable service which man can render unto God? Is it not obedience—obedience in that path, and that only, which Providence has pointed out? Is there anything in the precise nature of the duties which a man performs for conscience sake which can affect the Omnipotent and the Unchangeable? He needs, surely, no offering, spiritual

or material, at our hands. If He were hungry He would not tell us—His are the cattle on a thousand hills. He wills one thing only,—that men should serve Him in obedience; and by the peculiar nature of the duties He imposes upon them, it has seemed good to Him that they should be subdued to Himself. What right then have any to question the acceptableness of the service performed by the Eastern Christians, since they are but following with severe and difficult faithfulness the command of their Church, which is to them the interpreter of His will? We deny, however, distinctly, that the Greek Church limits the duties of her children to any outward observance; we believe that pure Christian charity is nowhere more beautifully illustrated than among her poorer members.

There are no workhouses, no poor-rates, no parochial relief in Greece; yet never did the fatherless seek a home in vain from those who often had not bread to feed themselves—never did the widow fail to find a hand ready to help her in her hour of need—never did the stranger and the beggar pass the humblest cottage door, without being invited to enter there as a welcome guest, to eat, drink, and be refreshed. Indeed, one of the touching superstitions of the country, which almost always have some holy and beautiful truth hid beneath them, proves how universal are those practices. They believe that to adopt an orphan into the family is to ensure such a blessing from the Father of the fatherless upon them, that their own children shall never know want. A child so adopted is called the son of their soul, and they bind themselves by a solemn promise never to desert him so long as they shall live. There is also another very ancient and singular custom in the Greek Church, which has for aim and object to provide any one left friendless in the world with a protector, who is as much bound to care for him in every way as the nearest relation could have been. By a solemn religious ceremony two persons, between whom no blood relationship exists, are constituted brother and sister, or brothers, as the case may be, and they are bound together by this strange fraternal tie in a manner so distinct and positive, that even their children cannot marry, being considered within the prohibited degrees of affinity as first cousins. Kneeling before the altar the priest dictates to them a sacred oath, whereby they swear to be to one another from that hour to their life's end brothers in very deed and truth, nothing more and nothing less, and vowing as they hope for the favour of Heaven, to perform to each other all those duties which would have been incumbent upon them, had they indeed been born of the same parents. The priest then pronounces over them the blessing of the holy Church, and this union is considered so very sacred that it is

never violated in any way. In cases where the rich and the poor, the weak and the strong, are thus united, it is most beneficial to both parties.

Those traces of primitive and apostolic customs of which we have spoken as pertaining to the Greek Church, may be found in almost all her ceremonies, many of the details of which are full of significance. In her baptismal service, for instance, the child is first anointed with the holy oil on the eyes, ears, nose, lips, and hands, in token that the five senses are to be consecrated to God; then the sign of the cross is made over the water already sanctified to the mystical washing away of sin, and a lock of the child's hair is cut off and thrown into it, as a sign that he is about to be surrendered altogether to His Master. The infant is then immersed three times in the name of the three Persons of the Most Holy Trinity; and, finally, the priest holds him up and presents him to the people saying, 'He is baptized; behold the servant of God!' Again, when a neophyte is admitted into Holy Orders, he kneels during the whole of the ordinary service which precedes the consecration in a motionless attitude before the altar, his arms crossed and his head bowed down. Before commencing the Ordination service one of the officiating Bishops states to the people the qualifications of the candidate, and then coming forward he stretches out his hand towards him, and demands of them *Εἶναι ἄξιος*; (Is he worthy?) all instantly answer, *Ἄξιος—ἄξιος*: and some, if they know him, will call out *Παντάξιος*: and then, after the anointing, the laying on of hands, and the sealing with the sign of the cross, they crowd forward to partake with the newly-made priest of the Holy Communion.

We have spoken of the *τελευταῖος ἀσπασμὸς*, the last embrace of the dead; but the Church does not permit the survivors to close with that farewell kiss all reverence for the departed; they are not allowed, as elsewhere, to bury them out of their sight and mention their name no more, living as though they had never been, forgetting altogether how closely, though unseen, they are still united to them in the fellowship of His body. At stated periods the priests call together all the relations of the departed for a ceremony entitled the Feast of the Commemoration. The family prepare a dish called *κόλυβα*, made of boiled wheat and spices; this is given to the priest, who sends a portion to all the friends, and appoints a time when they are to meet in the church. The hour fixed is always at dead of night, and the persons come dressed in deep mourning, to join without light or tumult in a few prayers;—a thanksgiving, we believe, for those departed in His faith and fear; an intercession for the whole body of His Church, visible and invisible; a supplication

for themselves in the hour of death and judgment; finally, an earnest entreaty that living and dead may alike come to the perfect consummation of bliss.

There is much also that is beautiful in the wedding ceremonies: the signing of the bride and bridegroom with the sign of the cross traced on their foreheads by the wedding ring, and their immediate participation in the Holy Eucharist, while still kneeling where their vows had been taken. Gilt crowns, decorated with flowers, are placed on their heads by the priest, and it is one of their most touching observances carefully to preserve the young bride's crown, and never again to place it on her head, till cold and stiff she is carried out to make her couch in the grave. It is most striking to see the withered corpse of some aged woman, adorned with the bridal crown, going forth to seek again in the dust the husband of her youth, the memory of whose buried love has been, perhaps, her solace through long-widowed years.

The ceremony of blessing the house, to which we have already adverted, is necessarily productive of very good results; it ensures the visit of the priest once in the month. On the appointed day he never fails to come, bringing with him only a large cross and a branch of palm dipped in water, with which he sprinkles the threshold, when he pauses to pronounce the salutation, 'Peace be to this house;' he presents the cross to each individual in turn, that they may press it to their lips and forehead, while he gives them his blessing; he then takes the opportunity of inquiring into the state of the family, and gives his advice or admonitions according to their necessity. This is, of course, quite independent of his visits in cases of affliction and sickness. Sorrow never enters a house in any shape whatever but the servant of God is ready to follow in its steps; he comes to anoint the sick with the holy oil, to pray with the mourners, or to speak peace and consolation to those who are in any way afflicted or distressed in mind.

One part of the Church system which tends most especially to give the spiritual father a salutary control over his flock, is the rule which limits to the priest alone the right to teach in the schools. In villages he is, in fact, the only schoolmaster, and he thus acquires an influence over his people from their earliest years; he assembles the children for daily instruction, but the sum of his teaching is ever the same—the reading of the 'Gospel,' the Creeds, the lives of the saints and martyrs. The neophytes are, of course, entirely under his care, and we cannot but admire the practice of thus setting apart the candidates for the priesthood almost from infancy, as a separate race of beings. The effect of this custom is most beneficial

both to priests and people. The former naturally feel themselves invested with a peculiar dignity, with which it is indeed meet that their lives and conduct should agree, while it greatly deepens and strengthens the reverence felt for them by the latter. We have seen the neophyte, while still but a young child, avoiding, of his free will, all intercourse with the companions of his own age, and ever walking soberly by the side of the priest, holding his superior's garment with his little hand, and bending down his uncovered head over his well-worn book of prayers.

These are the details concerning the Greek Church which Mr. Curzon had little opportunity of observing; but he was fortunate in gaining a considerable insight into monastic life, and most especially in being enabled to sojourn for some time on Mount Athos. His account of the various monasteries in that sacred spot is highly interesting; but they all so nearly resemble one another, that we will extract only his remarks on the principal establishment—that of S. Laura:—

‘ I will now, from the information I have received from the monks and my own observation, give the best account I can of this extensive and curious monastery. It was founded by an Emperor Nicephorus, but what particular Nicephorus he was, nobody knows. Nicephorus, the treasurer, got into trouble with Charlemagne on one side, and Harounal Rachid on the other and was killed by the Bulgarians in 811. Nicephorus Phocas was a great captain, a mighty man of valour, who fought with every body, and frightened the Caliph at the gates of Bagdad, but did good to no one; and at length became so disagreeable that his wife had him murdered in 969. Nicephorus Bataniates, by the help of Alexus Comnenus, caught and put out the eyes of his rival Nicephorus Bryennius, whose son married that celebrated blue-stocking, Anna Comnena. However Nicephorus Botaniates having quarrelled with Alexus Comnenus, that great man kicked him out, and reigned in his stead, and Botaniates took refuge in this monastery, which, as I make out, he had founded some time before. He came here about the year 1081, and takes the vow of a Kalyoyeri or Greek monk.

‘ This word Kalyoyeri means a good old man. All the monks of Mount Athos follow the rule of S. Basil; indeed, all Greek monks are of this order. They are ascetics, and their discipline is most severe; they never eat meat: fish they have on feast days; but on fast days, which are above a hundred in the year, they are not allowed any animal substance, or even oil; their prayers occupy eight hours in the day, and about two during the night, so that they never enjoy a real night's rest. They never sit down during prayer; but as the services are of extreme length, they are allowed to rest their arms on the elbows of a sort of stall without seats, which are found in all Greek churches, and at other times they lean on a crutch. A crutch of this kind, of silver, richly ornamented, forms the patriarchal staff: it is called the *Patritza*, and answers to the crozier of the Roman Bishops. Bells are not used to call the fraternity to prayers, but a long piece of board, suspended by two strings, is struck with a mallet. Sometimes, instead of the wooden board, a piece of iron, like part of the tire of a wheel, is used for this purpose. Bells are rung only on occasions of rejoicing, or

to show respect to some great personage, and on the great feasts of the Church.

The buildings consist of a thick and lofty wall of stone, which encompasses an irregular piece of ground of between three and four acres in extent; there is only one entrance, a crooked passage defended by three iron doors; the front of the building, on the side of the entrance, extends above five hundred feet. There is no attempt at external architecture, but only this plain wall; the few windows which look out from it belong to rooms which are built of wood and project over the top of the wall, being supported upon strong beams like brackets. At the south-west corner of the building there is a large square tower, which formerly contained a printing press; but this press was destroyed by the Turkish soldiers during the late Greek revolution, and at the same time they carried off certain old cannons which stood upon the battlements, but which were more for show than use, for the monks had never once ventured to fire them off during the long period they had been there; and my question, as to when they were brought there originally, was answered by the regular and universal phrase of the Levant—*Τί εἴβρο*—‘*Qui sa?*’—‘Who knows?’ The interior of the monastery consists of several small courts, and two large open spaces surrounded with buildings, which have open galleries of wood or stone before them, by means of which entrance is gained into the various apartments, which now afford lodging for one hundred and twenty monks, and there is room for many more.

Two large courts are built without any regularity, but their architecture is exceedingly curious, and in its style closely resembles the buildings erected in Constantinople, between the fifth and the twelfth centuries, a sort of Byzantine, of which S. Marc’s in Venice is the finest specimen in Europe. It bears some affinity to the Lombardic or Romanesque, only it is more oriental in its style. The chapel of the ancient palace of Palermo is more in the style of the buildings on Mount Athos than any thing else in Christendom that I remember; but the ceilings of that chapel are regularly Arabesque, whereas those on Mount Athos are flat with painted beams, like the Italian basilicas, excepting where they are arched or domed, and in those cases there is little or no mosaic, but only coarse paintings in fresco, representing saints in the conventional Greek style of superlative ugliness.

We must subjoin also the account of the shrine, gift of the Hospodar of Wallachia, which Mr. Curzon saw at the monastery of S. Dionysius, for it may well put to shame the donations of kings in the present day.

I was taken as a pilgrim to the church, and we stood in the middle of the floor before the *ικονοστασις*, whilst the monks brought out an old-fashioned low wooden table, upon which they placed the relics of the saints which they presumed we came to adore. Of these some were very interesting specimens of intricate workmanship and superb and precious materials. One was a patera, of a kind of china or paste, made, as I imagine, of a multitude of turquoises ground down together, for it was too large to be of one single turquoise; there is one of the same kind, but of far inferior workmanship, in the treasury of S. Marc. This marvellous dish is carved in very high relief with minute figures, or little statues of the saints, with inscriptions in very early Greek. It is set in pure gold, richly worked, and was a gift from the Empress, or imperial Princess Pulcheria. Then there was an invaluable shrine for the head of S. John the Baptist, whose bones, and another of his heads, are in the cathedral at Genoa. S. John Lateran also boasts a head of S. John, but that may have belonged to S. John the Evangelist. This shrine was the gift of Neagulus, Waywode

or Hospodar of Wallachia : it is about two feet long and two feet high, and is in the shape of a Byzantine church ; the material is silver gilt, but the admirable and singular style of the workmanship gives it a value far surpassing its intrinsic worth. The roof is covered with five domes of gold ; on each side it has sixteen recesses, in which are portraits of the saints in niello, and at each end there are eight others. All the windows are enriched in open-work tracery, of a strange sort of Gothic pattern, unlike anything in Europe. It is altogether a wonderful and precious monument of ancient art, the production of an almost unknown country, rich, quaint, and original in its design and execution, and is indeed one of the most curious objects on Mount Athos ; although the patera of Princess Pulcheria might probably be considered of greater value. There were many other shrines and reliquaries, but none of any particular interest.—P. 418.

One very ancient and striking custom, still forming a part of the monastic system in Greece, seems to have escaped our author's observation, but it is too highly characteristic of the austere, deep-searching spirit of their discipline to be left unnoticed.

There is, belonging to every monastery in Greece, a small chapel devoted to a very solemn purpose. Those which we have seen were always at some distance from the main building, generally placed in the most lonely spot on the mountain-side. This chapel is entirely deserted, and is never entered except on the one occasion for which it is destined. The monks avoid it with care, knowing that once only shall they enter it, and that in an awful hour. Whenever it is perceived by the brethren that sickness or infirmity has fallen heavily on one of their number, so that they can no longer doubt the speedy termination of his mortal conflict, the Superior announces to the dying man that the time is come when he must retire into the prescribed solitude, where he is to wrestle alone with that agony, when for the last time his living voice shall be permitted to utter a cry of supplication. Pascal's '*je mourrai seul*,' awful as is the truth it conveys with so much significance, is not enough for them ; not only must their soul of stern necessity depart unaccompanied into the land unseen, but the living man also must await his call without a sight or sound of earth to clog the final prayers that should go as heralds before his advancing spirit,—no friendly human voice must cause his eyes to turn back with longing on the home of his pilgrimage,—no look of tenderness or pity must come between his gaze and heaven. During the life-agony and the life-struggle wherein they seek to offer up a whole and unreserved love to God, the monks of the order of S. Basil are permitted to walk in company along the toilsome paths ; but those of death must be endured alone—alone, face to face, must each one meet the dread messenger that calls his soul before his God. If his life has been in accordance with his vows, thankfully will he seek during his last hours to com-

mune with none save Him in whose Likeness he trusts so soon to wake up and be satisfied; gladly will he turn from all connexion with the world and the things of it, to cling in every thought so closely to the Cross that it shall bear him safely over the deep waters of death; but if it be otherwise—if in name only he was the servant of his Lord, then in the last moment of permitted repentance, his sin is made to find him out, where no beguiling words of charitable hope can soften the stern truth, nor the confiding trust of loving hearts dispel the salutary terror by speaking of peace where there is none. So soon, therefore, as all prospect of recovery is past for the sufferer, the monks carry a small trestle bedstead up to the chapel, where they place it before the altar, setting beside it only a loaf of bread and a jar of cold water; the dying monk is then conducted to this final refuge. Whenever his failing strength permits he goes there voluntarily, toiling with tottering steps along the last stage of his life's journey, and lays him down with calm submission on his death-bed; the Superior then administers to him the concluding rites of the Church; the whole brotherhood partake with him of the Holy Communion, and with this solemn act all intercourse with him closes for ever; no breath from the mortal world must henceforth sully the spirit cleansed by the Sacramental Blood—no word designed for human ears must pass his lips, now purified as with a living coal. They all depart, and leave him alone to die in perfect solitude. He lies there—no light is round him but that of the lamp which hangs before the altar, no sound is heard but the sobbing of his own life-breath, as it ebbs away—haply in such a fearful stillness it may seem to him that he can hear the echoing footsteps of the swift approaching death; or, more awful yet, the whispering voices of forgotten sins rising up to claim repentance. Once only in the twenty-four hours he is visited by his brethren; they come in the night to chant around him the prayers for the dying; but they never speak to him, for he is no longer of this world—they have nothing further to do with him. Finally, they come to find him dead, but whether his soul went forth in a bitter struggle, or whether gently he fell asleep, none of this earth must ever know.

We have now endeavoured to show how much there is in the holy Eastern Church to claim our sympathy and admiration; yet, we are not blind to the truth that severe and primitive as she is in many respects, the leaven of human corruption is working there also. Many abuses have gained ground within her in times past, many dangers beset her now; but for this very reason we would demand for her from all other branches of the Catholic Church the brotherly love and assistance of which she

has been too long bereft. How complete is the neglect with which she has ever been treated by our own communion, may be sufficiently proved by the mutual ignorance in which both Churches have been content to remain respecting one another. She knows, perhaps, even less of us than we do of her—her opportunities of observation respecting our faith and practice have been confined to such representations of them as the indifference and frivolity of worldly persons travelling for amusement, or the mistaken zeal of Dissenting Missionaries, could display; and she would be as little likely to look for communion or sympathy from us, as we should be to offer it. Surely these things ought not to be. If, as the wisest and best among us seem to think, the Church must shortly prepare for many a sore conflict with the powers of darkness, is it not in unity that her strength must be? We have said that dangers now threaten the Eastern Church,—dangers which, if she fall a prey to them, would disable her altogether from working with us in the hour of need. This peril is not now from persecution, or the allurements of the Mahomedan creed, but from the spirit of the world, from the encroachments of the civil power and the ambition of foreign states, from the influence of those whose interest it is to paralyse her and render her voiceless, to sap her foundations, and cause her to waste away. Already is she wholly without resources; what little she possessed has been taken from her, and she has *no* means of remedying much that is hurtful in her present condition. Her want of learning, too, will ultimately become a deadly bane, unless some improvement, which however may fairly be anticipated, should take place; for she must learn to keep pace with the world against which she has to fight; she must learn to appreciate her own high privileges, to know and act up to her own high calling, which as yet she scarcely understands. Now if these evils be already within and around the Greek Church, it must needs be that we ourselves are affected by them—if one member suffer, the whole body must suffer with it; and we know not how our neglect and indifference may one day fall back upon ourselves, if we leave this sister Church to struggle any longer with her deep poverty and many trials, unaided and uncheered. It is time that we should do something more than dwell with an inactive longing on our desire for unity. Although neither ourselves nor our children, nor yet, perhaps, even succeeding generations, may hope to witness that glorious consummation, still we may do something towards it. We shall profit by the effort, though it seem fruitless now. Yes; though it bear *no* fruit for many centuries, are we not still working for ourselves, and for our brethren? Christ's Church

is not divided—time, and space, and individuality, have nought to do with it. We form a part of what it was in Apostolic times, and of what it shall be at the hour of the Lord's coming. The work of every individual must affect the whole. Each deed of his strikes a chord that vibrates through the entire body from first to last of its earthly probation, and the responding note may be far off in the vista of coming ages. If there must needs be divisions now, yet sympathy towards our brethren, and loving help, and a mutual interchange of hope, will surely strengthen us all alike against the common enemies of the universal Church; and even had it no such result, it is, it must be, our bounden duty.

We would ask but little, however, for the Greek Church. We would only plead for her that those who visit her from our own shores, instead of treating her with scorn and ridicule, or with apathetic and complete indifference, would acknowledge in her the one legitimate object of interest which ought to claim their whole thoughts and attention.

We feel certain that it is incalculable how much might be done for her, and through her, for the entire Church, if a very few of those vast numbers of our countrymen who visit the East would but go there as true followers of Christ, with the single devoted purpose of tendering by every means in their power a helping hand to this struggling portion of His own redeemed flock. The crusaders of old counted it all joy to be permitted to give up ease, and luxury, and life itself, for the rescuing of His Sacred Tomb from the infidel; and shall not some few perhaps of ourselves, no less by profession sworn soldiers of the Cross, abandon our exclusive search for mere amusement, and turn from the beautiful in art and nature, and the manifold charms of the classic ground, to give their time, and energies, and substance, to this, a part of His living body? It is a bitter thing to see those men, baptized Christians one and all, bestowing not only their talents and attention, but their superfluous riches also, on the fair relics of Pagan times, which are around them there, making it often the sole aim and object of their journeys to trace out the lingering remnants of heathen mythology, whilst His own holy Church is languishing and fainting in the land for lack of nurture and assistance. We do not mean to condemn the natural pleasure which the scholar and the student must take in visiting the very localities which are connected with his earliest classical associations; we know well how strange a fascination there is, for instance, in that poor fallen city of Athens, so beautiful in its great decay, lying there all soiled and helpless, like a melancholy native of the past, exiled into a strange generation; but the pleasant dream-

ing over bygone times, and the allurements of poetic recollection, are too unreal, too unprofitable to occupy us in this brief period when it is called to-day, and we alone can work. The war between the Church and Infidelity seems waxing fiercer every hour, and no more urgent duty is set before us than that of strengthening our brethren.

We are well aware that it is a most Utopian vision to imagine that even many of the gay and pleasure-seeking travellers who visit Eastern lands will ever unite in serving the Great Cause they all should have at heart; but even individuals might do much, were they but earnest in purpose and *in hope*. We may bring this assertion to the test of most practical illustration, by showing that the sum required for the education from first to last of a Greek priest is infinitely less than that which almost all Englishmen visiting those countries are certain to bestow for the possession of some relic of ancient art. Incredible as it may seem, 20% is all that is required to be paid by a candidate for Holy Orders on his admission to the new University, where we have ascertained that he does in fact receive during several years, such instruction as will render him perfectly fit for his sacred office. We mention this merely as an instance to show how much good might be done, were some spirit of sympathy for the Greek Church to animate all those who, like Mr. Curzon, not only have an opportunity of judging of her position, but who also give the result of their observations to the public. Let them, therefore, whilst present with her, offer her, to the uttermost of their power, all assistance; and when they write of her, let it not be with levity and scorn, but rather let them seek to draw out the love and pity of our brethren towards her, and a blessing shall surely rest upon their labours.

ART. VI.—*Journal in France in 1845 and 1848, with Letters from Italy in 1847, of Things and Persons concerning the Church and Education.* By THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, M.A. Rector of Launton, Oxon. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans. 1849.

AMONG all the Churches of the Latin communion, the French Church at this day occupies the most prominent place, a place distinctly and peculiarly its own, in point of importance and interest. That it appears so to us in England, is no accident of local proximity. We know very little, it is true, of the Italian or Peninsular Churches, but we know that they do not come forward on the stage of the world, and catch the eye, as the French Church does. It is the fit ecclesiastical representative of the leading nation of Continental Europe. In that stirring and adventurous people, it is stirring and adventurous too—to the most eventful history of modern days, it has contributed a most eventful portion. No Church has gone through such vicissitudes, so sudden, so stormy, so extreme. No Church has yet felt with such violence the rude shocks of political changes, altering at a moment's notice all old relations, and forcing her to adapt herself to new difficulties and new ground. From being the richest Church in Christendom, she became at once the poorest; from being the proudest, she became the most persecuted. Her place could scarce be found in her own land, and her Clergy received the alms of those whom they called heretics. Then she was restored—restored to the patronage of those who had confiscated her land and persecuted her priests—restored, that she might do homage to the new powers of the sword, and sanctify their title—restored, but in chains, to grace an Imperial throne. Next raised by one chance of war high enough for envy, but not for power, another chance of war hurled her down again. What the cannon of Waterloo had won for her was lost at the barricades of July. Then at length she began to comprehend the stern lesson which events had been teaching her, that her hope must no longer be in governments; that she had all but lost the French people, and that her last chance lay, humanly speaking, in herself. The inevitable necessity of self-dependence and energy, felt very widely, soon took the shape of a theory, propounded and urged forward by no common advocate. It was a memorable era when the *Avenir* proclaimed in words which astonished not France only, but Europe, that the Church of

revolutionized France must take new ground; that, with her cotemporaries, she must look onwards, not backwards, and take her place among the leaders of 'progress,' in the advance of the advancing age. It was vain, it said, to linger on the past when the past was become a by-word; ancient honours and venerable prerogatives suited not the hard-working Clergy of a democracy; but the future was well worth the past, and *that* might be theirs. But, then, they must break at once with the maxims, the traditions, the regrets, of the monarchy, and match themselves with those daring parties which were competing for that common prize—the future; they must mingle with them, and share their bold spirit and fiery zeal, if they hope to tame and win them, or even to defeat them. It cost the leader of this bold movement dear—it cost him his faith and Christian hope; but his words stirred the whole Church of France, and went far to decide her course. Her leaders embraced the idea of independence, the consequences it involved, the prospect it opened. They entered on their new line with zeal, and with the characteristic spirit and ease of Frenchmen. Governments had ignored the Divine claims of the Church,—knew of her only as a fact of society,—as a fact, therefore, of society, they should find out her strength. New vigour and activity were infused into her institutions of education and charity; embarrassing watchwords dropped; towards the government, an attitude assumed of distance and jealous vigilance; and thus the French Church appeared as an important and rising power in the country; one which statesmen found they must at once resist and conciliate. The change, though easy to explain, was remarkable; the Church of the Gallican Articles—once the most jealous of the Pope's power, became, in its leaders at least, the most ultra-montane; the most monarchical ceased to care about forms of government in its exclusive allegiance to the centre of unity. Yet the most ultra-montane did not cease to be in spirit and character the most national of Continental Churches. Its activity, its fearless assertion of broad abstract principles, its organization, its venturous enterprises, its enthusiasm and sentiment, its cheerfulness in privations, its unconquerable hopefulness, its militant and missionary character, were all peculiarly its own, and reflected the character and circumstances of the people to which it belonged; its Clergy exhibited in a Christian shape the natural excellences of their countrymen, yet symptoms were not wanting which betrayed their kindred with the most logical, yet most unreasonable of European races;—so keen, yet so credulous; so full of kind impulse, yet so bitter; so prejudiced, yet so easy to move; so variable; so merciless to its own faults, yet so self-complacent; so successful in theories,

and reckless of facts. We will not fix on them the Venetian's apology—*Prima Veneziani, poi Cristiani*; yet it is certainly true that, however catholic they may be, they never cease to be Frenchmen.

Such is the *prima facie* aspect of the French Church. She claims the interest even of the mere observers of the time by her remarkable activity and zeal, and the novel position into which she has been forced; and to Christians she presents the spectacle of a Church in which the unheeded forebodings of her prophets have been fulfilled; in which past neglect has brought forth its bitter fruits without measure; but which, in the midst of her adversity, is working in earnest, and working hard, to mitigate the heaviness of her punishment, and to regain the people whom another generation had lost to her. Whether or not, her measures are always wise ones—whether or not we can always sympathize with her tone of feeling, or form of doctrine and worship—she is the only body in France which attempts to cope with error and moral evil; she is fighting, and fighting with success, the battle of faith and duty; not with such unmixed success, or, as we believe, such unmixed truth, as to exempt her from that criticism which her leaders freely bestow on others, but with enough of both to make her an object of deep interest to all, to whom the claims of home duty leave leisure to think of what is going on in other parts of Christendom.

Dr. Wordsworth was the first, we believe, to invite interest to the internal condition of the French Church. He set the example of seeing with his own eyes, and examining in detail the machinery and working of her system. His diary is instructive and interesting; it supplied information on French education, and on the views of the French Clergy, that at the time was novel to many of us; and what was perhaps its chief merit, it was written on the whole in a spirit of friendliness and fairness, with which the strong adverse opinions of the writer were not allowed to interfere. Dr. Wordsworth was not a person to sympathize much with ultra-montane theology, or with French character; he had his theory, the French Clergy had theirs; that either party should understand the other, or judge of the same facts in the same way, was not much to be expected; but there is seldom wanting on his part the real desire to do full justice. It certainly appears to us that he has quite missed the true position of the French Clergy in their relation to the government: that he was in no degree capable of entering into their difficulties, has judged them by an arbitrary and unreal rule of his own, and imputed to them faults with which they are not chargeable. But if his diary does not manifest all the sympathy towards them which they would wish for, it shows both interest

and kind feeling; and as a record of what passed under his own observation, it has the appearance, though but a fragment, of being careful, accurate, and trustworthy.

Mr. Allies' book is a further contribution to our knowledge of the institutions and spirit of the French Church, to which his attention was chiefly directed in the two tours which his journal embraces. The book has been made the subject of much unfavourable remark—and we must say, in spite of the interest we feel in its subject, and in the new facts which it brings under our notice—not without reason. For professing to be a peace-making book—a book to correct prejudices, to soften asperities of feeling, to explain misunderstandings, to awaken sympathy—it fails in the first requisites for such a character and undertaking—calmness of temper. Mr. Allies' honesty and uprightness of intention are beyond question; he wished at once to do a good work to the English branch of the Church, and to contribute towards the ultimate drawing together of the whole; to provoke to emulation his own brethren by the examples of the Clergy of France, and to induce them to think more kindly of men who are working in the same field with themselves, and working so hard; and certainly, for our part, we cannot say that this was wrong. But he has done more than this. He has spoilt a good work by that very common but not less irremediable mistake—impatience. He wished to give vent to feeling, as well as to state facts—he wanted to do what is perfectly right and proper in an advocate, or an assailant, but is incompatible with the character of a peace-maker. A peace-maker cannot afford to be indignant, impatient, or even ungarded; it will not do for him to have enthusiasm for one side, sarcasm for the other; he must not seem to be guilty of that most inexcusable practical unfairness, being fair to all but his own friends. If he forgets these conditions, he must not be surprised if people forget that he is a peace-maker, and view him as really hostile—unfairly so, very probably—but unfairness and exaggeration propagate themselves rapidly, and a heavy share of responsibility rests on him who provokes by an unfair depreciation an unfair defence. Surely the world has gone on long enough for us to have learnt that if men may be possibly scolded, they are at least not to be *snubbed*, into sympathy. It may be necessary sometimes so to treat them, but certainly not at the moment when you are asking for their admiration or their assent. Mr. Allies too often passes from the character of peace-maker, to which he has full right, to that of reformer,—a character to which his right seems to us more questionable.

With respect to various foreign usages and forms of doctrine which make the principal visible distinction between the English

and Roman Churches, Mr. Allies is not to our mind at all satisfactory. He has said too much, or not enough. For a mere journal and its reflections, he has said too much; to explain the strong and unqualified approval he has given to Roman peculiarities, he ought to have written a treatise. We do not ourselves think that he has gone beyond the theological line, for which he has good warrant from English authorities; he has not gone even so near the edge of what is defined by the English Church as the mass of that party who are so clamorous against him, have gone beyond it—but we must say he has often given his opinion very rudely, with very little consideration either of the judgment or feelings, or, it may be, the prejudices of those whom he addresses and rebukes. He has attempted to give the key to those parts of the Roman system which most excite the suspicion and dislike of Englishmen—to give their interior meaning and connexion with the great doctrines of Christianity, which, he says, Englishmen miss, and which recommend them to the unquestionably religious minds which adopt them abroad. More than once in striking words he has put doctrines which we shrink from in the light in which he conceives them to present themselves to persons jealous for the same Catholic faith which we hold, and drawn out the consolation and support which some of the more peculiar foreign arrangements may be believed to minister to pure and devotional minds. In this of itself there is nothing to complain of, though it is a difficult task, and one not without hazard, requiring not merely knowledge, but great caution and self-restraint. Yet anything ought to be welcome which in any measure really explains that apparently strange mixture of what is good and what is corrupt in the system of the Continental Churches: and that the most questionable of its features have a good side, and are capable, in the case of good men, of being turned to good, is probably not new to any well-informed and thoughtful churchman. But the question still remains open, whether these are the only, the most natural, the ordinary ways of viewing them, where they prevail; what is their real foundation in doctrine; what is the balance of their effects. And even if Mr. Allies were more conclusive than he is on these points, with respect to the foreign Church, he would still be a long way off from the question, whether they are necessary, suitable, right, for us. Certainly he has not in the book before us made good the ground on which he presses, or suggests, the acceptance of continental peculiarities on the English Church; and it would require a calmer mind than his, a calmer mind than probably any of us possess, to discuss at this moment the questions they involve.

We make these remarks with regret, both from our recollection of Mr. Allies' former services to the Church, and because

attacks have been made on him so unwarrantable and so bitter—on his honesty, not on the judgment, or accuracy, or propriety of his publication—that we are loth even to appear on the same side with such assailants. There is very much in his book which ought not to be there—much that is grating and harsh in tone—much that was certain to be misunderstood, left in bare and crude statement. All the information which he has given us, might have been given, we do not say without offence to the ignorant or prejudiced, but without affording them such a plausible ground for clamour. But we should be very sorry, if in the controversial feelings which the book has excited, this information be neglected. There it is—if not altogether new in its general character, yet new in its details to most English readers—information, not of course to be taken on trust more than any other, but interesting in its nature, and deserving of attention and inquiry. We quite agree with Mr. Allies, that it is no necessary part of an English churchman's character, to be uninquisitive about the Roman Church, or to acquiesce in those popular prejudices against her, which, though we cannot think them so wholly without foundation as he does, are fair matter of examination, and are doubtless greatly exaggerated; our knowledge about her is very imperfect, as hers is very imperfect about us: there certainly can be no harm in our knowing more. And we cannot think that to acknowledge and admire what is excellent in the Roman Church must needs go along with disloyalty to our own; or that it implies doubt of her own claims, and disparagement of her efforts, to think that we may profitably contemplate, and it may be, where occasion calls for it, imitate the example of foreigners. Where such admiration has been dangerous, the danger has been more than half created by the suspicion of it. It is high time, not merely as a matter of fairness in a time of so much intellectual activity, and therefore of increased variety of tastes and feelings, but also as a matter concerning the safety and activity of the Church, that it shall no longer be a practical axiom among us, that respect for, and sympathy with, the Church abroad is incompatible with sincere attachment to the Church at home. There is no telling what damage the Church here has received from the effect of this false and mischievous prejudice, both on the minds of those who felt that sympathy, and of those who feared it; and its work of exasperation and disturbance is not over, unless those in whom it directs acts of authority show themselves superior to its influence. Then it will cease to harass consciences and distract minds, in no way alienated from their Church, but in whom misgiving and perplexity are created and kept alive, by the unwise suspiciousness of those above them.

The most important information in Mr. Allies's book, is that which relates to the education provided by the Church, and to the character, position, and spirit of the ecclesiastics in the cities of the North of France, especially in the capital. It is not of course a complete account, and provokes rather than satisfies our curiosity; but what there is, is of much interest. Mr. Allies was received with much kindness by many of the leading men among the Clergy, and appears to have been on as familiar terms with them as a foreigner could be, who was staying but a short time in the country. The picture that he draws is worthy of attention; no doubt it is the fairest and best account we have yet received of their ways of thought, and the interior state of things among them; and it is not less valuable, because, as it seems to us, he discloses, sometimes unconsciously, their weaknesses, while he is justly touched with their zeal and self-devotion.

A striking account is given of a school in the diocese of Rouen, which Mr. Allies visited more than once, and which, from the character of its conductors, seems to us to have more real interest than even some of the more imposing institutions of the capital. It is a characteristic specimen, not merely of Christian, but of French enterprise; and shows that the perseverance, organization, endurance of hardship and privation, hopefulness and hardihood, which unhappily mark the character of the revolutionary parties in France, have found their match among those on whom are now resting the hopes of Christianity in that land of unbelief. The school was set up by two clergymen, brothers, with the single object, as their course of twenty years has shown, of giving a Christian education to the children of the middle class, to which they themselves belonged. They started with the slenderest means, and on an humble scale; the design succeeded, and as their numbers increased and accommodation was wanted, they went on adding to their buildings and their staff, living without forethought or care, except to use to the utmost the advantages of the moment for the object they had in view; content to do little while little was in their power, extending their plans when the occasion presented itself. Thus Mr. Allies found one of the brothers, a man of forty-five, and a schoolmaster of twenty years' standing, setting to work on his Greek grammar, and practising Greek verses, that he might be examined along with boys of eighteen for a university degree, which should entitle his school to some further privileges, and enlarge its sphere of usefulness. The following is the account of the general aspect of the school:—

Ivetot, June 26, 1845. Thursday.—We called on M. Labbé a little before ten, and were with him till half-past three. His brother is Supérieur of the Petit Séminaire, in which are 225 youths. The whole payment, on an

average, is 360 francs per annum for board and instruction; some paying as little as 200 francs, some as much as 500, but no difference whatever is made between them. The children are evidently on the most affectionate terms with the masters. "There are twelve priests, a deacon and sub-deacon, and three clerks in minor orders."—*M.*

'The chapel is a pretty and simple building of the early decorated character, designed by Père Robert, who was formerly an engineer.'

'We dined with them at twelve "in the refectory. There was a crucifix at one side, in the middle of the long room; and before it stood the Supérieur while we said grace."—*M.*; and we supped with them at seven, in the midst of 180 boys. Absolute silence was kept, and a youth at a tribune in the middle read first a verse or two of the Gospels, and then some of "Daniel's History of France." Nothing could be more simple than their dress; the masters were distributed at intervals down the tables. The school was to educate laymen and ecclesiastics together, and they showed with pride a young man who had become priest out of their house, just twelve years after his first communion. This is generally in the twelfth year, but earlier or later according to the state of the individual. They take their first communion after special confession, and *before* confirmation; we narrowly escaped seeing this sacrament conferred by the archbishop, who had only left two days before. Confession begins at seven according to *rule*, but generally before that age *in fact*.

At 5 a.m. They rise. Half an hour to get ready.

5½ to 6½. In chapel; prayers and mass.

6½ to 8. Study in silence, in school-room.

8 to 8½. Breakfast, with reading Lives of Saints.

8½ to 8½. Recreation.

8½ to 10½. Class. Vivâ voce lecture.

10½ to 12. Study.

12 to 12½. Dinner, with reading.

12½ to 1½. Recreation.

1½ to 3. Study.

3 to 4½. Class.

4½ to 5. Recreation.

5 to 7½. Study.

7½ to 7½. Lecture Spirituelle, and Evening Prayers; the time at which the Supérieur took notice of any thing which had occurred, gave advice, &c.

7½ to 8½. Supper.

8½ to 8½. Recreation. Then a minute or two of prayers in chapel, and bed.

'Study commences always with the hymn beginning "Veni Sancte Spiritus," the collect for Pentecost, and "Ave Maria." One half holiday, Thursday. "Afterwards we walked in their little garden and play ground. It being Thursday, the boys went out to walk with some of the clerks. Some, however, remained about the premises, doing some of the painting, &c. that was required. Much of the work has been done by them. They carried all the bricks and mortar while the chapel was building, &c. &c. They seem to be quite a family."—*M.*' Pp. 10, 13—15.

The leading point in French education, at least as administered by the Clergy, is to establish a perfect intimacy between the pupils and teachers:—

'They attend confession once a month, and it is very rare that they fail in this: this is the rule of the house; but should any avoid it much longer, his confessor would not speak to him authoritatively at all, or send or him, but rather take an opportunity of referring incidentally to his

absence. This hardly ever fails. "They generally thank him for doing so, the reason being something about which they were unable to get themselves to break the ice."—*M.* They live entirely with their pupils; sleeping, eating, playing, teaching: in the centre of a large dormitory, with beds on both sides, was a bed, nowise distinguished from the rest save that it had a chair beside it: here the Supérieur sleeps. His salary is 1000 francs a year; that of the others about 600. They said, laughing, that it was hardly what a servant in England would receive. The Supérieur has a very pleasing and paternal aspect. We heard him catechise the children in the chapel for some time; their answers were good. Several were on the sacraments, and the reply to them definite and precise:—"Which is the most indispensable sacrament?" "Baptism." "How many sorts of baptism are there?" "The baptism of water, of blood, and of desire." "Can any sacrament be administered by other than a priest?" "Yes, baptism in case of necessity." "Can any other?" "None, sir." "What conditions are necessary to receive the sacrament of Penance?" "Five." "Are there any of those more indispensable than others?" "Yes, fervent sorrow for sin past, and a resolution not to offend God by sinning any more." "If a priest conferred absolution on a person who gave no outward sign of penitence, from his state of sickness, would it benefit him?" "If he was able to make interior actions of the soul, it would; not otherwise." ("The Church," said *M. Labbé*, in explanation, "would prefer bestowing a sacrament *often* inutility, to denying it once where it might benefit.") "Which are the three chief Christian graces?" "Faith, Hope, and Charity." "Which is the most perfect?" "Charity." "Why?" "Because it presupposes the other two," (I think); and, again, "because it will last for ever." "Will Faith last for ever?" "Non, Monsieur." "Why?" "Parceque, quand nous verrons Dieu, nous n'aurons pas besoin de le croire." "Will you see God?" "Oui, avec nos propres yeux." "You have just received confirmation; what does it make him who receives it?" "Un parfait Chrétien." "Etes-vous donc un parfait Chrétien?" With hesitation, "Oui, Monsieur." "Etes-vous un Chrétien parfait?" "Non, Monsieur." "Quelle est la différence?" "Un parfait Chrétien est celui qui a tous les moyens pour parvenir au salut—Un Chrétien parfait est celui qui est sans péché." "En y a-t-il?" "Non, Monsieur," (with hesitation). "Non, mon enfant, il n'y en a pas."—*Pp.* 11—13.

On a subsequent visit *Mr. Allies* was much struck with a confirmation which he saw at this school:—

'At three we went on to Ivetot, and found a most kind welcome from our friends. They lodged us in a house they have lately purchased, in their garden, where, for the first time in my life, I had the honour of a silver bason and ewer. We supped in the refectory, at a table in the middle, with *M. le Supérieur*. Silence is kept at the meals, and one of the pupils reads from a pulpit on one side. The pupils act as servants in turn during the meal.

'*Monday, July 10.*—We heard two sermons, morning and afternoon, from *M. P. L. Labbé* to the confirmans, fifty-nine in number. Our friend's manner was mild and paternal, yet full of zeal and unction. His morning subject was, "You have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry *Abba Father*." He distinguished between servile fear and filial fear—between Jewish bondage and Christian adoption; beseeching his hearers ever to cherish in their hearts the sense of God's paternal love, and that "we can never know how much God loves us in this world;" and then he urged them, if ever they fell into sin, to fly to God at once for pardon, never distrusting

Him, however great their own unworthiness; reminding them that the tribunal of penitence was ever open to them. In the afternoon his subject was, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me." That at confirmation there was a *larger* infusion of the Holy Spirit than at baptism—what it was to be witnesses to God—witnesses by our whole life and conversation. These two addresses much pleased me, both as to manner and matter.

'We had the privilege of saying our English office in their chapel, where the single lamp marks the presence of the Holy Sacrament. How great a blessing is this, that the Lord of the Temple dwells bodily in it—how great a realizing of the Incarnation. The chapel is a very pleasing imitation of the middle Gothic style, built from the designs of M. Robert, who, being a pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, gave up all prospects in the world for the hard and painful life of a priest in a *petit séminaire*: and not only he, but all who are there, seem to have their daily life supported by a spring of charity in themselves; and the great self-denial which accompanies it seems borne as if it were no weight at all, for they look for the recompense of the reward. During the five days we passed at Ivetot we remarked again and again to each other the atmosphere of fraternal charity which all seemed to breathe. There was no looking for success in the world—no thought of gaining wealth; but the one thing in view was to train the children committed to them as members of Christ and heirs of His kingdom. This one thought pervaded all their actions. In the evening the Archbishop of Rouen came, attended by his *vicaire général*, M. Surgis. The masters and ourselves supped in private with him; and I was confounded at being put on his right, as P. was on his left. His own affability, however, and the unaffected kindness and ease of his demeanour with his clergy, soon made one feel comfortable.

'*Tuesday, July 11.*—The confirmation was at nine. The pupils formed in procession along the corridor into the chapel, some sixty or eighty of the rear in albes, followed by the masters and some other clergy, the cross and crosier immediately preceding the Archbishop; we followed behind, and then mounted to the latticed tribune at the end of the chapel, whence the whole disposition of the congregation, the multitude of albes, the altar dressed for the Holy Sacrifice, and the splendid habit of the Archbishop, formed a most pleasing scene. He said Mass, and communicated, I should think, a hundred pupils; as they knelt two and two all up the chapel and received successively from his hands, nothing could be more solemn. There was a moment in this service particularly touching—the Archbishop took his crosier in his hand and, standing before the altar said, "*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, +, et Spiritus Sanctus.*" It seemed like the great High Priest Himself blessing His people. After Mass he stood before the middle of the altar, and, requesting them to be seated, addressed them for about twenty minutes. His manner was a mixture of grace and simplicity most pleasing to behold; indeed, his whole demeanour represented exactly the priest, the father, and the bishop, and left behind it a perfume as it were of the heavenly hierarchy, among whose earthly counterpart he ranked. He enlarged upon the triple blessing bestowed upon us by the Holy Trinity, in creation, in redemption, and in sanctification. Presently he spoke of the Holy Eucharist as an extension of the Incarnation, (*rapétissant*), gathering it up into little; and of Christ therein really, substantially, and personally present in us. His *vicaire général* said, that in daily confirmations during two months he never repeated himself, but varied each address. He had no note, and spoke without effort. Then followed an examination of the confirmands by himself during about thirty-five minutes. He took boys here and there and asked them questions on the elements of the faith, the sacraments, &c., in so low a

voice that I could only catch the general import. Then came the confirmation itself, which, like our own, is very short.'—Pp. 172—176.

The following curious scene is somewhat at variance with English ideas both of etiquette and of amusement. But national ideas on both these subjects are incommensurable. Certainly we sympathize more with our French friends at Ivetot in their serious than in their jocose moods:—

'After dinner, two of the pupils, one from the older and from the younger division of the school, recited verses before the Archbishop, and the whole school seemed delighted at the words of kindness he addressed to them. I heard our friend, in one of his addresses, remind them that the Archbishop was the head and master of the house, and so they all appeared to feel him to be.

'In the evening we were all collected, in a somewhat suspicious manner, for some exhibition in a long hall, at the end of which a carpet was spread, and a chair placed for the Archbishop. I ask M. Robert what was coming; but he replied, "Pour nous autres Français, vous savez, nous sommes des fous: il faut que nous rions de tout!" I will not say that the entertainment verified his former proposition, but certainly it did the latter. M. Picard, curé of the cathedral of Rouen, took out a paper, and began reading a copy of verses by himself, commemorating a recent fall from his horse of one of the tutors. At each verse the boys took up couplet and refrain, and sung it with hearty good will. This continued for some twenty or thirty stanzas. The boys needed but the hint. I thought to myself, I doubt whether it would improve the discipline of Eton to collect the boys in the long school-room together to commemorate an equestrian lapse of my friend C. or A., supposing them to have met with one. The refrain,

"Quel est-ce cavalier-là
Qu'il mene bien son dada?
Tra-la-la tra-la-la,"

sounded by 250 voices, still rings in my ears. This was succeeded by another song, recited in the same manner, on M. Robert's propensities to study the moon.'—Pp. 177—179.

And the following scene—a distribution of prizes at a school in Paris—is not less quaint. It seems to mark the weak side of French education: if we interfere too little, and our affection for manliness degenerates into rudeness, they meddle too much, and their tenderness is in danger of becoming mawkishness:—

'At one went to the distribution of prizes at the Petit Séminaire, 21 Rue N. D. des Champs. The four vicaires généraux of the Chapter of Paris sat in front, to crown with a chaplet the gainers of the prizes, and to present books to them and those who gained an accessit. There were a good many other clergy, and a tolerable number of laity, men and women, present, friends evidently of the young men and boys... When this was done, the giving of prizes began. It took an hour; and no wonder, for at least two hundred wreaths and two hundred sets of books, single or double, were to be distributed. Many indeed received several wreaths and prizes. The winners came forward, ascended four or five steps, and were successively crowned and saluted on each cheek by one of the vicaires généraux; now and then they were taken to a friend or relative, male or female, when present to receive their crown. It was put on the head, and then carried in the hand. I thought that at least the principle of emulation was not dis-

couraged. But the great number of subjects which were rewarded was as remarkable as the number of prizes. It seemed as if they never would end. There was Excellence and Sagesse: Greek, Latin, and French composition; Latin verse; philosophy, rhetoric, geography, English language, &c.; and most of these divided into different forms. No merit could be said to be neglected. There was a first prize, and a second, and sometimes three accessit besides; and some reached nine, or even ten rewards. I dare say they all felt as young Greeks receiving the laurel crown. Certainly the mounting those steep stairs, in order to receive their crown, must have been a nervous operation.

'At the conclusion, one of the vicaires généraux rose and delivered a few words to the pupils with great simplicity and ease; the day of return was then announced for Thursday, 5th Oct. I marked many ingenuous and pleasing countenances among the successful candidates. A father near me was in a state of the greatest excitement at the prizes of his son, a lad of thirteen.'—Pp. 229—231.

Mr. Allies is minute in his details respecting the great ecclesiastical seminary of S. Sulpice, the model institution for the training of the French Clergy. He received the following account of their employment of the day:—

'From him we obtained an account of the day's occupation in the Séminaire de S. Sulpice, which I took down from his mouth as follows, incorporating with it some further information given me by M. Galais, professor of Canon Law therein:—

- 5 a. m They rise; recite the "Angelus" (angelic salutation).
- 5 to 5½. Dress, come down stairs; the most pious go for two or three minutes before the Holy Sacrament.
- 5½ to 6½. Vocal prayer for ten minutes, and then prayer for the rest of the hour, each by himself kneeling, without support.
The Professor says his prayer aloud, in order to teach the pupils, on his knees, in the hall.
- 6½ to 7. Mass; those who have communicated attend another mass for returning thanks, which may last to 7½. The rest mount to their rooms.
- 7. Reading of Holy Scripture in private.
- 8 to 8¼. Breakfast,—dry bread, wine, and water; nothing else allowed, save that in case of necessity milk or soup is sometimes given. Each reads in private.
- 8¼ to 9½. Preparation of theological lesson in their rooms.
- 9½ to 10½. Lesson in theology. Morale.
- 10½ to 10¾. Visit to the Holy Sacrament.
- 10¾ to 11¾. Deacons have a lesson in theology; the rest a singing lesson for half an hour, and then go up to their rooms.
- 11¾ to 12. Private examination of conscience. During seven minutes, meditation, kneeling, on some fact of the New Testament; and for the next seven, Tronson read.
- 12 to 12¾. Dinner. For three minutes a chapter of the Old Testament read aloud, then the life of a saint, or ecclesiastical history. They end with the Roman Martyrology for the morrow. Then a visit to the Holy Sacrament for a minute; recitation of the Angelus.

Dinner consists of a little soup; one dish of meat, potatoes, or "legumes." For dessert, an apple, or such like. Drink, wine and water.

- 12 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. Recreation. At 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ talking is allowed for the first time in the day. Letters are delivered. The Professors are bound by their rule to take their recreations with their pupils they make a great point of this.
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. Recitation of the "Chapelet;" sixty-three Paters and Aves.
- 2 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$. Private study in their rooms. From 2 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, class of ecclesiastical singing four times a-week. From 2 to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ adoration of the Holy Sacrament by each person for half-an-hour.
- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Theological class. Dogma.
- 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 $\frac{3}{4}$. Visit to the Holy Sacrament.
- 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ or 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. According to the season, bell for all in holy orders to say their breviary. Time for conferences.
- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7. "Glose,"—spiritual reading by the Superior.
- 7 to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Supper. One dish of meat, "legumes," salad, wine and water. Reading at all meals. Talking never allowed but at the Archbishop's visit once a-year. A chapter of the New Testament read; a verse of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ."
- 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. They go before the Holy Sacrament; recite the Angelus.
- 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. Recreation.
- 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{3}{4}$. Evening prayers; litanies, vocal, with private examination of conscience. Mount straight to their rooms, or go first before the Holy Sacrament. The Superior remains in his place; each, in passing beside him, accuse himself of any outward faults committed during the day against the rules.
- 9 to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$. Bed time: at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to be in bed. Each has a room to himself; a table, a bed, a candlestick, and fire-place. A priest sleeps in each corridor.

SPECIAL LECTURES.

Hebrew; two courses.

Moral Theology; a great course. Young men admitted who have already studied the elementary course—about forty or fifty.

Canon Law; a special course.

From Easter to the vacation they are instructed in the duties of a pastor in great detail.

Private study of the Holy Scriptures by each half-an-hour a day.

At three o'clock on Sunday, at S. Sulpice, the young men exercise themselves in catechising, except from Easter to the vacation.

Before the first communion there is catechising at S. Sulpice for two months thrice a-week, (not by the pupils).

OBSERVATIONS.

There is much sickness: (the building has not gardens or sufficient space for recreation attached to it).

Not time enough for study.

The vacation is from Aug. 15, to Oct. 1.

The cassock is always worn.—Pp. 29—32.

On a subsequent occasion he went over it, and thus describes it:—

'Thursday, July 10.—M. Galais took us over the Séminaire de S. Sulpice. There is nothing remarkable in the building. The pupils are rather more than 200: their appearance is very devout; they seem of low rank in life generally, and this is no doubt the case, but with exceptions; for instance, we heard to-day of the son of M. Ségur, who is there. Each pupil has a small room to himself, which opens on the corridor; it has a bed, table, little stove, and hardly anything more, with a crucifix and little statue of

the Blessed Virgin, belonging to the house. They make their own beds: they are not allowed to enter each other's rooms at all, but, if they wish to speak to one another, the stranger stands in the passage, and the occupant at his door. The whole is under the inspection of the Archbishop, who has a chamber here, but does not often come. There are twelve masters. The state of instruction as regards the Church is as follows in France generally. In each diocese there is one or more *petits séminaires*, which are for children, not only such as are to be ecclesiastics, but laymen also. These are the only schools in which morals and religion are made a primary consideration; and, therefore, though they have nothing to do with the university, and are excluded from all privileges, they are sought after by the sounder part of the community. To these succeeds, for ecclesiastics alone, the grand séminaire for each diocese; this of S. Sulpice is the most eminent in France. The studies are for five years; two in philosophy, three in theology. They are thus arranged, as we took them down from the lips of M. Galais.

PHILOSOPHY (FIRST YEAR).

Logic Psychology,—morning.

Arithmetic, Geometry, beginning of Algebra,—evening.

SECOND YEAR.

Théodicée	} morning.	Geology	} evening.
Morale		Physics	
		Astronomy	
		Chemistry	

' Sometimes, perhaps in half the dioceses of France, these two years of philosophy are contracted to one. The three years of theology are thus arranged:—

FIRST YEAR.

Morale.	Le traité de actibus humanis.
	„ de legibus.
	„ de peccatis.
	„ de decalogo.
Dogme.	„ de vera religione.
	„ de vera ecclesia.
	„ de locis theologicis.

SECOND YEAR.

Morale.	De jure et justitia.
	De contractibus.
Dogme.	De Trinitate.
	De Incarnatione.
	De gratia.

THIRD YEAR.

Morale.	De sacramento pœnitentiæ. (Under this head would fall the whole direction for the guidance of souls.)
	De matrimonio.
	De censuris et irregularitatibus.
Dogme.	De sacramentis in genere.
	De baptismo.
	De confirmatione.
	De Eucharistia.
	De ordine. (There is also a special course on this).
	De extrema unctione.

'A course of Holy Scripture twice a-week, exclusive of private study of it.

AUTHORS USED:—

Bailly, 8 vols.
Bouvier, *Institutiones Theologicæ*.
Carrière, *De Jure, et Justitia, &c.*
Tronson, *Forma Cleri*.

'These three years of theology are sometimes expanded to four.'—
Pp. 51—54.

Their special spiritual preparation is strict and searching: the account which Mr. Allies received was as follows:—

'They confess themselves every week, ordinarily in the morning during the meditation. They choose their own confessor among the masters, who are at present twelve, but the number is not fixed. As to communicating, they are free; but are exhorted to do it *often*. Often is all the Sundays and festivals. Some communicate besides two, three, four, five, times a week, especially as the time of their ordination draws near. The priests every day. After the communion twenty minutes "*action de grâces*." On entering the seminary, a general confession of the whole past life is made. At the commencement of each year, after the vacation, in October, a confession of the year is made. At the beginning of each month there is a retreat for one day, ordinarily the first Sunday. *Direction* is twice a month. It is intercourse between each young man and his director for the purpose of making known his inward state. There is a general *retreat* after the vacation for eight days; in this no visits allowed; no letters received; no going out into the city. There are recreations, but the rest of the day is consecrated to prayer, to confession, and to sermons. Each has his own rule (*règlement particulier*), which he draws up in concert with his confessor.

'The day, the hour, and the mode of using the following exercises, to be determined on with the director.

Private examination of oneself.

Confession.

Holy Communion.

Direction.

The monthly retreat.

La Monition.

Any special reading.

Accessory studies.

'What has been determined on by the director, relatively to the preceding exercises, is to be written in the "*règlement particulier*" of each.

'The main resolution necessary to insure the fruits of the seminary is fidelity to the "*règlement*," and especially to silence at the prescribed times, and to the holy employment of one's time.

'The virtues to be studied are, collectedness, the thought of the presence of God, modesty and good example, charity and humility, religion and fervour in the exercises of piety.

'The order of exercises for a day in the annual *retreat* is as follows:—

- 5 a.m. Rise; preparation for prayer; short visit to the Most Holy Sacrament.
- 5½. Prayer.
- 6½. Messe de communauté.
7. Preparation for general confession, or for that of the annual review, and especially for that of the time spent in the vacation.

- 8. Breakfast.
- 8½. Petites heures.
- 8¾. Reading, or "direction."
- 9½. Visit to the Holy Sacrament.
- 9¾. "Entretien."
- 10½. "Délassement," during which there may be either reading or "direction."
- 11. Writing of one's resolutions, and then reading the prescribed chapters of Holy Scripture.
- 11¾. Private examination.
- 12. Dinner, followed by the Angelus, and recreation.
- 1¾. Vespers and Compline; recollecting of oneself, to examine how one has done the morning's exercises.
- 2¼. Reading, with meditation, of the chapters of the Imitation.
- 3¼. Visit to the Holy Sacrament.
- 3¾. "Entretien."
- 4¾. Matines and Lauds; writing of resolutions. Then "délassement," as in morning at 10½.
- 6. Recitation of "chapelet," meditated.
- 6½. A spiritual lecture.
- 7. Supper, followed by the Angelus, and recreation.
- 8¾. Prayer; examination of conscience.
- 9. Bed; making preparation for (the morning's) prayer.

' The following means are recommended for profiting by the "retreat."

' 1. From its commencement have your "règlement particulier" approved by your director; agree with him on the employment of your time, on the subject of your reading, on the manner of preparing your confession.

' 2. Read the chapter of the Holy Scripture and of the Imitation marked in the "Manual of Piety," and never omit this reading.

' 3. Observe silence carefully, save at the time of recreation, and if you are obliged to speak, ask leave to do so.

' 4. Do not read or write any letter.

' 5. If you experience dryness, disgust, repugnance, discouraging thoughts, as generally happens in retreats, communicate them immediately to your director, and follow his advice, as the most assured means of overcoming temptations.

' 6. If you have already made a general confession at the seminary, employ the time after mass till breakfast in examining yourself on the manner in which you have done your actions in the seminary the past year, how you have combated your defects and your ruling passion, and how you have practised the virtues which you proposed to acquire.

' 7. Study especially inward recollectedness, confidence in our Lord, and in the Most Holy Virgin, serious and deep examination of your conscience, and a great desire "de faire un bon Séminaire."

' 8. After the retreat tell your director your feelings and resolutions, and busy yourself immediately with drawing up your "règlement particulier."

' There are, moreover, retreats for eight days before each ordination. Exposition of the pontifical is given. Before the ordination of any individual is decided on, there are two "appels" to be gone through; 1st, that of outward conduct; 2d, that of inward conduct, decided by all the masters in common. If these are passed there is a third examination of himself and his fitness for the ministry to be gone through by the pupil in private. Fourthly, if he is thoroughly persuaded of his vocation, his confessor finally decides whether he shall be accepted for the ministry or rejected. The ordinary payment made by each pupil is 700 francs a year, but this,

in case of necessity, or of promising persons, especially when recommended by bishops, is reduced to 400.

'In Lent one meal and one collation (a half meal) are allowed: the first at mid-day. Meat is permitted on Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, by the archbishop's "mandement." Fridays and Saturdays are meagre days through the year, but not fasts. The other fasts of the year are very few, the greater number having been abolished by the Concordat. They are Christmas Eve, Whitsun Eve, S. Peter's Eve, the vigils of the Assumption and All Saints.'—Pp. 32—37.

The work is a hard and painful one:—

'M. Gaduel told me that the good professors of S. Sulpice receive no salary whatever. They live, he said, as children in a father's house, provided with everything they want, but they are not given money. If one has need of a coat, he asks for it, and has it. Should they be taken ill, and be unable to continue their functions, they will be supported and tenderly provided for all their days. They take no vows, and can leave when they please; and they retain whatever private property they may possess. Those who have none receive 100 francs a year for their charities; for you know, he said, they cannot go into the city without a sou. Thus their life is entirely detached from the cares of this world, from the desire of wealth, and all that attaches to it. Yet is it, from its sedentariness and severely abstract pursuits, as well as from the continued pressure on the heart and conscience, a trying life. Health, I imagine, is only maintained by the weekly relaxation of Wednesday, and the annual vacation of two months in August and September.'—P. 37.

These accounts present, without question, a rare and touching picture of self-devotion, of high appreciation of the responsibilities and duties of the Clergy, of zealous and disinterested efforts to fulfil them. Such hard work of charity cannot, we would fain hope, be thrown away even upon France, though nothing less than that could hold the ground of the church even for a generation, against the wild tumult of opinion, and the activity and talent of the infidel sects. The French Clergy have certainly done enough to entitle them to the sympathy and respect of Christendom. Whether they are doing enough to attain the great object of once more regaining and Christianizing the French people, time must show. Great as is our admiration of their staunch unflinching bravery, and limited as we feel our power to be of criticising what is at once so opposite to our own ways of acting, and excels exactly in those points where we are defective, we cannot hear the accounts which reach us of French ecclesiastical education without some misgivings. As a drill it seems admirable; and drill, in a clergy as in an army, is of the highest importance; and drill is precisely that in which our own Clergy are deficient; but drill in an army, and much less in a clergy, is not everything, and we cannot help thinking may be overdone. It is a perilous thing for a man to have to educate himself; but it is not less perilous to relieve him altogether of the charge of his own education. Other men may

and were meant to help him in it; but we cannot think that they were meant to leave him nothing to do or to provide for, except to co-operate with them in will and obedience. The system of S. Sulpice, while it seems undoubtedly to promise obedience, subordination, and an average amount of knowledge, does not seem to promise power. Doubtless, a clergy with far lower qualifications than those provided for by S. Sulpice, may do good service in a flock ready formed and disposed to believe and obey: but the Church of France is now a Missionary Church, and has to *reconquer*, in an age not alone of corruption, but of bold and powerful thought. Her present system of education avoids the dangers which surrounded the freer and bolder systems of the middle ages and the early Church, but it also gives up their advantages. It provides for the poor, to its great praise be it spoken, with earnest and serious care; but, so far as we can see, it declines to cope with intellect and refinement.

We are quite aware that we are speaking at a disadvantage—a disadvantage which a foreigner never can entirely surmount in speaking of something so domestic, so complicated, so mysterious and unaccountable in its effects, as education, even if he sees with his own eyes. But we do not speak without authority. We do not know whether the French Clergy are altogether satisfied with their system of education, which is in principle, though not in detail, much the same as in most parts of Roman Catholic Europe; but in Italy, one writer at least of high authority, Rosmini, has complained in strong terms of its defectiveness, in some of the very points which are the first to strike an Englishman—that it is too much of a drill, and not enough of an education,—that it leaves too little to the pupil himself, and is too timid in trusting him,—that it confines him to systems, instead of allowing him to come in contact for himself with the great works of antiquity. In an appeal which he makes to his own brethren on the main evils which oppress the Church,¹ and in the front of which he places the ‘separation of the people from the Clergy in public worship’—the cutting off the people from taking a full and intelligent part in it—he traces one of the main causes of these evils, and of this last one in particular to the imperfect instruction given by the Clergy; and this imperfection to the technical character of their own education, compared with the freer or more living system of early times, when bishops were the immediate teachers of the Clergy, and text-books had not supplanted the Bible and the Fathers. His remarks on catechisms, as at present in use, are strong; fully admitting the great value of conciseness and pre-

¹ ‘Delle cinque piaghe della S. Chiesa, trattato dedicato al clero Cattolico: di Ant. Rosmini. Perugia, 1849.’ (Preface dated 1832.)

cision of statement in conveying Christian doctrine, and considering that this has been to a great degree attained in such books, he complains that this has in practice served only as a cloak for a jejune teaching, devoid of substance, fulness, and life :—

‘The lack of a living and full instruction for the people . . . is the first cause of that wall of separation which is raised between them and the ministers of the Church. I say, “full and living instruction,” for as regards material instruction, it is more abundant now, perhaps, than in other times. Catechisms are in every one’s memory; these catechisms contain the dogmatic formulæ, those last expressions, the simplest and most precise, to which the united labours of all the doctors who have flourished in so many centuries have, with marvellous intellectual subtlety, and above all, with the aid of the Holy Spirit present in the councils, and ever speaking in the Church throughout the world, reduced the whole doctrine of Christianity. Such conciseness, such exactness in doctrinal expressions, is doubtless a step in advance. Words are become purely and entirely truth; a secure way is traced out, by which teachers may, without much study on their part, make the deepest and sublimest doctrines reach the ears of the faithful whom they instruct. . . . But if it has been rendered easy to convey exact expressions to the ears of the faithful, has it become equally easy to make these expressions reach their minds, and sink down into their heart, which must be reached through their minds? Has this abridging of doctrine, this bringing the terms in which it is expressed to perfection and to the last dogmatic exactness, this fixing them unchangeably,—and making them the only ones,—has all this made these expressions more accessible to the common understanding? Is it not a question, on the contrary, whether a certain multiplicity and variety of expression is not a suitable means to convey to the minds of the multitude the knowledge of truth? . . . Is it not true that a teacher who repeats what he does not understand himself, however careful he may be in repeating verbally what he has received, makes his hearers feel the chill on his lips. . . . Nay, those formulæ, imperfect it may be, which in former times were used in teaching Christian doctrine, had perhaps in their very imperfection this good, that they did not communicate to mankind the truth whole and entire, but as it were broken into parts, and then the comment at length made up for the defect, if such there were, of the expressions, gathered up and united those parts of truth dismembered only in the external expression—or rather, truth gathered itself up, so to say, and became united in the minds and spirits of those whom it had penetrated, and there of itself built itself up and became complete. . . . It is true, that when a child is to be admitted to the greater sacraments of the Church, he is carefully examined whether he knows the principal mysteries. He recites the words; and this is a proof that he knows them. Yet is it not a question, whether the child who says by rote the words of the catechism, knows a bit more about those mysteries than he who has never heard these words? Has then the introduction in modern times of catechisms been more prejudicial than advantageous to the Church? Strange, indeed, would it be, if this were the result of an institution, which in itself promised so much. But we may say of these admirable abridgements of Christian teaching, what the Apostle said of the law of Moses, that they are certainly holy, and just, and good, that they are useful if a man use them lawfully. The fault is in man, not in the thing.’—Pp. 17, 18.

The following are his remarks on the practical working of the seminaries. After contrasting the difficulty in ancient times

of finding masters, with the comparative facility now, he says:—

'Consider, on the other hand, how in the present day we abound, or think at least that we abound, in masters fit to instruct the Clergy in the doctrine and religion of Christ. Not only has every diocese its seminary, and in every seminary many masters, but out of our overflowing abundance, out of the exceeding facility which the Bishop has now in finding Priests to be teachers of his youthful Clergy, the masters are changed after a few years of teaching, by promotion to some less meagre benefice, while in their place are substituted others, entirely new men, who although they have not yet gained any experience of human affairs, nor finished yet their education in the principles of common sense in the school of social intercourse, have yet achieved the great course of the seminary schools, the *ne plus ultra* of modern ecclesiastical learning: after which the young ministers of the altar are without further delay set to work on their employments, and so honourably released from further study. Meanwhile the science of religion which these young masters had received in the seminary, broken up into parts, or rather confined to those parts which appeared most needful to enable them promptly and in actual practice to discharge the ecclesiastical offices required of priests, as a matter of simple duty, by the people and the government—this great science, I say, has acquired in the mind of the young priest neither root nor unity—has not penetrated in the least degree into his mind. He wants the sense of scientific knowledge—wants all true comprehension of it; he carries it fastened to him as it were, and hanging on his youthful memory, and it is precisely on account of this memory that he thinks himself more fit than a man of matured wisdom for the office of teacher Lastly, in times in which the amount of the salary attached to offices is a sufficiently sure indication by which to judge of the ability of the men who are employed in them, must we not feel considerable doubt about the knowledge possessed by the masters of our seminaries, to whose office is annexed so poor a provision, that often they seem to have reached the term of human ambition, when leaving the seminary, they attain to a parochial benefice, on which, beyond their tutorship, they have ever kept their eyes fixed.'—I'p. 36, 37.

We will further quote his observations on the systematic teaching in the seminaries; we do it the rather, because our defects being in the very opposite direction—in the want of text-books, and of a complete and consistent method of study—we are sometimes apt to expect more than is to be attained, from a plan of education which avoids these defects.

'Now if it is to such small men that the education of the Clergy is committed, it is no wonder that these teachers, removed from the writings of the saints and of the wise, use for their text-books works compiled, as their title-pages declare, *in usum juventutis*, by men of the same small calibre as themselves. For everything must be in proportion, part must correspond to part, and one fault leads to another: and this poverty and weakness of the books used in the schools, is precisely the third reason of the insufficiency of their education.

'There are two sorts of books. One are classical books, books of majesty, which comprehend the wisdom of the human race, written by the representatives of that wisdom—books where there is nothing arbitrary or unfruitful, either in the method or style or teaching; in which are stored up, not merely particular truths, in a word, erudition, but which set forth universal truths, those fruitful and wholesome doctrines, into which human nature

has transfused its very self, with its feelings, its wants, and its hopes. There are other books, again, books of pettiness and detail, of mere individual interest, where all is poor and frigid, where truth which is boundless only appears in shreds, and in that shape in which a poor little mind could find room for it; where the author, exhausted by the labour of giving it birth, has only retained vigour enough to stamp on the book the sense of his toil, and a fainting life—books on which human nature when it issues from its pupillage, turns its back for ever, for it finds in them neither itself, nor its thoughts, nor its affections—yet books to which we obstinately and cruelly condemn our youth, which with a natural instinct rejects them, and too often, from a desire to exchange them for better, falls under the temptations of corrupt writings, or forms a determined aversion to study, or from the long violence it has suffered under the rigour of the schools, cherishes a hatred, secret, deep, life-long, against its masters, its superiors, its books, and the truths which the books contain—yes, a hatred, I say, not always clearly developed, but working continually under forms different from those of actual hatred—which clothes itself under all pretexts, which where it betrays itself, astonishes even him who is conscious of it, because he did not know that he had it, and cannot explain its cause—and which wears all the appearance of impiety or rude ingratitude towards teachers, otherwise excellent, and who have lavished so much care, so many words, so much affection, on their pupils.—Pp. 37, 38.

Then after speaking of the educational books of the Church in former times,—the Bible first, then the writings of the Fathers, then the scientific abridgements of their teaching by the schoolmen, of which the *Summa Theologicæ* of S. Thomas Aquinas was the most perfect example,—and after noticing the advantages, and in his view greater disadvantages, which had attended on the scholastic method, he proceeds:—

‘The schoolmen,’ (he specially excepts S. Bernard and S. Bonaventura, who, he says, ‘wrote with the dignity of the early Fathers,’) ‘the schoolmen had abridged Christian wisdom at the sacrifice of all that appeals to the heart, and that rendered it operative: their disciples, (and the disciples, once more be it said, are not greater than the masters,) continued to abridge it, by cutting off from it all that was most deep, most essential, and by waiving the mention of its great principles, under colour of facilitating its study, but in reality because they did not understand them in the least themselves. Thus they reduced it miserably to material formulæ, to isolated consequences, to practical directions, which the hierarchy cannot do without, if it wishes in the presence of the people to carry on the service of religion in the external way in which it has been done in times past. This is the fourth and last epoch in the history of the books used in Christian schools; the epoch of the theologians who succeeded the schoolmen. And by these steps, from Scripture, from the Fathers, from the schoolmen, and from the theologians, we have arrived at these portentous text-books which we use in our seminaries—books which yet inspire us with such a sense of our own wisdom, with such contempt for our ancestors—books which in the ages to come, wherein rest the hopes of the Church which can never perish, will, as I believe, be judged the most paltry and repulsive of all that has been written during the eighteen centuries which the Church has lasted,—books, to sum up all in a word, without life, without principles, without eloquence, and without method, though indeed in adaptation and regular disposition of their subjects, in which they make method to consist, their authors show that they have exhausted the whole power of their minds—

books which not being composed for the heart, nor for the intellect, nor for the imagination, are not in truth books for Bishops or for Priests.

'But if little books and little men go together, can there from these two elements be formed a great school,—can there be an imposing method of teaching? No; and the defectiveness of the method is the fourth and last reason of this sore of the Church of which we are speaking—the insufficient education of the Clergy in our times.'

The view given to Mr. Allies by his friends of the social and religious condition of France, and of the obstacles in the way of improvement, is a dark one. But his informants speak also of great changes in their favour, both in the feeling of the mass of the population, and in the external circumstances of the Church. The utter dislocation and annihilation of all political ties, has in some respects, though by no means in all, facilitated the action of the Clergy. The following account is gathered by Mr. Allies from an evening conversation with some Parisian friends:—

'Last evening we dined with M. Defresne, a very clever, able, and energetic talker. We met l'Abbé Pététot, curé of S. Louis d'Antin, one of the parishes of Paris, with 18,000 inhabitants; he has eight curates, besides occasional assistance. They give the most astonishing account of the change which has taken place in France in the last fifteen years in religious matters. Formerly a young man dared not confess that he was a Christian, or show himself in a church; now the bitter sarcasm and ridicule with which all religious subjects were treated have passed away; earnestness has laid hold of the mind of the nation, and even those who are not Christians appear to be searching for the truth, and treat Christianity as a reality, and conviction with respect. Even now, *not one young man in a hundred is a Christian*. I asked l'Abbé Pététot particularly, if he felt sure of this proportion, and he confirmed it. Out of the thirty-two millions of French, they reckon two millions who are really Christians, practising confession; many of the others send for a priest in their last illness, confess, and receive the sacraments; but M. Defresne thought this very unsatisfactory, as we should. They are making great exertions to christianize the class of workmen, the great majority of whom are not even nominally believers. You may judge of their life by the fact that they live with many different women in common, sometimes after a time selecting one of these, and confining themselves to her, but without legitimate marriage. The Church has gained about fifteen hundred of this class out of a hundred thousand in Paris, and worked a great reformation. At S. Sulpice they have every other Sunday a meeting of these, called conferences, at which they are addressed by different persons, clergy or lay, on religious, moral, or instructive subjects. We went to the meeting on Sunday night, and were much pleased with what we saw and heard. Their minds are laid hold of and interested; by drawing together they get a sense of union and the force of numbers, and are encouraged by each other's progress; they see their superiors in knowledge and station exerting themselves for their improvement. L'Abbé Pététot told us he had preached *eighty times last Lent, seven times in one day*. This is entirely without note. Their labour must be very great. His manner of speaking is very pleasing, and I think the priests generally speak with great propriety, and with an abundance and arrangement of matter which is not common with us. We have just returned from a visit to M. Martin Noirliu, once sub-receptor of the Duke de Bordeaux, and now a curé at Paris. He has been

in England, and speaks favourably of us. He thinks there is much good and real religion in the people of England, though very defective, and though the Church is suffering under many abuses. He said they computed that the Bishop of London received as much as all the French Bishops put together. The state of things here is totally different from what it is with us. There is no state religion, no temptation whatever to pretend to be a Christian if you are not. The consequence is, that there is little hypocrisy: infidelity is openly professed by a great number. On the other hand, the believers are so from real conviction, and generally after a personal conversion; there are comparatively few hereditary Christians.

'The Church is gradually gaining, but much more in the higher than in the lower ranks. There are 800 priests in Paris; they want 400 more; before the great Revolution there were 5,000.'—Pp. 112—115.

Some of them took a hopeful view of the Revolution:—

'Wednesday, August 2.—Called on M. L'Abbé Pététot. The last revolution has had a happy effect on the side of religion. The utmost respect has been paid to the priests; they have never ceased a moment to go abroad *en soutane*. In 1830 they were obliged to give this up for two years, and only recovered popularity by their devotion to the sick in the time of the cholera. But now they have come to the priest to bless the trees of liberty. He had blessed six. They even went in procession with the Cross, which is contrary to the laws, and woe to him who did not take off his hat. But this is the only good side of the late movements. Commerce is at a standstill; and the very *boutiquiers* talk freely of the necessity of having a king. Paris subsists by articles of *luxe*, and a republic is not favourable to these. But what is coming nobody can see. In the riots of June, the insurgents had possession of the church of S. Paul, in the Faubourg S. Antoine. The curé induced them to go elsewhere; and, before leaving the church, they came to him for his blessing, saying they were going to fight: and so they went forth to kill and be killed. But all the middle class—the bourgeoisie—is profoundly hostile to religion: they will do anything to prevent its gaining influence. Although liberty of teaching would follow naturally from the principles of the republic, yet the Assembly has just passed a law on primary instruction as bad as can be; and another on secondary instruction will follow like it. Religion does not make any way with these classes; money is their idol. A workman or poor woman will give five francs to a charity, where these people think much of ten sous.'—Pp. 266, 267.

The total alteration of political circumstances is given as the explanation of the readiness of the Clergy to go along, as was noticed at the time, with the revolutionary feeling. The following words express what all must have felt who have paid attention to French politics:—

'As we went home with M. Le Normand, he observed on the misconception of their position by the Quarterly lately, which seemed shocked at the acceptance of the republic by the Church; as if it was possible to do anything else. I said it was a sentiment of loyalty among us, which dictated that feeling. "*Loyalty*," he replied, "is entirely extinct in France; it is a fiction, and it is useless to attempt to conjure it up."—Pp. 270, 271.

Extinct, indeed, we fear, even in its etymological sense, and yet the Church is not considered to have gained all the freedom which would be the fair counterbalance for the loss of political strength. M. Galais is asked:—

'Will the Jesuits get more liberty of action under the Revolution? He thought not. There was no disposition to apply the principles of liberty either to the Jesuits or the other religious orders. They had the reputation of being very "habiles;" and "habiles" they certainly were, but not so much as they were esteemed. He doubted if they had been wise under Louis Philippe's government; it was known that in their colleges out of France, Bruelette for instance, devotion to the elder branch was inculcated. Now, the wise course seemed to be to accept the government *de facto*, as the fathers of the Church did. They troubled themselves very little who was emperor. Had the Jesuits done so, they would not have been suspected by Louis Philippe; and so, perhaps, would have had colleges entrusted to them. I asked what the actual position of the Church with regard to the state was. "There are," he said, "in the Assembly sixty—it may be as many as a hundred—good Catholics; but all the rest are indifferent, or even hostile to us. The immense majority are bent on resisting the influence of religion." "It seems to me then," I said, "a kind of miracle that you subsist at all." "It is so," he replied. "The thing in our favour is that, small minority of the nation as we are, we are firm, compact, and banded together, while our enemies are divided in every way. They have no common principle, and so they have a dread of us, a fear of our succeeding in winning back the nation to religion, by which they would fall into a minority. The real feeling which influences this unbelieving mass is the lust of domination; they have got their feet on the neck of religion, and they mean to keep it there. For this reason they will allow no liberty of teaching if they can help it." "But I suppose you have won ground since 1802; have you not?" I said. "We have won and we have lost," he replied. "Doubtless the Clergy are better constituted now; there is a great devotion among them. Our bishops are in the main well chosen, and do their duty. They understand the crisis, and are fully convinced that they must fight the battle stoutly, and make no concession. But, on the other hand, in 1802, though religion had been overthrown, and impiety had publicly triumphed, yet the great mass of the nation had received a Christian education. It is the reverse now; this mass is now unbelieving, they have not been brought up as Christians, their first impressions were not in favour of religion." "You are then as missionaries among unbelievers," I said. "Precisely so. And this enormous unbelieving mass has the greatest jealousy of us. We only ask fair play; liberty, not privileges; and this they will do every thing to keep from us. They are making, quietly but definitely, efforts to secularise, as they call it, the education of girls; that is, knowing the importance of first impressions, and of the female sex on society, they would take this primary education out of religious hands. There are infernal plots abroad. They dread us, and have a feeling, that if we were allowed a fair trial we should win our ground. I am convinced that we should reconquer France if we were only allowed liberty of action. Even the multitude who seek to satiate themselves in sensual enjoyments, even these come to us sooner or later for aid. Few after all can gain these enjoyments, and those who do, feel that they have not reached what they were seeking for. And then in the young Clergy I am continually seeing instances of the most touching generosity and devotion. Many give up fair prospects, and fortunes, and surrender themselves wholly to their ministry."—Pp. 272—274.

But with all these discouragements, they still pride themselves, and with reason, on being the most energetic branch of the Roman communion. 'I asked M. Galais,' says Mr. Allies, 'which nation in the Roman Church was at present most

'conspicuous for its missionary exertions. He said, the French 'by far; there are ten French for one Italian missionary.' And so the Père Ravignan:—

'He agreed with M. Galais in thinking that France was at present that part of the Roman Church in which there was most movement. "Italy is always the head and heart: there are, and always have been, there many ecclesiastics of a holy life. Still it cannot be doubted that a certain reform is wanted there—a reform, of course, to be wrought *by* the Church, and not in separation from her. This is only saying that where there are men, there is a natural tendency to degenerate. We have passed through this reform in France." I asked whether he thought, if liberty of teaching were granted, that the Church would regain the mass of the population. He hesitated. A certain effect would doubtless be produced: the mere establishment of a house of education in every diocese would be a considerable step. It was very difficult to know the number of practising Catholics in France. There were not above two millions of Protestants. Out of the million of Parisians there might be from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand who communicated at Easter, men, women and children: of women one half were Catholic; of men, perhaps one-twentieth. Paris was one of the worst places in France; so, again, the North generally, and the centre, Bourges, Berri, le Nivernois. On the other hand, in Bretagne and the South, religion was much more general.'—Pp. 278, 279.

It is remarkable to observe that the centralization of everything in Paris which is so observable in other things, is spoken of as true of religion also:—

'Monday, July 7.—We called on M. Defresne; much struck by his conversation. He said all that was best in religion was at Paris: out of a million of inhabitants there were 300,000 going to mass, and 50,000 *practising* Christians; this was the kernel of religion in the country, the pure gold.'—P. 41.

Mr. Allies has collected some interesting and striking information with respect to the Missions of the French Church. The following is the account of one of the congregations, to which are entrusted the missions in the Pacific:—

'The Abbé Coudrin gathered by degrees a number of young persons round him, and succeeded in setting his Congregation on foot, which was recognised in 1817 by Pius VII. In the year 1837 he died, having witnessed many establishments of his Congregation in France; the foundation of one at Valparaiso: many of his disciples evangelising the Polynesian islands, and two of his children bishops, M. Bonamie, first Bishop of Babylon, and then Archbishop of Smyrna, and M. Rouchouze, Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Oceania. On his death the former was chosen for the government of the Congregation by its general chapter.

'At present the Congregation has, besides twenty-four establishments in France, two houses in Chili, and two in Belgium; one at Louvain, the other at Enghien, for instruction of youth. It has about one hundred missionaries, priests and catechists, in the Sandwich Islands, the Marquesas, Oceania, and elsewhere.

'The object of the institution is to retrace the four periods of our Lord's life: His infancy, His hidden life, His evangelical life, and His crucified life.

'With respect to our Lord's infancy, gratuitous schools are kept for poor children; and larger schools, to which a certain number of young persons

is admitted free of charge, according to the resources of each establishment. Those intended for the Church are here prepared for their sacred functions.

'As to our Lord's hidden life, all members of the Congregation are to imitate it by repairing in the perpetual adoration, day and night, of the Most Holy Sacrament, the wrongs done to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary, by the sins which are committed.

'Priests imitate our Lord's evangelical life by the preaching of the Gospel, and by missions.

'Lastly, all members of the Congregation should recall, so far as in them lies, our Saviour's crucified life, by practising with zeal and prudence works of Christian mortification, specially in the mastery of their senses.

'In 1833 Gregory XVI. entrusted to the Society of Picpus the missions of Eastern Oceania.

'There are houses for the novitiate at Issy, near Paris, at Louvain, and at Graves, near Villefranche. It continues not more than eighteen, nor less than twelve months. Here are priests and candidates for the priesthood, preparing themselves to live under the laws of religious obedience, and to devote themselves either to the instruction of youths, or to missions, or to the direction of souls, in the post assigned to them by their obedience; or to deeper studies, which shall enable them to serve the faith according to the talents God has given them.

'Young men and adults likewise are received, who, without being called to the ecclesiastical state, wish to consecrate themselves to God for the advancement of His glory, and the assuring of their own salvation by the practice of religious virtues.

'Priests besides, and laymen, are received as boarders, who, desirous not to remain in the world, wish to prepare themselves in retirement, and the practice of the virtues of their estate, for their passage from time to eternity.

'This society has just applied to the government for permission to send out chaplains with those who shall be transported for their participation in the late revolt. I do not know a higher degree of charity than this; and many other priests have inscribed themselves for this service.

'In the chapel we saw one of the brethren continuing the perpetual adoration of the Holy Sacrament.

'The Archbishop spoke in terms of great contempt of the ignorance of the Greeks; and likewise anticipated a large conversion of the Turks, whenever liberty of conscience is allowed. 'He had just sent out some missionaries to Oceania.'—Pp. 211—214.

The French Church can boast of martyrs among her Missionaries. In Cochin China a Missionary Bishop, M. Borie, and some of his priests, as well as many among their converts, went through agonizing sufferings, and gained their crown. Heroism in France is not monopolized by the army or the mob; and any Church might well be proud of such noble brethren. Yet the tone in which Mr. Allies' friends are represented as speaking in reference to them, suggests the thought that self-complacency is an infirmity which even French Clergymen find it hard to eradicate. Take the following remarks of M. Parisis, Bishop of Langres:—

"You must not look for the faith among the mass of the people here, for they have it not, but in religious houses, foreign missions, Catholic institutions, &c. You have not had martyrs, I think, in the last twenty years: we have had many; and it is remarkable to observe how entirely

the scenes of the first ages have been reproduced; the Spirit of Christ has given birth to precisely the same answers to questions put to martyrs as of old by the spirit of the devil; and torments as terrible, tearing of the flesh, and hewing in pieces, have been borne. I was dining not long ago at the Foreign Missions, and was saying that the life of a Missionary in China was not good, when all present cried out at once, clapping their hands: 'Oh, yes; but it is good—it is good.' French Missionaries have subsisted," he continued, "for a long time without even bread, which is much for us, though not for you; while yours go out with wife and children pour faire le commerce."—Pp. 195, 196.

We will add one extract more, giving an account of one of the modes in which the French Clergy meet the infidelity of the lower orders. We must not of course judge such a scene by English feelings. The French mind in its most serious and earnest moods, oscillates on the edge of a laugh, and easily recovers from it; and it may require a bold and startling, and even in itself hazardous system, to cope with that mixture at once of outward levity and terrible meaning, which has turned the Gospels into a Socialist text-book, and parodied Lionardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' as a Socialist banquet:—

'In the evening we went to the Ecole des Frères Chrétiens, 6 Rue de Fleurus, and were conducted by some of the brethren to the most extraordinary scene we have witnessed in France. It was a meeting held in the parish church of S. Marguerite, to give prizes to the assiduous members of the society of S. François Xavier, which is composed of artisans, who attend periodically to be instructed. After Vespers and Compline, Monseigneur the Archbishop of Chalcedoine was introduced, under whom the séance was held. The curé then briefly stated the course of proceedings, and presently commenced a dispute between M. l'Abbé Massard, prêtre directeur, and M. l'Abbé Croze, on the subject whether there were or were not miracles; the former maintaining the negative, the latter the affirmative. The usual philosophical objections were put by l'Abbé Massard, very fairly and with great vivacity, and were answered by l'Abbé Croze with vivacity still greater and superior ingenuity. Constant approbation and laughter attended both question and answer, there being a large number of women outside the barrier in the aisles, the workmen members occupying the nave, and all seemed to relish to the utmost the nature of the colloquy. It was, indeed, extremely well imagined to convey to minds of that class a ready answer to specious philosophical objections against the truth of religion; and, though no doubt previously arranged by the two disputants, had all the air of being poured forth with extreme volubility on the spur of the moment. To give a notion of the thing:—"M. Massard proposed the subject of Miracles; and on being asked, What about miracles? said, he should dispute against them. L'Abbé Croze asked him what he meant by miracles. M. Massard began, personating an eager and hasty infidel, with a rough account of them. 'I don't mean to give a philosophical definition; I mean what every body means—an extraordinary thing, such as one never saw—in fact, an impossible thing.' L'Abbé Croze complained that this was too vague, and gave his own definition—"an act surpassing human power, and out of the ordinary course of nature, and which consequently must be referred to some supernatural power." L'Abbé Massard then made a speech of some length about the impossibility of miracles, and the absurdity of some that were found in history,

and concluded by denying all. M. Croze made him begin to repeat his arguments one by one, saying, he would then serve him as Horatius did the Curiatii. M. Massard said, in repetition, 'God cannot work a miracle, for it would be a disorder; it would be against his own laws,' &c. L'Abbé Croze said, 'he could not see why He, who makes the sun rise every day, might not stop it one day, as the maker of a watch can stop the watch. A miracle is no exertion of force in the Almighty, no more than for one who walks to stop walking an instant,' &c. M. Massard changed his ground, and"—M.—urged Hume's argument, that even if a miracle were acted before our eyes, we could have no proofs that it was a miracle equal in force to the antecedent improbability that a miracle would be done. M. Croze pulled this to pieces, to the great amusement of the auditory. "What," said he, "can anything be more ridiculous than to tell me that proofs are wanted, when a miracle is done before my eyes? If I see a man whom I well know in the last stage of sickness, witness afterwards his death and burial, and, a year or two after that, that man reappears before my eyes, do I want any proof of the miracle? If I meet an ass in the street and say to him, Ass, speak, philosophize; and he forthwith opens his mouth and argues, do I want any proof that it is a miracle? If I meet an ox going along, and I say, Ox, fly; and he flies, do I want proof of the miracle? If one evening all the women in Paris were to become dumb, and could not speak,"—here a burst of laughter broke from all parts of the church, and it was some time before the orator triumphant could proceed.'—Pp. 64—66.

'Such was the nature of this conference between M. Massard and M. Croze, which latter had a countenance remarkable for finesse, and subtlety, and comic humour. Profaneness to the church was supposed to be guarded against by stretching a curtain before the altar at some little distance.

'This was followed by an energetic and rhetorical sermon from L'Abbé Frappaz, on the love of Christ, and on faith, hope, and charity, which was listened to with great attention, and applauded more than once. "After this they sang 'Monstra te esse matrem' to a lively hopping air."—M.

'Then came a long distribution of prizes, in books and pictures, to the most attentive members, which were delivered to each by the Archbishop of Chacedoine, while at intervals the choir struck out verses of a hymn in honour of S. Francis Xavier, which was echoed through the church. In the meantime the curtain had been withdrawn, and the altar brilliantly lighted up for a salut pontificalement célébré. This, however, we did not stay for, as it was already past ten.'—Pp. 69, 70.

Our extracts are but specimens of the various matters connected with religion and education in France, on which details, many of them very interesting, are collected in Mr. Allie's Journal. The general impression left is one highly favourable to the zeal, energy, and self-devotion of the French Clergy where Mr. Allie came in contact with them; that is, in the great cities of the North. We are less satisfied with his account of their explanations of theological difficulties, or of the perplexities of their political position,—points, no doubt, where both parties, the stranger and the native, are almost equally at a disadvantage in conversation. The information is conveyed apparently in the same rough form in which it took shape in the writer's note-book, so that it is scattered, often incomplete, and often wanting explanation. But these disadvantages of form

are counterbalanced by the force and truthfulness which accompany the first notings of immediate impressions. One remark more we must make. Mr. Allies must be considered as a partial observer. It may be asked, it is true, Who is not? And certainly the spirit in which he made his inquiries is incalculably higher than that which influences our travelling countrymen in general. Yet the disposition to put a favourable construction on every thing is as visible in him, as the contrary disposition is as obvious in others; and he would have produced, we think, a better and more convincing book, if he had allowed himself more freedom of judgment, and not thwarted altogether the natural suspiciousness of a foreigner in his strong efforts to be perfectly fair, and to keep down insular and English prejudices.

One word, in conclusion, in reference to such peace-making attempts. In saying a word on such a subject as the re-union of the Church, we would not willingly forget that we are speaking of matters which hold the first place in the councils of Perfect Wisdom and All-controlling Power,—of that Divine Charity, whose last prayer was for the unity of His Church. Standing between those great communions which we believe to be the branches of the Universal Church, an individual must be very insensible who does not feel the insignificance of his position when appearing to arbitrate between them, and to judge of their awful interests and awful claims. Little, indeed, it is, that man can judge about them; little that he can do or say with clearness and confidence; and he must be very narrow-minded, or very bold, who does not feel himself cowed and fettered in the presence of these great questions—so heart-searching, and so dark. But what individuals judge right, and recommend, individuals may criticize. Further, God forbid that any word of ours should discountenance or damp that desire for unity which all true Churchmen ought to feel as an instinct, or should check any hope which rests on God's promise and power, and not on man's wishes or forecastings. But those who feel most deeply the desire for unity, and pray for it morning, and mid-day, and evening, cannot force on, by any effort of theirs, that which God sees not fit to grant. They certainly can act for themselves if they please; but the present re-union of the Church, so far as we can judge of men and circumstances, is not an object that any man, or set of men, can with reason hope to bring about. There is nothing in the aspect of things to lead us to hope that God will accord it yet. Who can say that he sees his way towards it? Plainly, before it could be, even in the hollow and diplomatic form in which it has been sometimes tried, circumstances must widely change; plainly, they must change far more widely, if it is to be a re-union in heart and spirit. To

speaking only of the West,—union, in the terms of the Roman Church, means simply submission; her strength would seem to be forfeited by concession; she can only pardon, not negotiate. The English Church is certainly not more disposed to surrender than the Roman is to treat. Both have too strong a case; both are too deeply founded in actual fact, and each is fully sensible of the weak points of the other. There is a dead lock: it is difficult to see what direct efforts can be made to disentangle it. The change must be from within—by a softening and inclining within, not by impulse from without. This has been said often, but is not less true. We must change, and they must change, and both improve, before any direct or immediate measures can be dreamed of. Till then, we can but prepare, as best we may, by preparing ourselves. This is the most we can do; this at any rate, this alone, will not be done in vain. But one thing is quite plain, that it will not be hastened on either side by what exasperates without persuading. It will not be hastened on either side by what throws men on their self-defence, by the arts of controversialists; nor, we must say, will it be helped on our own, by exaggerated unbalanced self-depreciation, by conceding for the English Church, in tone and language, to those who will concede nothing. If the English Church has a good standing ground in controversy,—if she is the only body which has a chance of maintaining Catholic truth in our strongly marked and peculiar race,—if she is worth working in, and improving, she is worth defending; and her defence, as a system, is subject to the same conditions as that of any other system; it cannot bear, to any unlimited extent, concessions or assaults from within. Men have corporate duties. If the claims of the English Church come in competition with those of the Universal Church, this means that her case is given up; but if Rome and England are between themselves, as we believe them to be, but two parts of the Universal Church, the claims against which England sets hers, are not those of the whole but of a part; and none of us have a right to transfer to that part, however imposing, however united, the reverence and prerogatives of the whole.

While, then, Rome maintains her present position of unbending hostility, no other position is possible for the English Church but one of watchful reserve; and if forced to it, resolute self-defence. This is the simple necessity of the case, supposing her to have any meaning at all in her cause. Beyond this, however, parties or individuals may feel her own attitude does not go: within this, however, her feeling and tone cannot but be affected by the policy and language of others towards her. She wants neither the moral temper nor the dogmatic

creed which in themselves would lead her to sympathise with those parts of the Church which are separated from her; which are tending ever to the re-union of shattered Christendom; but here, as in other things, it is plain that sympathy, co-operation, re-union, depend on many other conditions besides those of essential agreement in general principles,—in temper and belief. What is true every day in the case of individuals, is not less true in the case of bodies of men—it does not require *great* differences to keep them apart: the least are often the most impracticable. While the claims of Rome remain what they are, it is too much to require from the English Church, or from members of it, more than that personal sympathy which good and Christian men naturally excite in those who wish to follow the same steps which they are following.

Meanwhile, whatever tends to make either side realize personal excellence in the other, which brings it before men in visible and individual shape, tends to that softening of hearts which must precede the work of the peace-maker. Such an exhibition will produce its effect in proportion as it is, not merely striking, but natural and unstudied, and will fail in proportion as it appears one-sided, or arranged for a purpose; but it is in danger of being simply useless, if it bears, or can be made to bear, a controversial aspect,—if the contemplation of foreign excellence not only goes along with an ignoring of foreign defects, but with a keen and unrelenting exposure of domestic ones. If great and good deeds are presented, not merely as an answer to ignorance and calumny, but as a warrant for things which our knowledge and religious instinct shrink back from, they do at the utmost but perplex,—they certainly cannot attract; and if they are thrown in our face, and made matters of reproach and argument to silence us, no one can be surprised if men turn their eyes to the other side of the picture—for another side there surely is.

But we should have thought that in the present state of European society, it was no time on any side for irritating contrasts. The materials for them are no doubt abundant, and perhaps tempting—contrasts drawn on one's own principles, and on those of our opponents—contrasts between systems and between results—between profession and practice. We know enough to make them more circumstantial, and therefore more telling than formerly; but we have as yet seen no proof that we know enough to make them fair ones; and all sides will do well not to trust either for attack or defence, to a mode of argument which acts indeed strongly on the imagination at the moment, but which a change of circumstances may falsify to-morrow.

ART. VII.—1. *A History of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England.* By GEORGE AYLIFFE POOLE, M.A., Vicar of Welford. London: Masters. 1848.

2. *A History of Architecture.* By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Masters. 1849.

THE new *Renaissance*—the revival of Gothic architecture in our own times—is, under whatever aspect it is regarded, a remarkable phenomenon. During the last fifteen years a complete change has been in progress in the taste and feelings of the more educated classes, with respect to the proprieties of religious architecture; the architecture, that is, of churches and colleges, parsonages, hospitals, and schools. The Pointed style, from being simply ridiculed, became, first, an object of curious and scientific inquiry; next, it began to be eclectically imitated, though without any discriminating perception of its principles; then, as if in indignation—implicit rather than explicit—at the monstrosities which pretended to the name of Gothic, many different classes of thinkers and explorers applied themselves to the investigation and vindication of its rightful claims and merits. The late Mr. Hope led the way, in his ‘*Historical Essay*,’ by laying down, with a perspicuity still unrivalled, broad and philosophical foundations for the historical study of architecture and for the successful understanding of the genius and capacities of its several styles. Dr. Whewell and Professor Willis, from a different quarter, brought their great scientific acquirements to bear on the examination of the constructional laws of the mediæval styles; while Mr. Pugin, in the Roman communion, and the writers of the ‘*Cambridge Camden Society*’ in our own, devoted themselves to the discovery and the assertion of all that was not merely mechanical and exoteric in architectural study—in other words, of the ‘*True Principles*’ of Gothic architecture, of its symbolical or esoteric significance, its ‘*Sacramentality*,’ and, in particular, its ritualistic developments and adaptations. Meanwhile, Mr. Petit and Mr. Gally Knight were doing excellent service by contributing a knowledge of foreign buildings, which has since materially corrected the too narrow and insular views maintained at first by the last-named writers: and Mr. Bloxam and the author of the ‘*Glossary of Architecture*,’ among others, were scarcely less usefully employed in collecting and arranging facts, and familiarizing us with details. To this list, those of our readers who are at all interested in these pursuits will add the names of other writers,

valuable in their way, who have thrown light on particular subsidiary departments of this wide subject.

All this, however, would have been vain, and perhaps impossible, without a contemporaneous and nearly parallel development in architectural practice. Our limits would not allow us to trace this at any length: suffice it to compare the Pointed of Rickman's buildings at S. John's College, Cambridge, with S. Augustine's College, Canterbury, by Mr. Butterfield; Mr. Vulliamy's church at Highgate with Mr. Scott's at Camberwell; Mr. Barry's church of S. Peter at Brighton with S. Paul's in the same town by Mr. Carpenter; Mr. Chantrell with Mr. Derick in the parish-church and S. Saviour's at Leeds.

Now we shall not, we believe, be thought enthusiasts, if we express our opinion that the extraordinary revival we have so succinctly traced has been permitted, for some worthy end, by Divine Providence. For precisely at the time when the Church of England was awakening from its long sleep, and beginning to expand and grow in a measure to which, since the primitive ages, the history of the Church affords no parallel, the art of architecture—the eldest of the sister handmaids of the Church—itself revived to tender its services when most needed. The almost incredible number of churches built, within our own memories, in England, created—to use the language of the day—a demand which was pretty sure to be supplied. But how? Humanly speaking, some one of the effete pseudo-classical styles, or some degraded parody of Gothic, or even some conventicular type, might have been perpetuated among us. It is surely a matter for earnest gratitude, that the Church of England should have, almost instinctively, avoided all these dangers, and should now be provided with an architecture—every day becoming more fully recognised as its own—which, like its doctrine, is no new invention, but a return to its old inheritance;—a vigorous descendant of the art which raised Salisbury, Lincoln, and Westminster so many centuries ago for our predecessors in the faith.

The moment when church-building received so extraordinary an impulse, proved to be a happier epoch for the Church than when Wren was called upon to rebuild London. A hundred and fifty years had quite worn out the mischievous school of that great man: and no single architect of any deserved eminence was at hand to impress a character on the rising movement. Churches began to be built in all directions, but exhibiting a chaotic confusion of plans and styles and arrangements. The Church, in its greatest need, seemed to be without a religious and appropriate architecture; and had any of those, to whose exertions we more immediately attribute the resuscitation

of a pure Gothic style among us, been able to foresee the extent of the movement they were trying to control and direct, their hearts, we think, would have failed them at the prospect. Happily, they did not see it: they enunciated principles full of the vitality of truth; and these have worked their own way and have triumphed. There can be no reasonable doubt, at the present time, that the great majority of the intelligent members of the Church of England are persuaded of at least two fundamental positions:—that the Pointed style is the most proper kind of architecture for a religious structure; and that a church is not merely an *auditorium*, but a building arranged according to certain essential principles, for the proper performance of united prayer and of a liturgical worship. The importance of these points, already gained, can be hardly overrated. That they *are* gained, every one's own experience may testify. The same principles too are gradually pervading the Colonial, and have taken root in the American Church. Nor is there any reason to suppose that their extension has reached its limit. We are not concerned now with foreign countries, but it is a remarkable and significant fact, that in many of them, before the last fatal year of revolutions, an analogous revival was in progress. Whatever may be reserved, however, for the Continental Churches, we believe that we may humbly but hopefully anticipate such an advance of architectural art in our own communion, that we shall be able to look back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in this particular, without either envy or regret.

And this consideration enables us to feel less surprise and sorrow than we often hear expressed, at the present comparative backwardness of religious sculpture and painting in this country. It is true that Gibson, though the most hopeful name we know of, has as yet scarcely shown the least capacity for true Christian sculpture; while Overbeck, Steinle, and Führich have still no English disciples; and while Dyce, Herbert, and Eastlake have not yet satisfied the high expectations many have ventured to form of them. But architecture ought to precede its ancillary arts; and we believe that whenever we shall really want their aid—whenever mere church extension shall be no longer our first, if not only, duty—the decorative arts will follow their mistress *pari passu*. Meanwhile, such works as those from the pen of Lord Lindsay, Mrs. Jameson, and others, which have obtained so deserved a popularity, are doubtless signs of the future, and are preparing the way for developments of these arts yet to come.¹

¹ We regret that the last-issued numbers of the series of plates published by the Society for the Distribution of Religious Prints are so very inferior in execution, as well as in spirit and design, to the three specimens which first appeared.

To return from this digression—the literature of the new architectural *Renaissance* is by no means exhausted by the works mentioned above as those which had mainly contributed to the earlier stages of its progress. Professor Willis's successive histories of so many of our most celebrated cathedrals, distinguished by an extraordinary intelligence and penetration, have directly, as well as indirectly, been of a value which it would be difficult to overrate. Mr. Webb's 'Continental Ecclesiology,' already noticed in these pages, has opened a new and wide field for speculation and generalization. The two volumes which form the subject of the present article, Mr. Poole's 'Ecclesiastical Architecture in England,' and Mr. Freeman's 'History of Architecture,' have been published almost simultaneously within the last few months, and claim from us an immediate notice, as well by their own pretensions and importance, as by the general interest with which the topics of which they treat are regarded. And we may fairly anticipate still more contributions from the press: in proof of which we may add that, even since the preparation of this article, the author of 'Modern Painters' has given the world a fanciful but very suggestive volume under the strange title of 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture.'

For in fact the Pointed revival is still in progress, and no man can foresee its term. Ten years hence many of our own assertions may be shown to have been false, or but partially true; our predictions may be proved to be erroneous, and results, at present quite unexpected, may have followed upon causes now in undiscerned operation. This must be taken into account by our readers, even when we speak positively to the best of our present judgment; more especially when we call attention to the present state of the architectural parties—to use so dignified a word—which respectively invite our adhesion.

It is hard to decide, at the present moment, whether the science of church architecture is in as hopeful a state as we could wish, or whether it is suffering a temporary check. Practically we incline to the former view: but the want of union among most of those who claim to be working for a common object is very conspicuous to an unprejudiced observer. Although all seem to wish it, no organization has yet been framed for the combination of so many independent efforts into one powerful

This step backwards, this falling short of what might have been expected from the earlier numbers, is altogether a bad sign, though the whole undertaking has too much of a mercantile aspect. Another series of a less pretending kind, but equally well intentioned, 'Sears' Scripture Prints,' is a contemptible failure: it is very likely that the projectors meant well, but those entrusted with the execution are entirely ignorant of a single principle in religious art.

engine. The various bodies among us betray, not unfrequently, a considerable jealousy of one another, and seldom or never unite even for purposes independent of their peculiar opinions. For instance, the recent whitewashing of the mural paintings discovered at S. Cross,—said to be of remarkable beauty,—by order of the Earl of Guildford, (a name on other grounds of no good omen to the Church,) who, as we have seen it stated, would not even permit an artist engaged in copying them to complete his task before they were effaced—excited no comment, no remonstrance, from archaeologists, ecclesiologists, or mere architects, separately or united.

Let us hope for some better understanding; and we would gladly contribute to such a result by any means in our power. Differences of principle cannot be healed by a compromise: but differences of detail may be. One fertile source of disagreement of the latter kind is as to the principle of classification and the consequent nomenclature of the Gothic styles. Now this dispute positively hinders the success of architectural study. In the observations we shall make on this subject, we heartily wish that, if we should be thought to adduce any good reasons for adhering to one of the three rival nomenclatures before the world, the advocates of the others would, for the sake of the manifest advantages of unanimity, wave their own prejudices.

Mr. Freeman, in his Introduction, speaks at much length on the two chief schools that prevail among the students of church architecture, and comes forward as the originator of what would be, in some measure, a third one, occupying a middle place between them. He distinguishes especially, we said, two schools, which he appropriately designates the Archaeological, and the Ecclesiological. He might probably have added the pure architecturalists; to which Dr. Whewell, Professor Willis, Mr. Petit, and perhaps Mr. Poole properly belong. Mr. Freeman himself differs *toto caelo* from the archaeologists, to whom he is an unsparing and persevering enemy, though he is found occasionally fighting on their side, (on wholly different grounds, however,) against the ecclesiological nomenclature of styles. But all his respect and sympathy are reserved for this latter school, whose motives and principles have never been more eloquently and more generously defended than in the volume before us. His immediate object, which is, as he defines it, 'to give in the strictest sense a history of the science of architecture, as a contribution, however humble, to the philosophy of art,' (p. 7,) justifies him, however, in declaring that his history has too wide a scope to be regarded as a merely ecclesiological work: and thus he is the better able to take up an independent position, and to suggest an original

classification in place of that employed by those writers with whom, in other points, and in general sentiments, he is anxious to show that he coincides. We quote the following extract from his Preface :—

‘No one can deny the direct and most important benefits conferred upon architectural science by the ecclesiological school. I do not think they can be fairly charged with introducing into architectural studies, matters unconnected therewith; architecture is only an incidental feature in their pursuits, just as it is in those of archaeologists. The two studies, differing in other respects, have a common point, and each, viewing that common point from its own position, treats it accordingly. If I consult the “Ecclesiologist” on an architectural question, I have no right to complain if I find the information I am searching for side by side with an article on Gregorian Chants, any more than if a similar search in the “Archæological Journal” brings me into the vicinity of a discourse on bronze celts or Roman pottery. Neither the chants nor the celts have any interest for myself personally, but both are legitimate objects of study treated of in their proper places.

‘For I would repeat, at the risk of weariness, both to myself and my reader, that it is not to archaeology or archaeologists that I object, but to the position which they assume. Their researches are valuable and necessary: it is only to the hostile tone which they often assume, the uneasiness and jealousy which their organ invariably displays at anything like the deduction of a principle or a theory, that any objection can be brought. And against this hardly any objection can be too strong. I may allude to one subject in which I certainly have no sort of personal bias. The nomenclature of the ecclesiologists I neither employ nor approve; but the manner in which any use of it is met with in certain quarters, the frivolous, contradictory, often spiteful objections which I have seen and heard brought against it, would be almost enough to make me introduce it even now into every page of my book, had I not myself objections to it far stronger, as I hope, than those to which I refer.

‘It is not archaeology in its right place, as something subordinate and ancillary, but archaeology exclusive, assuming, claiming a rank which does not belong to it, which is at this present moment the bane, not only of architecture, but of a yet nobler study, of history itself.—P. xiv.

In the first chapter of the history, Mr. Freeman recurs to the same subject in most energetic language. He complains (p. 3) ‘of the mere antiquarians, who look on buildings solely in the ‘light of antiquities, with whom the most sumptuous display of ‘Grecian or Gothic art has, after all, scarcely any other interest ‘than that raised by a barrow or a kistvaen, a rusty dagger or ‘an antique potsherd.’ And again, ‘It is only in quite recent ‘times that what deems itself a more enlightened archaeology ‘has taken up a position which must be looked upon as distinctly ‘and formally hostile to religion.’ Our next extract, though long, is too important to be omitted, particularly as it clearly exhibits, in contrast, Mr. Freeman’s own object in writing his history.

‘Our only ground of complaint is, that some writers of this school forget that they have only paved a way for others; they not only stop short at a

certain point themselves, but grudge that any one else should go farther; they have supplied facts, and quarrel with those who would thence deduce principles; they have provided a complete but lifeless body, and look with suspicion on any attempt to infuse a vital principle into the inert mass; they are like a dry plodding annalist shaking his head and looking grave at the "fanciful" reflections of a Thucydides or an Arnold, or a pedagogue whose mind had never taken a flight beyond accident and birch, looking aghast at the extended philology of the Comparative Grammar.

On the other hand is a nobler race, the authors of the great ecclesiological movement; the men who have fought the battle of the Church in her material sanctuaries, and have, amid suspicion and slander, stood forth so manfully to convert the modern preaching-house into the Catholic temple of prayers and sacraments. Nothing is further from the thoughts of the present writer, himself a humble fellow-labourer in the great work, than to cast a moment's slur upon their high and holy cause. But still it is manifest that their efforts do not necessarily tend to promote the study of architecture as an art. The first phase of ecclesiology was simple antiquarianism; raised indeed by the end at which it aimed and the objects with which it was conversant, but still, in its theory a mere technical acquaintance with the sacred buildings of a particular age, in its practice a careful reproduction of their features. The science has now taken a bolder flight; Christian temples of all ages and all countries are to be studied, painting, sculpture, music, history are all pressed into its service; a single period is no longer put forward as the necessary standard of perfection, but new developments of Christian art are confidently looked for. But it is manifest that this is not the direct study of architecture, but one which I freely allow has a much better and higher scope; it is essentially religious, and only incidentally artistical. It occupies a field at once too wide and too narrow for our present purpose; it of course excludes all direct attention to any but ecclesiastical architecture, and moreover includes a large variety of subjects which have no place in our present investigation. Everything that can add fresh solemnity to the Christian temple and its worship comes within the natural and legitimate scope of the ecclesiologist; every fine art, almost every mechanical one, has there its place; the painter, the sculptor, the glass-stainer, the goldsmith, the worker in brass and iron, all contribute their share; the proprieties of church arrangement, the refinement of church symbolism, the splendour of vestments, the harmony of music, the deep treasures of ritual antiquity, are all appropriate branches of his studies. But it is manifest that while our present design opens on the one hand a wider field for investigation, as including the architecture of all ages and nations, it is on the other more narrowed in its range, as it has no connexion whatever with any of these latter pursuits, unless when they happen incidentally to affect the style and proportions of strictly architectural works.—P. 4.

Mr. Poole, on the other hand, has carefully abstained from committing himself to any architectural party, and as much as possible from allowing his own opinions or preferences to find utterance. His nomenclature is the old one, or that of the archaeologists. It is to an excess of caution, and to an unwillingness to be considered as a fautor of extreme opinions, and not to intentional disingenuousness, we are sure, that we must attribute his occasionally adopting without sufficient acknowledgment the contributions to our architectural knowledge of some of the most able, but unpopular and theologically sus-

pected, writers on the subject. The contrast, however, in this respect, between this author and Mr. Freeman is very striking.

The two works before us, though we have classed them together for the sake of convenience, have little in common. Mr. Freeman's object has been to provide for the adept in the philosophy of mind, as well as for the architectural student, a guide to the history, in all its branches, of architectural science:—to carry out what Mr. Hope and Mr. Petit, who, as he repeatedly and emphatically declares, are his great authorities and examples, have only partially accomplished, and to do for the whole what they have done for parts. The result is a volume of singular power and extreme interest; most of which demands our complete concurrence, and all of it our careful and patient consideration.

Mr. Poole's object, which he somewhat obscurely defines to be, 'to combine a general history of the greater English ecclesiastical architects of the middle ages, with an equally general view of their works, and of the characters which distinguish the buildings of their respective ages,' (p. vii.) is much more limited in its range, and is designed for a much smaller and less important class of readers. We must award him the credit of having amassed much curious and not easily accessible information as to many of our early architects; but we cannot think that he has been happy in so describing their works as to leave any marked impression on his readers' minds. Indeed, his descriptive style is so unusually lifeless, and his architectural criticisms and arguments treated in so uninviting and diffuse a way, that we should think his book would be seldom consulted except for some biographical facts about a Gundulf, or a Poore, or a John of Wisbeach, and that consequently many of the valuable facts it contains will be overlooked.

It would be too great a task, and would scarcely interest our readers, to give an abstract of Mr. Poole's volume. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with calling attention to a few unconnected points; in some of which we think he has thrown additional light on his subject, while in others we shall have to express a decided dissent from his conclusions.

And first we notice a valuable hint in its description of 'The Saxon Period:' where he points out the great influence on architecture that Archbishop Theodore's division of the country into parishes must have exercised. Before that period, from A.D. 678—690, (*Poole*, p. 76,) no village could have boasted of a church. Towns and monasteries may have had churches, while the country was dotted over with nothing better than small chapels, one, probably, in each manor. The grouping several manors into one parish, made it possible, of course, for the lords

of these manors to unite in building a larger church. Now this fact may be valuable in limiting speculation as to the antiquity of any reputed Anglo-Saxon remains, on the one hand; while on the other, it is conceivable that it may help to make it probable that some such particular remains may be a fragment of the first church ever built on that site, and may date, therefore, from the time of Theodore himself, in the seventh century. But we have referred to this point more particularly for the sake of suggesting that it would have been quite in accordance with Mr. Poole's design to have examined how many parishes, in any given district, mentioned in Domesday book, retain churches of which the whole or part is of such early Romanesque as to be possibly of ante-Norman date. We shall see, hereafter, that there is a growing persuasion in the minds of the best qualified observers, that very many more ante-Norman churches, or parts of churches, exist, than have usually been believed: and we would call Mr. Poole's attention to two copious lists of Anglo-Saxon places, in a late communication of Mr. Kemble to the Philological Society, (No. 76, vol. iv.) which have already, we believe, served to vindicate, with much probability, the claim of some supposed Norman remains, in a village church, to an Anglo-Saxon origin.

The next point which we shall mention is the statement that Hereford Cathedral, after being destroyed by the Welsh, was rebuilt by Bishop Robert de Lozinga (1079—1107) *ad exemplar Aquisgranensis [ecclesiæ] a Carolo Magno extractæ* (Poole, p. 106). This curious fact is stated by Mr. Poole on the authority of Godwin, and may be as new to many of our readers as it was to ourselves. It would well repay the energetic Dean of Hereford if he could discover any traces of this in the fabric of the existing church, or the records of the cathedral. For it must be observed, though Mr. Poole has failed to see this, that a church built on the model of Aix-la-Chapelle must have been octagonal in plan, and have had a Byzantine element in its style; two circumstances that must have exerted an immediate influence on English architecture, of which as yet no account has been taken.

As the use of what is called 'the priest's door' in our parish churches is the subject of much controversy, we give the following suggestion of Mr. Poole, though quite unable to think it a probable one. The passage contains also a hypothetical explanation of the principle of internal decoration in the Norman style, which seems to us equally untenable:—

'The Norman architect never seemed to contemplate the possibility of a worshipper turning back. Entering at the rich door, which presents a glorious assemblage of decorations to the advancing eye, we leave behind us, as we

pass the threshold, a perfect blank. We look to the chancel-arch, and, even in very small churches, find three or four concentric orders, with their jambs and jamb-shafts, each crowded with rich and effective decorations; and beyond this is the apse with its three windows, each surmounted with a glory of zigzag mouldings, and separated by vaulting shafts, from which moulded groining-ribs arise to one point over the place of the altar, like a rich imperial crown; and, at the south of the chancel, is the little side door through which the worshipper passes out, without having discovered that if he had turned his head at any stage of his advance, he would have seen but bare walls and unadorned arches. All this may, or may not, have been designed to express such a meaning, but it surely looks like an embodying of the words of our Lord, "He that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not worthy of me."—*Poole*, p. 147.

Mr. Poole devotes his eleventh chapter to 'The Connexion of Heraldry with Architecture.' That there was such a connexion is undoubted, and that an accomplished architectural antiquary should have a competent knowledge of heraldry may also be conceded; but we protest against an undue estimate of this science. Heraldry is useful merely in reference to the past: it is a mere *sham* as to the present. The altered conditions of society have long ago made it an unreality; and those who can even desire its revival now-a-days, must be as blind to the temper of the times as they are insensible to ridicule. A *pseudo*-heraldry, indeed, is tolerated, not only in this country, where every seal-engraver 'finds' crests and arms, but in the United States, where each consistent Republican bears the insignia of some imaginary chivalric ancestor: it survives because, harmless and absurd in itself, it has never deserved a Cervantes to give it a *coup de grace*. What serious meaning—we would ask even of a modern herald—can possibly attach to the following lament of Mr. Poole:—"I fear it is too much to 'hope that heraldry shall again be accounted a religious science, 'or its application so much as capable of receiving a soul of 'devotion?'" (p. 210.) Heraldry has its value in ascertaining dates, and in settling genealogies; but at the present day it is simply instrumental.

We have next a more serious difference with Mr. Poole with regard to his extraordinary views as to mural painting. We must give it in his own words, and shall do this the more readily as the passage is a fair specimen of the literary characteristics of his style:—

'The revival of the use of mural painting has now become a part of the history of the art, and it would be affectation, or carelessness, not to advert to it. Indeed, it induced us to commence the subject as a practical one, and now leads us to add some remarks on the subject in the same tone. If we speak as advocating the use of paintings, (as we shall do within certain limits,) we are met by what seems to some an objection against them, from the very fact of their having been used before the Reformation:

an objection which I need not say would tell just as strongly against every visible thing, or service, that we still possess in the Church of England; the Communion Service and the setting up of the royal arms excepted, which last, however, has no authority. The question really is, whether it was one of the *bad* things in use before the Reformation; and this is nowhere decided in form, though in spirit I think it is fully determined by very high authorities. If there is a body of men which, now that Convocation is silenced, more than any other represents the authoritative voice of the Church, I presume it is the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which contains on its lists the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, the two Archbishops, and every Bishop in the Church of England. Now, this Society sanctions, by its publications, the use of pictures of Scripture subjects. I do not consider myself charged with the defence of this practice, and indeed I confess a dislike to all pictures which include a representation of our blessed Lord, whom as God-man (*i.e.* in the very same nature in which He is represented), we worship; so that I think they are contrary to the decree of the council of Eliberis in 305, which forbade mural paintings, lest that be represented which is worshipped or adored.

'The usage of our Church, too, has ever been in harmony with this judgment. Emblematical figures, as of Faith, Hope, and Charity, of Time with his scythe and hour-glass, seem to be nowhere objected to; that is, not on ecclesiastical grounds. Moses and Aaron are always admitted to hold the two tables of Commandments. Altar-pieces are found in many, if not most, of our fine churches; and by way of *memoria technica*, to fix the time at which such things have been done, Sir William Thornhill painted the dome of S. Paul's; Hogarth painted three pictures which now surround the altar of S. Mary Redcliff, Bristol; West painted the altar-piece of Winchester Cathedral; an ancient picture has been placed in the new parish church in Leeds; and a promising native artist has given a large painting, which is suspended over the altar of S. George's church in the same place. It cannot, therefore, be contrary to the spirit, to the usage, or to the authorities of our Church, to employ pictures for church decoration. And this use of paintings is very greatly to be desired, even for seemliness, in the restoration of old churches. Except in churches of the highest order, the walls are commonly of rubble, and must have some coating. Whitewash, and all the forms of lime and ochre, are cold and dull. Plaster without lines in imitation of masonry is too uniform, and with lines it is offensive, because it is evidently sham. The use of paintings occurs then to fill up the void, which there can be no manner of question it would do with the best effect, if it were judiciously employed.

'Now, for subjects, I should suggest such parts of the sacred history of the Old Testament and of the New, as do not involve an attempt at representing the First Person in the ever blessed Trinity at all, or the Second and Third Persons except in the way of symbol.'—*Poole*, p. 296.

It need scarcely be pointed out in refutation of this last opinion, that any effigy of the First Person of the Holy Trinity would be quite inadmissible in our churches; but to represent the Humanity of the Second Person is not only allowable, but the very highest and worthiest aim of Christian art. It is one of the chiefest of the secondary blessings of the Incarnation, that we are no longer confined to the language of symbol, but may—and, if our faith in the humanity of God the Son be lively, must—have in our minds some ideal of His sacred person. Can any one, we ask, read the Gospels without picturing to himself the gracious

scenes therein described? Is the chief Person in those scenes to be wanting? Is our Saviour to be an abstraction? Is a lamb to be extended on that cross to which the eye of faith so often turns? Are we, in a word, to be compelled to regard our Lord as a spirit, when the main truth of Christianity is, that 'a body hast Thou prepared Him?' The authority of the Council in Trullo, which ordered that our Lord's person should be depicted in future, instead of the symbol of the Lamb—under which disguise, among others, the earliest Christians during the ages of persecution veiled the objects of their faith—is got rid of by Mr. Poole in a note, under cover of that most unfair supposition of Bingham, that 'by this time the worship of images was begun, anno 692; and it was now thought indecent to pay their devotions to the picture of a lamb, and therefore they would no longer endure it to be seen in the church.' (P. 297.) Bingham, we need only add, would doubtless have been more consistent than Mr. Poole, and would have objected to religious painting altogether.

We turn now, with unfeigned satisfaction, to Mr. Freeman's more interesting pages. We have already described the object that Mr. Freeman proposed to himself. We think he has very successfully accomplished it. No one can open his pages without deriving the greatest benefit and instruction, both from the largeness of his views, and the ability with which he supports them, even though occasionally, as is the case with ourselves, one is compelled to dissent from his conclusions. We propose to give our readers a general idea of the important contents of this volume, discussing, as we proceed, several particulars with respect to which we have the misfortune to disagree with the writer.

And first, we would willingly (but our space forbids it) transfer to our pages the whole of the introductory remarks, in which the dignity of architecture—'the art whose name bespeaks it the chief and queen of all, which presses the noblest of other arts into its service, and bends them to its will,' (p. 2.)—is vindicated, and in which the causes of the contempt with which even the more educated still regard it and its professors are investigated and denounced.

The philosophical history of architecture,—'the arrangement of successive styles, not by mere dates, but by the pervading and animating principle of each;' 'the tracing its developments among all nations;' 'the consideration of the effects produced on the art 'by the events of history, as exemplifying the character and position of nations, and the working of political and ecclesiastical circumstances:' to select some of the many forcible expressions in which Mr. Freeman labours to distinguish his aim

from that of all contemporary writers,—obliged him of course to discuss at length every known architectural style. He enumerates the Celtic, Pelasgian, Hindoo, Central American, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Romanesque, Saracenic, Gothic, and the Revived Italian. We think he rather unnecessarily labours to prove that he is justified in paying attention to all these styles. Is he not fighting a shadow when he thinks any one would deny his right to do so? Persons, surely, who practically consider the Pointed styles as those only fitted for our present ecclesiastical use, are not debarred from the scientific examination of other architectural forms on the one hand, while on the other they ought not to be thought bigoted, or narrow-minded, if they decline the study of these less immediately useful branches of the subject. All persons cannot take a broad and philosophical view; Mr. Freeman must be content for a few to read his whole book, and may be glad that many will read at least that part which deals with the mediæval Christian styles. For our own parts, we have profited most, and have been most interested, by the discussion of all those styles that are not Christian; it is only as to the Christian styles that we must maintain opinions opposite to those of our author.

Mr. Freeman attributes the causes of the diversities of styles to the diversities of the inner mind, and the physical and intellectual condition, of diverse nations:—

‘Every architectural work,’ he states, ‘both in its general conception and in its most remote detail, bears on it the stamp of its own age and country: not only is it often possible at once to recognise their impress with almost the certainty of historical testimony, but a deeper investigation will show that these forms are not merely so many antiquarian facts, but the exponents of some pervading principle, to be sought for in the peculiar circumstances of the age and country whose stamp they bear.’—P. 12.

Besides this, the varieties of climate, the geological diversities of material, and new mechanical discoveries, exert the strongest influence on architectural development; while plan and arrangement, outline and proportion, depend in an untold degree on the requirements of religious worship. The power of habit and association, again, has an ever-living and ever-present tendency to reproduce accustomed ornaments and forms. The following beautiful extract is almost a summary of the material exhibitions of these various coincident causes, as Mr. Freeman distinguishes them in various styles:—

‘For every nation, as it has been powerfully traced out by Mr. Hope, continues to reproduce under fresh circumstances, with fresh materials, the one original type to which it was at first habituated; a process which produces a third form, differing from that in which either material would naturally be treated. Thus, after so many ages, the Chinese reproduces, in

wood, stone, or porcelain, the tent of his nomad ancestors; the temples of Egypt and Hindostan still recall the subterranean cavern; Greece in her most glorious days, in her most sumptuous temples, in all their stately columns of the choicest marbles, amid the elaborate grace of their mouldings, the living foliage of their capitals, the friezes where Lapithæ and Centaurs are called to breath and motion by the chisel of a Pheidias, did yet preserve unchanged, undisguised, the one unvarying model, the wooden hut of Pelasgus; yet more, the soaring nave of a Gothic minster, in the clustered and banded stalks of its lofty pillars, the curling leaves of its capitals and cornices, the interlacing arches of its fretted vault, the interminable entwinings of its tracery, the countless hues that sparkle from roof, and chapter, and wall, and window, recalls no work of man indeed,—no tent, or hut, or cavern,—but the sublimest temple of natural religion, the awful gloom of the deep forests of the North; the aspiring height of the slender pine, the spreading arms of the giant oak, rich with the varied tints of leaf and blossom, with the wild bird's song for its anthem, or the rustle of the breeze in its waving branches for the voices of the mighty multitude, or the deep notes of the solemn organ.'—P. 15.

But while all styles are deserving of a scientific examination, yet two, the Grecian and Gothic, are intrinsically more worth considering, and have had a greater influence among mankind, than all the rest put together; and to these two Mr. Freeman devotes the care and attention that are due from a most enthusiastic admirer of both.

'What is the whole history of the East, the countless dynasties of China, India, and Egypt, with all their vast dominions, their early civilization, their fixed and ancient institutions, but a barren catalogue of kings, and priests, and conquerors, when it is viewed side by side with one living and stirring page of Greece, or Rome, or mediæval Europe? One word from one man in a little town of Greece or Italy, had oftentimes more effect on the future destinies of the human race than all the laws and victories of a thousand Shahs or Pharaohs. And thus too with their architecture; all styles are not of the same merit, all do not equally contain a principle of life, all are not equally the expression of an idea; partly from these inherent differences, partly from external causes, all have not the same historical importance in influencing the arts of future ages. It hence follows, that all do not present the same facilities for an investigation of their pervading principles of construction, decoration, and symbolism. The vivid, piercing intellect of the Greek, his inherent perception of grace and loveliness, have given birth to a style of art unrivalled for simple elegance and dignity; the stern, practical mind of the Roman, his calm, deliberate, unyielding energy, could by the moral power of his institutions, and the very name of his mighty empire, mould alike the institutions and the arts of Europe for ages after his political power had crumbled in the dust. These were the works of heathendom, the breathings of unrenewed, though not abandoned nature; the offspring of the keen intellect and the indomitable will. It was for other lands, and for another race, to manifest the influence of a higher and a holier principle, to give birth to a style that speaks not of the things of earth, but whose every stone should breathe of the religion of heaven. As the art of ancient Greece was the purest and loveliest child of mere intellect and taste, of mere human aspirations after the noble and the beautiful, that of mediæval Christendom is the holiest offspring of moral power, the yearnings of a heart renewed from above, and in every thought and affection soaring heavenwards. These, then, are the two points which irresistibly draw our thoughts towards them; the Greek

with his earthly loveliness, the Teuton with his almost heavenly awe; the one faultless grace, the other soaring majesty; the one telling of the faint glimmerings of heathendom, the other kindled by the full blaze of the Church's light; the one, in a word, human, the other divine.'

These same two styles, philosophically regarded, are found to exemplify respectively the most perfect and beautiful forms of the two opposite principles of mechanical construction; those principles which Mr. Freeman felicitously adopts as forming an absolutely exhaustive division of architectural styles—the entablature and the arch.

'Every definite style of architecture,' he continues, 'has for its animating principle of construction either the entablature or the arch; its forms and details adapt themselves to this construction; and it is the different ways in which this construction is sought to be decorated, and the different degrees of excellence attained by each, which constitute the subordinate distinctions among the members of the two main groups.'—P. 20.

The invention of the arch, or rather of its capacities in mechanical construction, Mr. Freeman assigns to the ancient Etrurians: that the Romans failed to develop these capacities, is attributed to the 'denationalizing spirit' which led them to mask and conceal this vast mechanical discovery under the borrowed and imitated forms of Greek art. We cannot quote the vigorous passages in which, in the remainder of his Introduction, Mr. Freeman describes the Egyptian, Hindoo, and Grecian styles; nor even the account of the subdivisions of the *Arch* architecture,—the Roman, Romanesque, and Saracenic. He defines 'the idea which is the soul of Gothic,' (p. 27,) to be 'that of vertical extension;' and concludes with an indignant denunciation of Revived Italian.

'With the gradual extinction of the Gothic style, the history of good and consistent architecture terminates, or rather becomes dormant till the happy revival of ecclesiastical art in our own day. Not that great genius, sometimes real beauty, is not displayed in many specimens of the REVIVED ITALIAN; but as a style it is, except as a warning, completely valueless. It is, in the first place, open to every objection to which the classical Roman is liable, and is besides loaded with every species of fantastic vagary, of which imperial Rome, amid her worst corruptions, had never dreamed. Then, as not being a real development, but a violent reaction, a return to worn-out and abandoned forms, it lacks—in this resembling even the best Gothic of our own day—the interest which attaches to every natural and original phase of the art. And, above all, when we consider that this corrupted style was deliberately, by a formal purpose, in contempt of all ancient precedent and tradition, and in despite of every religious and national feeling, substituted for the most glorious forms that Christendom has ever beheld, it is impossible but that our admiration for the genius and skill of many of its authors must be altogether overbalanced by a feeling approaching to disgust at the utter perversion of their mighty powers. St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's in London, might, a thousand years sooner, have commanded feelings of unmixed homage, and might have ranked side by side with St. Sophia's and St. Mark's; but when we know they were reared in contempt of Cologne, and Westminster, and St. Ouen's,

our feelings of admiration at the vast conception of the whole, the wonderful mechanical skill displayed, the real majesty and beauty which cannot be denied them, are lost in the shock sustained by our best ideal of a Christian temple, and in the moral condemnation which a high view of Christian art must of necessity pronounce upon their authors.'—P. 28.

The way in which Mr. Freeman fills up the outline which we have described is very masterly. In the Pelasgian styles of Greece and Italy he finds a development of will and power, such as we might have expected in the art of that important element of the Roman nation. Under the head of 'Early Columnar Architecture' are reckoned the mysterious remains in Central America, and the styles of China and Siam; and here we arrive at a discussion of extraordinary interest.

Every informed person has heard of the notion of the early Jesuit missionaries in India, that the devil had anticipated Christianity, by instituting the monstrous parody of it that was presented in the doctrines and discipline of Buddhism. That Buddhist architecture should similarly have a semblance of the Christian style, is a most remarkable circumstance in illustration. Mr. Freeman thus alludes to it:—

'The outward resemblance which the religion of Buddha ["a diabolic mimicry of Christianity," as Frederic Schlegel expresses it] bears to some of the doctrines and ceremonies of the true faith, (rendering it thereby a more thoroughly hostile system than any other false worship,) has been often remarked, sometimes with evil purposes. But it may be allowable to compare the undoubted fact with the circumstance that some features in the Buddhist temples of Siam present an exactly similar resemblance to the architecture of the Christian Church. The gables just mentioned may be considered as an instance; and it is still more strikingly shown in the sacred spires. These are of divers forms and outlines, but all of the same aspiring tendency, and all seem to cry aloud for the cross as their natural finish. The most remarkable is that of a temple called Wata-naga, which, in its general outline, most vividly recalls the appearance of such erections as the Eleanor crosses or the market cross at Winchester, its open character assimilating it more closely to the latter. But upon examination it will be found, as I have heard it expressed, literally living with demons. Pointed arches, or their appearance, occur in two stages, but the lower range, as if in direct mockery, are actually formed by the extended legs of some monstrous portent of depraved idolatry. If Buddhism really be a Satanic burlesque of our religion, one might be almost tempted to consider such erections—of the age of which I can give no information, though there are reasons for supposing none of the Siamese buildings to be very ancient—to be, in truth, a similar burlesque upon Christian architecture and Christian emblems.'—P. 50.

In Ellora, also, Mr. Freeman finds another example:—

'Instead of the multiplied and flat roof colonnades of Elephanta,' he says, 'we have here the entire arrangements of a Christian church. The remark before made that Buddhism presents in its buildings, as well as in its tenets, a Satanic mimicry of the coming Gospel, applies with still more force to the long aisles and apsidal termination of the present temple; even so minute an arrangement as the two detached pillars in front find their like in the plan of many an early Basilica.'—P. 56.

In opposition to Mr. Fergusson and others, but supported by Heeren, Mr. Freeman assigns an excavatory origin to Hindoo architecture. And to the same origin he refers the architecture of Egypt, in a chapter remarkable for his skilful argument and eloquent descriptions. His account (p. 72) of an Egyptian temple almost places us before it. And we cannot help noticing the peculiarly happy observation, (p. 74,) suggested by the heaviness of Egyptian architecture, that this is to be attributed to the same cause which, under the opposite conditions, both of Gothic and Grecian art, produced a precisely opposite effect. For in an excavatory style, he argues, the less you have to cut away—in other words, the more you leave—the better; while, on the contrary, ‘in the development both of Grecian and Gothic architecture there is a constant tendency towards increased lightness, both as giving, when not carried to an extravagant excess, additional elegance, and as actually saving materials, and thereby time and labour.’ Not, however, that Hindoo and Egyptian architecture, though having a similar, have the identically same origin; the latter being derived from *artificial* excavations, the former from the imitation of *natural* caves. The following striking sentences conclude the history of the Egyptian style:—

‘As long as the Egyptian idolatry survived, the form of architecture to which it gave birth survived also. With the predominance of Christianity it fell; and when the Patriarchate of Alexandria took the place of the hierarchies of Thebes and Memphis, the Roman architecture of the early Church succeeded in all new religious structures to the forms which, for two thousand years, had been reared in honour of the gloomy heathenism of Egypt. Many ancient buildings were, however, converted into churches; several temples have been found where the demon form has been erased to make room for the triumphant cross and the saintly effigy. And now the candlestick is removed from the Church of St. Mark and St. Athanasius; and the wandering Arab desecrates, and the traveller gazes with amazement on, the shrines which have witnessed a false and a true religion alike perish from among them.’—P. 84.

All his readers will regret that Mr. Freeman had not the advantage of consulting Mr. Layard's *Nineveh* while preparing his chapter ‘On the Ancient Architecture of Western Asia;’ but a second edition will, doubtless, be enriched from these most surprising discoveries. The Persian style is shown to be by far the best and purest in this part of the world, and to have a timber origin.

In approaching Grecian architecture, Mr. Freeman manifests the most eager enthusiasm. He claims for it the praise of being indigenous; most unmercifully exposing—as indeed he takes a malicious pleasure in doing on every occasion—the opposite opinion of the author of the ‘Glossary’ on this subject. Its construction, he shows, has a timber origin, quite different from

the stone origin of the Pelasgian style, which it supplanted. The Parthenon is a faultless vision of beauty, in Mr. Freeman's judgment; and the Doric the ideal style: 'it is that,' he says, 'of which the others were modifications, not to say corruptions,' (p. 104,) though such beautiful corruptions, that he calls them, further on, 'the three principal phases of grace to which the consummate taste of the Greek gave birth.' The Doric style is thus excellently characterised:—

'The Grecian Doric, the eldest, the plainest, and yet the most thoroughly faultless and beautiful of all, is the very masterpiece of dignified simplicity. A shaft of massive proportions, without a base, crowned with the simplest of capitals and the heaviest of abaci, supports an entablature massive like itself, and composed of a very few bold members. Yet out of these few and severe elements a composition is produced, not merely sublime, but the very perfection of vigorous and manly beauty. It thoroughly realizes the Aristotelian conception of the latter, the *ἡδὺ μετὰ φοβερότητος*. Nothing is weak, nothing frittered away: simple, but never rude; unadorned, but never base; severe, and yet in the highest degree attractive, the Æschylean majesty of the Doric order is the very highest conception that even Grecian art could realize. The contemplation, even in the meanest engraving, of one of its matchless porticos, in all the stern grace of column, capital, and cornice, is absolutely overwhelming. And this climax of pure dignity, this expression of heathendom in its noblest form, this embodied *καλόν*, such as the Hellenic mind alone could compass, we are gravely told was borrowed from the hideous and unmeaning monstrosities of the race who paid divine honours to the lowest vermin, and whom their gardens supplied with appropriate objects of veneration!'—P. 106.

We must pass on to the very able chapter in which Mr. Freeman gives a general view and summary of Grecian architecture. We agree in the main with all he says, though we detect in parts some exaggeration; but this is the natural fault into which this kind of writing is apt to fall. Simplicity and uniformity are stated to be the main characteristics of the Grecian styles; all of which were but different methods of working out 'a single conception of beauty;' and this, in Mr. Freeman's opinion, mere beauty, earthly beauty, such as 'comes within our own grasp, 'not soaring above us, and overwhelming us with a superhuman 'majesty.' 'Grecian art,' he continues, 'is definite, local, personal, lovely; Gothic glories in being infinite, unfettered, 'spiritual, majestic; it is the expression of something not to be 'comprehended within the ordinary limits of humanity, or 'indeed of aught of the material world.' (P. 125.) 'Grecian 'architecture,' he says again, 'is horizontal, definite, rectangular, 'with one unvaried construction, and one unvaried outline.' With this he contrasts that 'embodying of the infinite—that 'ἀπειρον which the Greek deemed a form of evil—in the interior of a Christian minster, especially in its noblest form, 'the soaring and heaven-pointing Gothic.' And he selects Oxford cathedral as an example of a 'literally boundless view'

being obtained in a comparatively small church. Now, we allow that such churches as Amiens, Westminster, Beauvais, and Cologne, do indeed embody this *ἀπειρον*; but it is only the highest developments of Pointed art that can be said to succeed in doing so. To our own minds, the internal arcades of S. Paul without the walls, and the external colonnades of the Parthenon, the Walhalla, and the Madeleine, suggest the idea of illimitable horizontal extension scarcely less successfully than vertical infinity is embodied by the splendid churches enumerated above. So that we think this question has not been sufficiently worked out by Mr. Freeman; and, as to his chosen example, it is surely an unfortunate case to be quoted. The internal impression of Oxford cathedral is to the eye of many observers distressingly narrow and confined:—

‘hunc angustique imbrice tecti
Parietibusque premunt arctis—’

And even the positive size of the gigantic pile of Ely fails, from its simplicity of plan, its want of a retrochoir,¹ and the absence of chapels, to produce the effect that might have been expected. We repeat that the subject of the Infinite in architecture requires much more illustration than it has yet received. The power of producing overwhelming impressions of our own littleness does not reside exclusively in Gothic. Few persons are not painfully struck with the narrowness of the best French Gothic when first returning from the broad naves of the Italian Cinquecento; and the memory of Brunelleschi's dome at Florence dwarfs the height even of Amiens and Westminster, when these are first seen again by the homeward-bound traveller.

To conclude this part of the subject, it follows from the characteristics of the Grecian style noted above, that a Grecian building is precluded from attaining any comparative height; that no division of the height is allowable; that no means of enriching a large blank surface of wall exist in the style; that no circular or polygonal forms can be introduced into its outlines; that ‘the whole end and aim of Grecian architecture is to produce an exterior,’ and that any boldness of mechanical construction is precluded by the want of the arch. In other words, pure Grecian architecture is wholly unsuitable, under any conceivable circumstances, for modern imitation.

The architecture of the entablature being thus disposed of, we turn to that of the arch; and first, of course, to those forms of the latter in which the round arch predominates. The

¹ All lovers of true church architecture must rejoice that there is reason to hope the Dean and Chapter of Ely will remove one of these defects by carrying back the choir to the arches that join the central octagon; thus forming a presbytery beyond its eastern end.

Romans, inheriting from Etruria the knowledge and use of the arch, might have been expected to develop a magnificent style of arched architecture. And Mr. Freeman finds, in the greatest Roman works—for instance, in the Pont du Gard—evidences of the possibility of such a characteristic architecture being formed. Such a style, he says, may be defined as ‘essentially and pre-eminently the architecture of strength, the material expression of the steady, undaunted, unyielding will.’ But it was never perfected: the imitation of Greek forms became the favourite practice of the Romans in architecture as in literature; and in vain attempts to combine, in one structure, the opposite mechanical principles of the entablature and the arch, the opportunity was lost, and it was reserved for the Romanesque of the dark ages to develop the perfection of the round-arched style. The history of Romanesque is introduced by the following brilliant summary of the preceding styles:—

‘Thus far have we traced the history of architecture through the different ages and nations of what is commonly known as the ancient world; the old world of heathendom in all its countless forms, from the dark mysteries of Egypt to the sunny brightness of Greece; from the low and grovelling idolatry that bowed before an ape or an onion, to the soul of art and poetry that kindled the glittering splendours of Olympus; from the dim and awful vastness of the shrines of an Apis or an Anubis, to the living grace that befitted the pure Apollo and the Athenian Maid. We have also seen how conquered Greece led captive her conquerors: how, while the Pnyx no longer echoed to the voice of Pericles, and the groves of Colonus were no longer vocal with the song of Sophocles, the spirit of Homer and Callicrates had found an empire in the land of their bondage, in the forum of Romulus, and by the banks of the yellow Tiber. We have seen, too, how little kindred was the soil on which they lighted; how the grace and buoyancy of the Greek proved but an incongruous garb for the stern greatness of Roman energy; how his poetry was but the feeble echo of the harp of Chios and the lute of Lesbos, his architecture a vain attempt to bring the massive piers and ponderous vaults of his own land into harmony with the tall columns of the matchless shrines he vainly sought to imitate. The beautiful forms of Grecian art were a mere yoke, which kept the genuine spirit of Roman building from its legitimate expression. It is, as we have seen, in the buildings least affected by it, that the real Roman construction, the pier and the round arch, comes out in all its purity and majesty; and it was by these elements, more than by the Grecian system unnaturally united to them, that Rome has exercised so wide and lasting an influence upon the architecture of the whole civilized world.’—P. 146.

The development of Romanesque began when (as at Spalatro) the entablature was first cast aside, and the construction of the arch rising from its supports avowed and revealed. It ended, in Mr. Freeman’s opinion, in the perfection of our own Norman Romanesque, which he ranks higher than any other variety of the style, either than the Lombard, or than that of the Rhine, to which Mr. Petit assigns the palm.

The Basilican architecture, however, must first be disposed

of. Mr. Freeman appears to us to have lost sight of many of the most interesting characteristics of this style, in his eagerness to view it as a trophy won from Paganism—as a spoiling of the Egyptians. But he has devoted to it, in this aspect, much eloquent and very true panegyric. We find, however, two points in which we cannot follow him. He lays down the position, which we think he has not adequately proved, that the column is in essence a detail of the architecture of the entablature; and that, in strictness, an arch ought to have masses of walls, and not columns, for its support. Columnar supports therefore, as in the Basilican arcades, he considers a Grecian detail retained in the nascent Romanesque. From this follows an inference, to which we shall have to recur, that the last Pointed style, where the pier had come to take the form (though not universally even in that style) of a mass, and not a pillar, is the most perfect development of the architecture of the arch. We can in no respect agree with him here. The monolithic columns of the Basilicas, generally taken from earlier buildings, naturally gave a character to the earlier Italian styles; but in the Romanesque of the north, where the columns of necessity were of masonry, there was no reason for the marked preference there shown for the columnar form of pier, except that it must have been regarded, not only as in perfect harmony with the style, but as more beautiful in itself than a mass of wall, however treated. We can scarcely believe that Mr. Freeman, in his heart, can prefer the massy piers of S. Alban's to the columns of Durham or Tewkesbury, or the superficially-moulded wall-piers of the Perpendicular, to the pillars of Salisbury. His theory of continuity, as it seems to us, has been a hobby-horse, and has carried him away. We cannot, in short, admit that a pillar is inconsistent with the genius of the arch: rather we believe it to be the most perfect and beautiful development of the support of an arch. It may be true that a column had a timber origin, and an arch a stone one: but in the arch-architecture—which as a development is confessedly later than that of timber, (and which we believe could never be independent of timber, as timber may be of stone,)—the column, however derived, was assimilated and adopted for ever—became a naturalized member of the style.

Mr. Freeman paves the way also, in this same early chapter, for another view in which we can scarcely follow him; viz., the utter reprobation of Italian Pointed—by dwelling, with peculiar stress, on the permanence of the Basilican type in Roman church building: and he adduces S. Maria in Trastevere as rebuilt in 1139, and instancing at that late date, 'an actual return to all the absurdities of the combined arch and entabla-

ture.' Now, we contend that this example is not fairly quotable: for though this late date is given by Gally-Knight, yet Mr. Webb (quoted also by Mr. Freeman in a note) assigns this building to the first half of the eighth century: and, upon looking further into authorities, we find that Canina, Vasi, and Rossi, all ignore the complete rebuilding in 1139, which is asserted by Bunsen, Severano, and Professor Willis. When opinions so much differ, it is scarcely fair to quote this example as proving what is, at least *prima facie*, most improbable.

Passing on to Byzantine architecture, we are glad to see that Mr. Freeman adopts the view so ably advanced by Hope, and adopted by ourselves in a previous number, that it was strictly a new style, deliberately invented as a Christian style, by the great architects chosen by Constantine to build his new capital on the Bosphorus.

'At Byzantium there was no such feeling as at Rome must have induced conformity to the elder form; nor was there the same store of elder edifices which at Rome supplied both materials and models for Christian churches; there were neither Basilicas enough to convert unchanged to ecclesiastical uses, nor yet temples whose columns might supply the increasing want of "church accommodation" in the first Christian city. The Byzantine buildings were then, in the words of the author just quoted, "disencumbered of the restraints which accompanied the superior resources they could command in Rome;" they were not only at liberty, but were absolutely driven, to find their own materials and their own architecture; and a style arose, which lacks indeed the simplicity and elegance of heathen Greece, the awful majesty and vastness of mediæval France and England, but which must be allowed to possess in the highest degree a character both original and enduring, vigorous alike in intellectual conception and mechanical execution.'—P. 166.

The peculiarities of the Byzantine style are exceedingly well seized by our author and described. The following observation is very happy: 'The offspring of the arch is the vault; of the vault the cupola; and this majestic ornament is the very life and soul of Byzantine architecture, to which every other feature is subordinate.' Still, upon the whole, we incline to the opinion that the merits and capabilities of Byzantine are under-valued by Mr. Freeman; but we must allow with him, that the few examples of it as yet known to us by accurate description or by drawings, are barely sufficient for justice to be fully done to the style.

Our space warns us that we must hurry on to those styles which more immediately concern our own country. We shall, therefore, merely give a passing mention to the intermediate links of the chain.

The next great advance, after the Byzantine, was made by the Lombards, who not merely infused a new life into the old Roman forms, but fused into a harmonious whole principles

taken not only from the Basilican, but from those Byzantine churches that were by this time scattered over the West. Mr. Freeman distinguishes three periods of Lombard architecture, and then, crossing the Alps, shows us the next development in the Romanesque of the Rhine. In this he finds an additional element of Byzantine, beyond that which in regular descent it inherited from the Lombard. He follows Frederic Schlegel in thinking that Byzantium exercised a fresh and immediate influence on Rhenish architecture, by means of the intermarriages of the Saxon Cæsars with the court of Constantinople.

It is sufficiently remarkable, that in discussing the last-mentioned style, Mr. Freeman should so entirely have forgotten one of its chief peculiarities, the *Männerchor*, or triforial gallery, as to venture the assertion, that 'The triforium is by no means a necessary feature even in great churches, nor very conspicuous when it occurs.' (P. 193.)

We now come to an interesting chapter on the early Romanesque of Ireland. There can be little doubt that this style represents, and descends independently from the very earliest Christian architecture, that of the first three centuries of our era.

'While other inquirers into the architecture and antiquities of the earlier days of Christianity have investigated every country in which temples have been reared to the service of our religion—while nearly all the magnificent cathedrals and abbeys of Europe have been subjected to such minute investigation, that, without leaving our own fireside, we may bring before us, with nearly all the vividness of personal knowledge, the spires of Burgos and the domes of Byzantium, the basilicas of Italy and the log-churches of Norway,—one patient, enterprising, and zealous inquirer, has by his own single exertions opened to us a field hitherto untrodden, and the glory of whose discovery is wholly his own. The magnificent volume of Mr. Petrie, on the architecture of Ireland, forms indeed an epoch in ecclesiastical research; it brings the Church and her material fabrics before us in a new garb; one less gorgeous, indeed, than that which we used to contemplate,—one not gleaming with the gold of Tartessus, or the jewels of the Eastern land,—but unsoiled by the touch of the world, severely arrayed in the sterner holiness of her earliest days, in all the immaculate whiteness of her virgin purity. In that far island of the west, in whose air the Roman eagle never fluttered, and from whose shore no captive was dragged to enrich a Cæsar's triumph with his combats and his agonies, we have most vividly brought before us the estate of the Church when her temples were but the damp cave or the rude hut, when she dwelt not as yet in the halls of the patrician and the palace of the emperor, and when the outcry of a populace, or the frown of a tyrant, hurried away her Pontiffs from their lowly thrones and altars to seal their witness in the reeking amphitheatre. These buildings, themselves of the most venerable antiquity, the earliest existing Christian temples in northern Europe, are the representatives of others more venerable still; they derived not their origin from the gorgeous basilicas of Constantine and Theodosius, but in them we behold the direct offspring of the lowly temples of the days of persecution, the humble shrines where Cyprian bent in worship, and which Valerian and Diocletian swept from off the earth.

"It is, indeed," says Mr. Petrie, "by no means improbable, that the severe simplicity, as well as the uniformity of plan and size, which usually characterises our early churches, was less the result of the poverty or ignorance of their founders than of their choice, originating in the spirit of their faith, or a veneration for some model given to them by their first teachers; for that the earliest Christian churches on the continent, before the time of Constantine, were, like these, small and unadorned, there is no reason to doubt." And this position seems to be strongly corroborated by the fact that the apse is unknown, which manifestly points to a type anterior to the basilican model, as otherwise we can hardly account for the omission of that characteristic and almost universal feature.'—P. 196.

We wish Mr. Freeman, adopting as he does these conclusions, had boldly set the example of giving this style precedence to the Basilican, and named it the First Romanesque, or the Primitive style.

We have now arrived at the earliest Romanesque of England; in other words, to the much disputed Anglo-Saxon style.

Upon the *res summa* of this question, we have already in this paper expressed our own persuasion. It is well known that the Glossary of Architecture, and many of the pure archaeologists of the day, eagerly maintain that no ante-Norman buildings exist among us. Mr. Freeman, with a degree of scorn that makes us feel for its objects even while we admit its justice, speaks of this school as writers who 'seem animated with a desire to prove, 'in the teeth of all probability and all evidence, that every fragment of Saxon architecture has been swept from the earth; or rather, that some physical or moral incapacity prevented our Saxon forefathers from putting stone and mortar together. 'The event of the field of Senlac,' he continues, 'is held to have introduced, by some mystic influence, a previously unknown power of constructing buildings into the British isles: sometimes they seem inclined to add, into the whole of Europe. 'The year 1066 becomes an archonship of Euclides, before which things either existed not, or may not be remembered; the slightest hint that aught can have survived, causes an uneasiness to the propounders of these theories.' (P. 203.) Then follows an able argument, to show that certain buildings *must* be ante-Norman, and that from them may be compiled a satisfactory knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon style. With this view, too, Mr. Poole fully agrees: his volume appeared just long enough before the publication of Mr. Freeman's work to enable the latter to express his assent to the important proposition, that probably much of what is now considered Norman may be hereafter proved to be anterior to the Conquest. (Freeman, p. 205, Poole, p. 69.) Mr. Freeman, in elucidating this style, makes one very happy observation, suggested by a hint from Professor Willis, that 'the Saxon tower is a rude imitation of the Italian campanile,' (p. 212): whether the balancing part of the same

sentence—that ‘the Norman tower is the legitimate successor of the cupola’—be equally true, we doubt. A more common-sense view would surely be, just as we argued above as to the column, that no particular feature could thus preserve an unmixed independent descent; but, however derived, would in its development become adopted into the style, and lose its individuality. We mean, that the Norman tower must be the successor *as well* of the Italian campanile as of the Byzantine cupola. Granted, that its situation in the ground plan, and even other particulars, were derived from Byzantine: yet Mr. Freeman would not assert that the Norman architects carefully kept it distinct in idea from the campanile. On the contrary, the external treatment of a square Norman tower is decidedly a development of the tower and not of the cupola.

In comparing Saxon and Norman Romanesque in England, Mr. Freeman proposes a principle of subdivision for the Romanesque styles according to the form of the pier. In Saxon the pier is, he states, a rectangular mass; in Norman it is columnar. So far then, according to Mr. Freeman’s own theory mentioned above, (though we believe he omits to draw this unpleasing inference,) the latter is the less consistent and harmonious style. A bold, but we think quite justifiable, suggestion follows for dividing the Anglo-Saxon into three styles: the first, the uncouth imitation of Roman remains with Roman materials; the second, ‘the most truly and purely Saxon,’ of which the powers of the two Bartons are the types; the third, an approximation to the coming Norman, due to the ‘denationalizing process’ going on in the reign of the Confessor.

The Provençal style having afforded an instructive intercalary chapter, we arrive at last at our own Norman Romanesque. We have already prepared our readers for Mr. Freeman’s opinion, that this form of architecture presents the perfection of the round-arch style. His own pages (chap. xiv.) must be consulted for his satisfactory arguments in support of this position; though we may be allowed to quote his verdict:—

‘The history of Romanesque, as traced in our former chapters, may seem inconsistent with the theory of its perfection, and has led both classical and Gothic exclusiveness to despise it. To the former it is a mere bungling corruption, introduced by men who knew not how to work architraves, or preserve the proper proportions of columns; it is not classical and is therefore worthless. To the latter, it is classical, and therefore worthless; it is Pagan, horizontal, at best only valuable as a groundwork on which Gothic was built up. The one cannot conceive how northern barbarians, ignorant of the principles of Vitruvius, could introduce improvements into the fine arts; to the other a round arch or an acanthus leaf appears altogether profane, and is a subject for absolute loathing. But those who allow that good architecture is not the exclusive property of any one age or nation, will perceive that a style may be neither classical nor Gothic,

and yet have principles and merits of its own, distinct from both. And in this view it will appear nothing wonderful that the destroyers of the Roman power might be the improvers of Roman art. More skilful hands might have perpetuated the old system of ornament in all its incongruous splendour; with builders who could raise the pier and turn the arch, but not measure the column and enrich the frieze, the ornamental features died away, and the mere skeleton, the unadorned construction, remained ready for more appropriate forms to be engrafted upon it. Architecture was brought back to the point which we may conceive it had gained among the ancient nations of Italy, when the splendid inventions of Grecian art were first made known to them. The pier and arch stood ready for the German or Norman architect to adorn alike with the creations of his own genius, and with such of the spoils of heathendom as might be fitly pressed into the Church's service. The arch began to be recessed, its square section to be enriched with gorgeous mouldings; the pier has the taper shaft, with its rich capital attached to relieve the heavy mass, and to support each receding order. The column is now reduced within the limits of the small arcade, now soars uninterruptedly from the floor to the roof. The laws of classical proportion are sacrificed, as only cramping the energies of the style; but the construction which the classical architect was content to disguise, now stands forth in all its majestic simplicity, its immovable solidity, its severe individuality of parts, admitting alike of the naked plainness of Jumièges, and the lavish gorgeousness of Bayeux. Surely the adorning of this construction in a manner so harmonious and so splendid, is as much the mark of a pure and perfect style as aught that Grecian or Gothic skill has reared, and may fairly challenge a place parallel to theirs, among the noblest developments of the art of architecture.—P. 256.

As the soul of Grecian architecture was asserted to be horizontal, that of Gothic being vertical, extension—the distinguishing characteristic of Romanesque is now asserted to be, that neither verticality nor horizontality shall be allowed to obtain a marked predominance. Rest, therefore, and solidity, 'an enduring and immovable firmness,' are the idea that Romanesque principally embodies. Its moral lesson is 'a warning against despondency in days of affliction, a living teaching of the everlastingness of the Church on earth, so long as the world itself remains.'—P. 266.

Pointed, on the other hand, (for we must with Mr. Freeman anticipate the style,) 'is the language of the Church, when she 'throws off her mourning, and, going forth in triumph over her 'persecutors, arrays herself with a victor's wreath of the fairest 'foliage; then was the lesson needed,—and set forth in the tall 'shaft, the soaring arch, the airy spire,—not to be corrupted 'by prosperity, not to rest in a worldly triumph, but to rise in all 'things heavenward.' It was this vivid idea of the genius of the two styles, shown in this graceful sentence, that led Mr. Freeman, if we remember rightly, to suggest on one occasion, that in the present depressed condition of the Church, we needed the moral lesson of Romanesque, and ought to build in that style; and, not dissimilarly, the Bishop of New Zealand proposed, when about to sail for his diocese, to build his first churches

in Norman, that the newly planted Church might begin its existence with an architecture characterised by rude and undeveloped strength, which might grow and expand, simultaneously with the hoped-for growth of the Church, into a Pointed style.

We cannot, before leaving this style, refrain from comparing with what we have quoted, Mr. Poole's much less poetical idea of its characteristic spirit. He finds in it, he tells us, 'a squareness' and a 'directness' impressed upon its details; and adds, 'Whether or no it has any connexion with the character of the people, the Norman is the most *straightforward* style.'—*Poole*, p. 154.

There remains the most important architecture of all, that of the pointed arch, to be considered: with respect to which we shall find many theories of our author which we are altogether unable to accept. The pointed arch itself, according to Mr. Freeman, was first extensively used in Saracenic,—a style which he refuses to reckon among the legitimate off-shoots of the Byzantine, but which held this form of arch as a lifeless seed, never having been able to develop its latent powers. From the Saracens it was introduced into Christendom by the Crusaders, and still earlier into Sicily,—an island which has always existed under the most extraordinary architectural conditions. We cannot ourselves subscribe to the opinion that much influence was exerted on general European architecture by the Saracenic style; and the idea of Italian Pointed in particular borrowing 'a good deal' from that source, as Mr. Freeman (p. 293) ventures to hint, seems only referable to the extreme aversion with which, as we shall see, he always regards that much vilified style. We hasten to Mr. Freeman's definition of Gothic.

'Fortunately,' he says, 'there is no style which admits of so easy and philosophical a definition; none is so completely the carrying out of one grand principle, of which all its features of construction and decoration are but the exhibition in detail. This has been already defined to be the upward tendency of the whole building, and of its minutest details; in a word, the vertical principle, which, when fully carried out, renders a Gothic cathedral one harmonious whole, seeming actually to rise heavenwards. The eye is guided upwards throughout; the whole building rises from the floor to the roof; no part seems an after-thought, as something unavoidably put on, but each portion grows out of that beneath; all is light, airy, and soaring.'—P. 299.

Now, of this verticality, the most prominent and fundamental example is the pointed arch, by Mr. Freeman's own admission. We defer the further consideration of this point and the consequences that may be drawn from it till we come to discuss the best nomenclature of the styles. Here we will only add, that

Mr. Freeman somewhat elaborately argues in favour of what he calls (p. 320) 'the combined Ostrogothic and vegetable theory' of the origin of Gothic: *i. e.* he believes that the pointed arch, the germ of the style, having been brought from the Saracens of the East by the returning Crusaders, was developed by the architects of the West; who introduced, as they went on, ideas borrowed from the resemblance the style suggested to the leafy alleys of a forest; to which,—he follows Mr. Petit in thinking—'we may owe the intricate tracery of our windows, and the minute ramifications of our fan-vaultings.'

Mr. Freeman's opinions with regard to the Gothic styles may be represented, not unfairly we hope, in the following summary:—

The ordinary threefold division of Gothic,—the First, Middle, and Third Pointed of the Ecclesiological Society, and the Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular of Rickman and his imitators,—Mr. Freeman rejects as unphilosophical; and he substitutes a twofold division into Early and Continuous. Early Gothic is that which retains any kind of distinctness in its individual parts; Continuous is that which, destroying the separate existence of parts, fuses the entire outline and detail of a building into a Continuous whole. Hence, Geometrical Middle-Pointed being—to supply a term which we are surprised that Mr. Freeman has not used, if only to balance his terminology—discontinuous, it follows that it belongs to the former, and not to the latter, or Continuous half of the twofold division. The supposition then of a middle style, though in practice convenient, is unphilosophical in theory. Mr. Freeman, however, for the sake of practical convenience, proposes a fourfold subdivision: Lancet and Geometrical, in Early Gothic; Flowing and Perpendicular, or Flamboyant, in Continuous. It is under this classification that he describes, in language always both interesting and instructive, the succession of the most famous Gothic buildings in the north of Europe. The abbey of S. Ouen at Rouen, is his ideal of the utmost perfection as yet attained in the Gothic style.

A succeeding chapter reviews the Gothic of the south of Europe: the conclusion being, that all of it is worthless, and the Italian variety the worst.

The last chapter traces the decay of the Pointed architecture, the rise of the Renaissance (in which Mr. Freeman accords to the dome of Florence the most unqualified admiration), the Caroline revival of Gothic in this country, the Revived Italian, the Revived Grecian, (under which head the Taylor buildings at Oxford suffer the last of the countless sneers which are aimed at this unhappy design throughout the volume), and ends with

a genial, but warning welcome of that new Renaissance which our own times have originated.

It is a matter of regret with us, that having agreed so much with Mr. Freeman in the course of our analysis of his 'History of Architecture,' we should now have to enlarge upon our difference from him in his estimate, as well as his principle of classification, of the most important and most beautiful architectural style that the world has seen.

Let us see how the case stands at present with respect to the rival nomenclatures and divisions of styles. Rickman was among the first to notice,—and all succeeding observers have followed him—that in what went under the general name of Gothic, there were three principal varieties to be distinguished in this country: the first, in which the Romanesque elements were nearly or quite discarded, and the principle of Gothic, whatever that was, had stamped itself on the whole style; the next, in which all the promise of the former style was matured and satisfied, in the same way as the glories of a full-blown rose take the place (though often almost to our regret) of the more modest beauty and the pure promise of the opening bud; the third, in which a general deterioration might be detected, and which was only saved from the corruption of form and ornament that seized upon it in its continental varieties, by the introduction of a new and uncongenial element in that kind most common in our own country. As he was the first to remark, so was Rickman the first to name these three styles: and after him, at first all writers, and of late a great number, have called them respectively the Early English, the Decorated, and the Perpendicular, or Flamboyant.

The absurdity of this terminology became soon apparent. Take the term *Early English*. Why, it was naturally asked, should a style be so called, which had been preceded in this country by at least Norman, Saxon, and Roman, in church architecture? And, if one crossed the channel, or went into Ireland, and found any similar buildings, were these to be called Early French, Early German, Early Irish, &c.? Then, as to *Decorated*. The architectural student was astonished to learn that the style, so far from the luxuriance of detail of its predecessor, and from the excessive ornamentation of its successor, positively admitted of a greater simplicity in its unpretending examples than any other! Again, Perpendicular and Flamboyant, which differ from the others in being admirably descriptive of species, were equally unsuited with the others to be generic. It was, however, a great credit to Rickman that his division should be followed, and no disgrace at all that his terms should be in time superseded by better ones.

The *Ecclesiologist* in due course proposed and stoutly maintained a new nomenclature. For the term Gothic, which had been given in ignorance and contempt, and was itself misleading and inadequate, it proposed Pointed as a substitute. This, it was suggested, would have the advantage of describing the most striking and fundamental characteristic of the new style, as distinguished from its round-arch predecessor. We may urge, in addition, the important argument, that it is in harmony with the improved continental terminology. M. de Caumont, in France, has divided Gothic architecture into three subdivisions, which he called respectively *le style ogival primitif, secondaire, and tertiaire*. M. Bourassé has followed him, and M. Schayes had adopted the same nomenclature in Belgium, in a Treatise, translated by Mr. Austin, in Weale's 'Quarterly Papers,' vol. i. German architectural writers, too, are beginning to use the words *Spitzbogenkunst, Spitzbogenstyl*, as opposed to *Rundbogenkunst*, in their ordinary descriptions: and even Italy has adopted from De Caumont the term *Architettura di sesto acuto*, subdivided into the styles *a lancette, a raggi, and a fiamma*.

The name Pointed being conceded, the classification into First, Middle, and Third Pointed is a small matter; and we cannot sufficiently express our surprise, that writers who adhere to Rickman's threefold division, should have so ungraciously received a nomenclature, which, retaining the division, merely provided for it a more consistent and reasonable set of names. Certain it is, however, that the Ecclesiological nomenclature has been an object of continual assault to the archæologists, who in this one point are supported by Mr. Freeman, leagued with them in an unholy alliance; for he really has, from his own theory, intelligible and philosophical, though we think inconclusive, reasons against the threefold division altogether.

Our readers may have already gathered, that in our own opinion the Ecclesiological nomenclature is the one least open to objections; and which, if only for uniformity's sake, we would gladly see in general use. It has the further advantages of being very easy to learn, convenient to use, and, by the fact of its committing itself to nothing more than the Pointedness of the style, being ready to give place when further investigation or profound discernment shall have provided us with a better.

It is as being a better one—more philosophical, more true, more exhaustive—that Mr. Freeman proposes his novel division, with its terminology. And were it indeed so, we should ourselves adopt it, and so, we believe we may assert, would the Ecclesiologists themselves. But we are not convinced of the

principles on which Mr. Freeman's conclusions are based. We cannot persuade ourselves that the one chief ruling principle of the Pointed style is the continuity of parts; and consequently that the perfection of that architecture is to be found in the Perpendicular Third-pointed, in which that continuity of parts is most perfectly attained. On the contrary, we hold that the culminating point of Gothic architecture was reached in that full expansion of the Middle-pointed period, when, with matchless grace and most justly balanced proportion, every constructive and decorative feature alike found its full development without injury to others; when every part was taught to combine in most perfect harmony with every other part, and not one was slighted or extinguished. The moment this delicate adjustment was transgressed, the corruption of Gothic began. Some members of the architectural body were degraded, and next effaced; 'tracery, not content with windows, usurped first the walls, and then the roof; pier and arch forgot their mutual dependence and support, and disguised, for they could not annihilate, the impost which reminded them of their due relation; and the roof was lowered, because the lowest members of the building must visibly and ostentatiously (not as of old, unseen but really) assert their share in bearing it. In short, the Middle-pointed reminds us always of the due gradation of the heavenly hierarchy:—

'The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order.'

But the licentious facility and flow of Third-pointed is like the misconceived liberty of a modern republic. We would meet Mr. Freeman, therefore, on his own chosen ground of continuity, and argue, that what he considers the triumph of the principle, is its excess and corruption; and, consequently, the Third-pointed, so far from being the perfection of Gothic, we regard as its degradation and decline.

The best way of pursuing the subject will be by examining the value of some of Mr. Freeman's objections to the Ecclesiological nomenclature, and his arguments in favour of his own.

He declares, we find, that in two important particulars the former is defective: in that the term 'First-pointed' is meant to apply to Gothic in general, whereas that style 'in any form worthy the name of Gothic, is exclusively English;' and in that Third-pointed embraces 'two such different styles as Flamboyant

The triforium, more especially, was utterly lost in late Pointed. Mr. Freeman rejoices over its extinction!

and Perpendicular; to yoke which under one title is clearly inconsistent in writers who assert the former and deny the latter to be a legitimate development of the Gothic principle'.—P. 339.

The first of these we must think a somewhat shallow objection: for First-pointed, though rarely, in a pure form at least, yet *does* occur on the continent of Europe. The Seminary chapel at Bayeux is a notable instance; and a German example has been made known to us in the chancel of Remagen, on the Rhine. And, which is much more important, M. de Caumont and the Abbé Bourassé, whose names stand as high as any in France for this kind of learning, have, as we saw above, actually laid down a Primary Ogival, or Lancet style, as of universal application. And surely it is not unreasonable, in a broad view of so widely-extended a style as the Pointed—one, too, of which we know so little as to the means of its diffusion—to assign to the style of Salisbury its precedence in the formal development of Pointed, since it confessedly *is*, strictly speaking, the first development that can be conceived of Gothic forms,—even though this or that country may have in its own case no example of that style to show. An illustration will best show what we mean. Suppose future study should class Romanesque according to a similar division; and, as probably would be the case, the ancient Irish churches (as we proposed above) were, by consent of European Ecclesiologists, reckoned as of the First Romanesque. What difficulty would there be, for example, in England reckoning her Anglo-Saxon churches as Second Romanesque, or Germany her Rhenish churches as Third? Imagine, again (as in Spanish America), a country christianized in late Third-pointed times: are its churches not to be reckoned Third-pointed because First and Middle-pointed exist only in the old continent? The question seems to us to be simply this: on a general review of all known examples of the development of the Gothic style, which form is the simplest and earliest—considered as to *principles*, not as to actual dates? Confessedly the First-pointed—even though its idea were only fully realized in a remote island. Then we say, that philosophically that may be called the First-pointed style.

Mr. Freeman's second objection is a captious one. It appears from his note, that a writer in the 'Ecclesiologist' contended that Flamboyant was a legitimate corruption of Flowing Middle-pointed, while Perpendicular was that corruption, saved or partly redeemed from its degeneracy by the introduction of a new element—absolute perpendicularity of lines; the idea (as he suggested) of the great Wykeham. This view may be true or false; we are not concerned with it: but any one holding it is

not precluded from regarding the two forms as contemporaneous but unequally good phases of the decaying style, and from designating them respectively the Flamboyant, and the Perpendicular Third-pointed.

Mr. Freeman's own two-fold division is practically identical, he tells us, with Mr. Petit's 'Early Complete' and 'Late Complete' Gothic. But he differs wholly from that writer's opinion, which makes Transitional Romanesque the *in-complete* Gothic: the resemblance between the two classifications being only in this point, that both agree in considering Geometrical and Flowing Middle-pointed to be two styles, and not varieties of one style. It is a fair inference that Mr. Freeman's view also repudiates Mr. Petit's notion of both Early and Continuous being *Complete* Gothic styles.

But we must allow Mr. Freeman to speak for himself in behalf of his division of Geometrical and Flowing into separate styles.

'The Early is marked by the application of the principle of destroying the separate existence of parts only, to the construction of the primary parts of the building; that is, it subordinates the shaft, and capital, and arch, to the whole formed by them, the pier-arch, the triforium, the window, &c., without completely subordinating these to the whole; the secondary parts lose their separate existence, but the primary ones retain theirs. They still remain distinct, united by harmonious juxtaposition, but not actually fused into a single existence. The Continuous, on the other hand, effects the subordination of the secondary parts more completely, while it extends the application of the principle to the further subordination of the primary parts to the whole, so that the parts sink into nothing of themselves, but exist merely as parts of the whole. The beauty, then, of the Early is that of parts; the slim and delicate shaft, the graceful foliage of the capital, the bold rounds and hollows of the mouldings, not only exist, but are brought into prominent notice—they are forced on the eye at the first glance; in the Continuous they are not noticed, if they exist, but it is the whole alone that is seen and contemplated.'—P. 341.

We have anticipated the answer to most of this, when we showed that the difference between the forms of Geometrical and Flowing Middle-Pointed is much less marked than the above passage asserts it to be; in fact, that the latter is identical with the former, with the one exception of having the last roughnesses of the Geometrical forms softened into the graceful continuity (we are not afraid to use the word) of the Flowing. Let us grant that the gain of continuity is the indication of the climax of the Gothic being reached; we assert that the decay began from the moment that this continuity overstepped its due limits, and invaded the rights of other elements of the style. We all agree that the new element did so develop itself—rightfully, says Mr. Freeman—while we say, in a corruption; inasmuch that, substituting the word Perpendicular, or Flam-

boyant, for the word Flowing, we would adopt all Mr. Freeman asserts of the distinction between the Early and Continuous of his classification, as true of the distinction between Middle-pointed and Perpendicular. All he says is true of Third-pointed, in each of its forms, but it is not true of the Flowing Middle-pointed. Geometrical Middle-pointed was, we repeat, perfection short of one quality—viz., entire ease and grace: Flowing Middle-pointed was that one wanting step, more or less successfully, supplied. But we also hold that perfection was either never reached, or, at least, never maintained. For whatever reason—we need not here even hint an opinion for what reason—a corruption immediately began. With the gain of perfect grace came the loss of severity; and architecture, enervated by relaxed discipline, declined. So in painting, Raffaëlle had scarcely approximated to perfection before the decay began.

There is nothing more difficult, of course, than to draw an accurate line as to where legitimate development stopped, and degeneracy began. Few would probably be found to agree as to the exact point. But we conceive this difficulty to attach as much to Mr. Freeman's division as to the one we are defending. The whole duration of Pointed architecture is, in fact, a time of perpetual transition. But, in spite of this perpetual transition, four sub-divisions have been recognised by all observers alike; those, namely, in which the Lancet, the Geometrical, the Flowing, and the Perpendicular forms prevail. Why not, then, at once adopt this fourfold division, and reckon four styles of Pointed architecture? Because nearly all observers have remarked a much stronger line of demarcation between the first and the second, and similarly between the third and fourth, than between the second and third. That is to say, they have grouped Geometrical and Flowing into one, and so reckoned three styles. Mr. Freeman thinks he has detected a subtle principle, which is to be a safer guide for drawing the line of division than the combined observations of all his fellow students, and on the strength of it recommends a two-fold division, which places the greatest interval exactly where most but himself perceive the least difference, and which combines under each of the heads, Early and Continuous, two varieties which have been nearly universally maintained to be pretty broadly distinguishable one from the other. Now if any unprejudiced reader, not particularly interested in this discussion, has accompanied us so far, he will probably be inclined to wonder why the dispute is continued after each side has stated its arguments. Is it not, after all, he will say, a mere question of opinion? Pointed architecture, you confess, while it lasted,

had an ever-shifting, ever-developing existence. You investigate its facts, and search after its principles, and make arbitrary classifications, but cannot agree among yourselves either as to the best system of subdivision, or as to where the perfection of the style resides. What hope is there of agreement if there is no further authority to appeal to, and no further argument to adduce?

We think there *is* a further authority, and an appeal to it shall be our *cheval de bataille*; we mean *Mouldings*. It is quite singular how seldom Mr. Freeman refers to Mouldings throughout his volume, and when he does so, it is always in the most vague and general terms. We believe that a careful regard to them would not only have saved him from what we think his mistaken theory about the perfection of Pointed, but will materially support the side we have taken in this controversy as to the division of styles. We believe it is now generally admitted that Mouldings are the very grammar of Pointed architecture; that form, effect, and even principles, may all, considered alone, lead sometimes to erroneous conclusions, to which nothing but a knowledge of Mouldings can provide a corrective. We are not going to discuss Mouldings technically. Any of our readers who may have little or no practical acquaintance themselves with this somewhat difficult and uninviting department of architectural science, may follow all we shall say by referring to the plates of Mr. Paley's excellent manual. So far from our finding there any strongly marked difference between Geometrical and Flowing mouldings, it is absolutely impossible to distinguish them apart; while between the forms of early or late First, or those of early and late Third-pointed, there is the most obvious variation. That mouldings group themselves neither into two, nor four, but into three, and only three, classes, a cursory inspection of Mr. Paley's plates will prove; and that great authority carefully classifies them accordingly. In other words, he derives from mouldings the same conclusions that others have arrived at in different ways—that the Geometrical and Flowing forms of Middle-pointed essentially belong to one and the same style, a style which, with nearly all writers but Mr. Freeman, he considers to be the highest attained development of Gothic architecture; for he hazards the strong assertion respecting it, that 'there can be no doubt that the perfection of mouldings, as of all architectural detail, was attained in this style.' (*Manual of Gothic Mouldings*, p. 37.)

Strengthened by the weight of this independent testimony from Mouldings, we venture to assert that Mr. Freeman is not justified in dividing the two forms of Middle-pointed into separate styles, and we sincerely hope that he will make no converts to his system of classification and his new nomenclature.

For this place we have reserved an extract from Mr. Freeman, which, while arguing for his favourite theory, contains so many remarkable admissions on our side, that we reckon upon receiving considerable support from it for our own position:—

‘It will be thus seen that I completely ignore the existence of a Decorated or Middle-Pointed style as a philosophical division. At the same time, in describing churches, it is almost necessary to retain some such name, for distinct as are the fully developed Flowing and the pure Geometrical,—Ely choir and Lichfield nave,—totally opposite as are their principles, it is utterly impossible to draw a hard line of demarcation between one and the other. Even the two forms of windows are much confused, and much more the other details. One sees that the earliest Decorated churches are essentially Early, the latest essentially Continuous; where one style overcomes the other, it is impossible to say. In fact, if we retain a Decorated style, it can only be as one of transition, but of not a transition of the same kind as that from Grecian to Roman, or Roman to Gothic. Those were attempts to combine a new principle of construction with an old principle of decoration; the present transition is not between two principles, but between two applications of the same principle. And it is to the constant commingling of the two applications, both being for a time in simultaneous use, and indeed often employed in the same structure, that I attribute the notion of the Decorated as a definite style: a class of buildings is marked negatively, as being neither Lancet nor Perpendicular, and which agree pretty much in some points of detail. But if we are to divide, not merely by date and detail, but by some pervading principle, or application of a principle, we shall surely see that two very different ones are at work in buildings of this class. It is very difficult in individual instances to separate Geometrical from Flowing tracery: they are sometimes palpably of the same date, sometimes part of a window is Geometrical, part Flowing; yet this commingling in fact does not prevent an entire diversity in principle. And surely a pure Flowing window is as simply Continuous, as though its mullions were continued in straight instead of curved lines. So, too, in other parts of the building; the details are mingled up in the individual instances, yet we can trace out two types; the one with Geometrical windows, deeply hollowed mouldings, jamb-shafts, clustered columns, arcades, parts retaining a strongly marked individuality; the other with Flowing tracery, channelled piers, pannelling, parts subordinate to the whole. It may be that no perfectly pure example can be found of either, yet even this would not hinder the existence of the two models in idea; and clearly one must rank with Lancet, the other with Perpendicular. Their union in one style is most convenient in practice, as avoiding the necessity of attempting a most painful and often fruitless discrimination of detail; but investigated on philosophical principles, the unity of the Decorated style falls to the ground.’—P. 353.

His own volume affords many instances of the inconvenience he here acknowledges of denying the existence of a Middle style. We observed, more than once, in perusing it, that a building or detail was pronounced to be ‘Early Gothic:’ it is impossible to say, without further description, whether this means First-Pointed or Early Middle-Pointed. Elsewhere (p. 367) we read, ‘a Continuous arrangement with Early details;’ which *might* mean, a Third-Pointed structure with First-Pointed mouldings, but which *does* mean—for he is describing

the nave of York—what other persons would call a specimen of early Third-Pointed. And the classification will appear still more unpractical, if put to the test in an actual example. Let us imagine a village church, the whole external walls of which have been rebuilt in late Third-Pointed, but in which the old arcades remain under an added clerestory. If these arcades do not exhibit any continuity, there is no possible method of ascertaining their dates, except by examining their mouldings. The mouldings will inform us infallibly whether the piers are First, or Middle-Pointed:—they will not tell us whether they are Geometrical or Flowing; they will not tell Mr. Freeman whether they are Early or Continuous. It is quite impossible for him to decide to which of his two main divisions the pier in such an example must be assigned. We can scarcely conceive a stronger testimony to the inconvenience of his classification.

It is a sufficient reply to that final assertion at the end of the last extract, that 'investigated on philosophical principles, the unity of the Decorated style falls to the ground,' to remark the curious circumstance that Mr. Freeman, in discussing Romanesque, argues (p. 231), that 'we may safely treat the Norman style, both in England and Normandy, both of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as a *unity*,' in spite of such decided transitional combinations, that many writers distinguish a separate Transitional style, and Mr. Petit, from whom he so rarely ventures to differ, actually considers the Romanesque of the twelfth century an incomplete Gothic style.

If, then, Mr. Freeman's division and nomenclature be not accepted, we must fall back upon the threefold division, and, for all reasons, we think, to the Ecclesiological terminology of the styles. We need scarcely advert to the great benefit that would result, both to the advanced architectural student and to the tyro, from a fixed system of terms.

An objection however to the generic name of Pointed has been raised by Mr. Freeman, to which we must here offer a reply. He has expressly condemned the term Pointed, on the score of the Pointed arch not being the essence of the style, and because the correlative term of Round architecture has not been adopted for Romanesque.¹ And yet he has been himself, we believe, the first to lay down that the Round and Pointed forms are an absolutely exhaustive division of the architecture of the arch. He speaks distinctly (p. 149) of 'the round-arched form of architecture;' and, still more inconsistently with his own theory (p. 312), of 'a Christian Pointed style.' Then again he speaks

¹ How little weight there is in this objection will appear, when the reader is reminded that Mr. Freeman has named his own two great divisions Early and Continuous—terms which have no relation whatever to each other.

(p. 300) of the Pointed arch as being the 'first instance alike in date and importance' of the development of the vertical principle; he aims a severe sarcasm (p. 302) at the 'Glossary' for denying its importance; he contends (p. 307) against Dr. Whewell for making the flying buttress a more important element in the development of Gothic; he defends (p. 310) 'the old antiquaries, who reduced the inquiry into the origin of the Gothic architecture into an inquiry into the origin of the pointed arch,' as being '*accidentally* not so far wrong as might be, and often has been supposed.' Again, a little further on (p. 314), we read, 'The pointed arch once firmly established, every other detail followed as a matter of course;' and, lastly (p. 323), the pointed arch is reasserted to be 'the first and most important feature' introduced into the new style; while Mr. Gally-Knight and Mr. Paley are approvingly quoted (p. 314) as laying down the same position. Are not these statements alone sufficient to justify the assertion, that the term Pointed architecture is not only not an incorrect one, but is the most descriptive and appropriate that could be found? And still more particularly, adopting as we do Mr. Freeman's theory of the entablature and arch, we may safely declare, that the most philosophically accurate generic name for what has been called Gothic architecture is the term Pointed, which expresses the main characteristic of the style—the Pointed arch.

The further question, as to the style which must bear the palm in Gothic, is intimately connected with the last discussion, but is not absolutely identical. Mr. Freeman stands nearly if not quite alone, in his preference of Third Pointed; the great majority of architectural thinkers have decided with singular unanimity in favour of the very earliest phase of Flowing Middle-Pointed. There are some, we know, who think even this one degree too late, and take their stand by Geometrical; and fewer still, who go so far as to claim for First Pointed the glory of being the purest development of the style. But these last two classes are in truth scarcely at issue with our own view, while their opinions tell with the force of an *à fortiori* argument against Mr. Freeman. For their only difference with us is, as to whether even the Geometrical forms are not too great a relaxation of the austerity of the first pure Pointed style; they altogether agree with us in believing, that in that perpetual transition of Pointed, never stationary for a single year, we must expect to find, not one legitimate development, but a rise, a climax, and a fall. Mr. Freeman is solitary in seeing no corruption at all in the whole progress, till (we presume) Pointed collapsed into the Elizabethan; and the *onus probandi* fairly rests with him for an assertion so contrary to the generally accepted belief. But his

proof, we think, is confined to the argument, that continuity is the essence of verticality, and so of Gothic; whence, Perpendicular being most continuous is most vertical, and so the most perfect Gothic. We have shown, we hope, that continuity is but one of many co-ordinate principles of the Pointed style, and that having reached its lawful growth it immediately exceeded it, and was thenceforward a symptom of decay. We reject, therefore, that latest Gothic, which we hold to be a corrupted and a degenerate style, and fix the acme of Pointed as nearly as possible at the point where its every principle found a full, but proportionate development, and all its elements were fused with justest harmony and grace into a perfect whole.

We have yet another lance to break with Mr. Freeman in behalf of Italian Pointed. With all his prejudices against the style, he spares the Duomo of Milan,¹ mainly because Mr. Petit has most truly said of it, that it must be seen to be estimated, and that 'the more accurately it is described, the less favourable will be the impression on the mind of either architect or artist; whereas, if he visit the building, he cannot but be lost in admiration.' This observation must be extended to Italian Pointed in general. We must express our own belief, that no one who has not been fortunate enough to visit Italy can justly estimate, or even understand, her Pointed schools. They still need to be thoroughly and fairly examined; and the constantly forgotten or ignored fact, that the whole architecture of large portions of Italy, in villages as well as cities, civil and military, as well as ecclesiastical, was really and truly Pointed, in the times when Dante and Petrarch sang, and when Giotto painted, and continued so till the Renaissance—needs to be urged and urged again on people's minds. We do not deny, that in many respects Italian Pointed may be found to differ (and, perhaps, in most cases for the worst) from the Transalpine styles: but we should attribute this to several causes; such as new conditions of climate; the properties of other materials than were used in the North (marbles, for example); and new national characteristics. Mr. Freeman, we confess to our surprise, does not enter at all on the consideration of the question, whether his favourite Gothic architecture can be transplanted as it is, into a tropical climate, or whether, and how it must be modified; whether, in short, it pretends to be an universal style. The historian of architecture might well, we think, have devoted a chapter to this subject, and have brought the benefit of his thought and experience to bear on the

¹ The Duomo of Milan kept up a constant succession of Pointed architects and workmen till the present century: and the lantern, which, as Mr. Freeman owns, 'whether beautiful or not, is certainly wonderful,' (p. 413,) is a very late design.

important and pressing question of the best style to be adopted now in the churches rising in our Colonial Dioceses. Had he turned his attention to the influence of climate upon Pointed, we think he would have passed a more lenient judgment on the southern styles. In truth, his chapter on this subject is unequal to the scope and execution of the rest of the volume. We observe in it no account whatever of the Pointed school of the Pisani, nor of the architecture of Giotto or Orcagna, nor of the Dominican architects, nor of the remarkable Neapolitan style. In a history of architecture one may fairly look for some notice of these styles, and we hope the omission may be made good in another edition.

A new defender of the Italian Pointed has very recently come into the field, in the person of Mr. Ruskin, to whose last work we referred above. Many of his observations as to the difference between northern and southern Pointed show much penetration, and if duly weighed, would, we believe, tend to expand considerably the exclusive predilections of many among us for the northern forms. Let us take an incidental example: 'The method of decoration by shadow,' he remarks, 'was, as far as we have hitherto traced it, common to the northern and southern Gothic. But in the carrying out of the system, they instantly diverged. Having marble at his command, and classical decoration in his sight, the southern architect was able to carve the intermediate spaces with exquisite leafage, or to vary his wall surface with inlaid stones. The northern architect neither knew the ancient work, nor possessed the delicate material; and he had no resource but to cover his walls with holes, cut into foiled shapes like those of the windows.'—(*Seven Lamps of Architecture*, p. 86.) Now the more this thought is pondered, the more pregnant with meaning will it seem; it suggests a view which will defend the Pointed of the South on its most assailable side, and leads directly to that most interesting question, whether the northern Gothic is the only true development of the style, or whether new climates and conditions may not produce other developments not less beautiful, nor less truly Gothic. We shall leave the question here, after quoting one more apposite passage from Mr. Ruskin, expressed with an elegance that has been seldom equalled. Having enumerated and defined sixteen 'conditions of architectural beauty and power,' he continues:—

'These characteristics occur more or less in different buildings, some in one, and some in another. But all together, and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto, at Florence. . . . In its first appeal to the stranger's eye there is something unpleasing; a mingling, as it seems to him, of over-severity with over-minuteness. But let him give it time, as he should to all other consummate art. I remember well how, when

a boy, I used to despise that Campanile, and think it meanly smooth and finished. But I have since lived beside it many a day, and looked out upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not soon forget how profound and gloomy appeared to me the savageness of the northern Gothic, when I afterwards stood, for the first time, beneath the front of Salisbury. The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt, between the rising of those grey walls out of their quiet swarded space, like dark and barren rocks out of a green lake, with their rude, mouldering, rough-grained shafts, and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martin's nest in the height of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the eastern sky; that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea shell.—*Seven Lamps*, p. 134.

There are several other minor questions, though very nearly connected with the history of architecture, which Mr. Freeman has wholly omitted to notice. For example, what, if any, influence the supposed system of Freemasonry exerted on mediæval architecture has been often disputed. Mr. Freeman probably altogether disbelieves it: but he might well have given his readers some means of knowing his mind, or forming their own opinion on the subject. Mr. Poole, we observe, repeats, with little or no comment, the common account of Freemasonry and the influence and importance of the fraternity.

Still more important is that theory lately advocated by Mr. Griffith,—and there are numerous very similar theories afloat,—which finds a key to the whole mystery of Pointed design in abstruse geometrical and symbolical combinations. This principle, if accepted, would cause a complete revolution in the general ideas on this subject: and we regret that both Mr. Freeman and Mr. Poole have entirely ignored the controversy.

Symbolism again, in its several branches, Mr. Freeman has in this volume passed over without notice. Not so Mr. Poole, who has discussed it, (p. 170,) though without originality, and without assisting us to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. He seems, indeed, in his chapter on this subject, to be arguing for truisms which no one ever denied, and to be contending against quite imaginary opponents.

One more thing we will mention, and that is Polychrome. Mr. Freeman has discussed the whole history of architecture, without, we believe, one passing allusion to the decorative colouring, either of the ancients or the mediæval architects. Mr. Poole's notice of the subject (p. 275) is so superficial as to offer nothing available for an extract. As usual, he scarcely ventures to let his own opinion escape; we may gather it, perhaps, from such an expression as the following: 'The stalls at Wensley were never, I am persuaded, injured by the addition of colour.'

We will now draw these remarks to a conclusion, having

detained our readers too long already in the attempt to give them not only an idea of the merits of these particular volumes, but a view of the present state of this branch of knowledge among us. No true Churchman can be uninterested in the future growth of the theory and practice of Church architecture. Besides our own immediate duty to consecrate to the service of God the best of all we have—the highest art, the most skilful workmanship, the richest materials—we have a secondary duty to perform to our successors in the faith; we ought now to be building churches which shall be to them what Lincoln and Westminster are to us. There is work to be done at the present crisis in which all may cooperate. Architecture can never flourish till people in general are competent to appreciate what is built. An academy will never rescue art from degradation: art cannot but languish so long as it is not the expression of a people's life. Our people must be educated then; men must know what church architecture is,—why it is so; they must suffer a real craving after good churches as the exponents of their inarticulate feelings of worship, and must be able to see and feel for themselves whether their craving is satisfied, before we can hope for any great progress. Is it not so in painting? These are bad days for that art also: but in what departments of it do our native artists most succeed? In precisely those, and only those, in which the public taste is intuitively interested, and in which it is competent to pass an intelligent judgment: for instance, in landscape, and the school of Wilkie. The English mind must be strung up to a higher tone before it is ready to welcome, before it is able to elicit, true sacred pictures from English art.

Now in architecture we have seen already that there is a deep-rooted revival in progress, of which we may form high expectations. It really seems as if, at least in this one point, Englishmen were likely to exchange that eclecticism which is the result of ignorance and indifferentism for something like an unanimous sentiment in reference to the proprieties of church building. It is most important that this growing feeling should be encouraged and maintained. Every one who is able to do so should do his best practically to spread information about the history, and to enforce the importance of church architecture, to point out the advantage of one uniform style being adopted, to explain its principles, capacities, and beauties, to demonstrate its fitness, to interpret its symbolism, to develop its associations. We heard lately of an 'elocution-master,'—as those persons are called who form the nondescript class to which the final education of our young women is generally entrusted,—prescribing a course of church architecture, as now-a-days necessary for a

lady in society. We accept the omen. We heartily wish that every one felt a real personal interest in the subject; that every one were qualified to enjoy that glorious inheritance of Christian art in which he has a right to share. Could we but all agree and work together—then, in proportion to the growing intelligence and appreciation of architectural fitness and beauty, would be the successful advancement of the science: the feeling that he was appreciated, would inflame and sustain the efforts of the professed architect, and the successes of the latter would react in increasing the knowledge and improving the taste of the community. Architecture would become inseparably identified with the life and energy of the Church, and would be in the fair way of entering upon some new and glorious development.

Is it mere enthusiasm to anticipate anything of this sort? We believe it is not so. Let us remember, as we said before, that the Church having demanded an increased number of material temples, the impetus thereby given to architecture has already not only produced an unparalleled advance of architectural skill and science, but, contrary to all expectation, has succeeded in establishing the persuasion that the Church has an appropriate religious style of its own, which is not only the best adapted to meet the practical wants of Catholic ritual, but is a significant expression of the Church's mind and doctrine, suited by some essential fitness for a temple of the Christian faith. We trust that neither our Church nor our nation are effete or approaching dissolution. The religious movement among us is a source of fresh life, which need not be stifled. If it be God's will that his Church among us shall prosper, we have in it a germ of life more than sufficient to reanimate the arts which are at best but the Church's handmaids. It is in this light that we try to view our own architectural revival,—as a revival, not merely of dead forms and mouldings, but of the living spirit of architecture. We believe that our people and our architects, in growing numbers, demand churches on the one side, and supply them on the other, not as mere academy studies nor as the gratifications of individual caprice, but as houses of God—designed to meet the practical exigencies of God's worship, and to be material expressions of the Christian faith. What are the elements of architectural life if not these? If this spirit be among us, as we believe it is, we may trust that it will in time mould into subjection to itself the mechanical forms which it has to use. Look at the Lombard movement in architecture: there was an instance of a new life reanimating old forms, and of a new development being the consequence. So far as we can at present see, the new life among us is seizing upon, is pervading, is informing, (as we should most wish) the Middle

Pointed details of Gothic architecture. It is there that we have fixed the point from which the Pointed style began to decline. Thence, if from any point, it must take a new beginning.

Taking warning by the failure of their Third-Pointed predecessors, our new architects may tread a safer but narrower way in developing, or, if no further development be possible, in exhausting, though this is even less possible, the capacities of of the Middle-Pointed style. We have been endeavouring to show how all may help forward this consummation. Meanwhile, it is deeply to be regretted that such an author as Mr. Freeman, who has done so much as this volume cannot fail to effect for the sake of church architecture, should have nevertheless thrown one great impediment in the way of the revival, by—at the very moment when agreement among ourselves is the main condition of success—doing his best to confuse the generally admitted classification of styles, and placing the perfection of Gothic in its most vitiated and degenerate form.

ART. VIII.—*Principles of Geology ; or, the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants considered as illustrative of Geology.* By CHARLES LYELL, M.A. F.R.S. Seventh Edition. Murray: 1847.

2. *Elements of Geology.* By CHARLES LYELL, Esq. F.R.S. First Edition. Murray: 1838. Second Edition. 2 vols. 1841.
3. *The Earth's Antiquity in Harmony with the Mosaic Record of Creation.* By the Rev. JAMES GRAY. London: J. W. Parker. 1849.

SIR CHARLES LYELL may be regarded as the representative of the prevailing school in Geology. The characteristics of that school may be stated in a few words. It avoids all discussion and even speculation, as to the first origin and condition of the earth we inhabit, as a snare, an *ignis fatuus* by which geologists of former times have already too often been diverted from their true task and vocation, the examination of the actual existing state of the globe we inhabit, and the inferences which it suggests. Moreover, its great principle is, that the existing geological phenomena, including mountains, valleys, continents, islands, and the like, as well as those which appear on a more minute examination of the strata,—the embedded remains of land and sea animals, shells, wood, and even forests, may be explained by reference to the causes now in operation upon and within the surface of the globe; so that we must banish altogether from our minds the ideas of sudden convulsions, destruction and re-creation of worlds, great revolutions crowded into a few years or days, and the like, and have recourse merely to the action of nature in her present state, continued for such a period (whatever it may be) as will suffice to account for the existing phenomena. It almost necessarily follows, that this school carries on its geological investigations absolutely without any reference to the declarations of Holy Scripture as to the creation of the world, and the events which have since taken place upon it. We believe we do not exaggerate, when we express our deliberate opinion, that the thought of the first chapter of Genesis no more occurs to the mind of Sir Charles Lyell when examining the question, for instance, of the period of the earth's history at which it was first inhabited by any particular animal, say the elephant or the whale, than it would if he were writing upon the principles of mathematics or medicine. We are far from accusing the school in question of

disbelief in Revelation, much less of any intention to assail it by means of their philosophical studies. Such things we all know have been,—they may be again; there may be, even now, writers who are thus actuated; but of the school as a school we neither believe nor would insinuate any charge of the kind. Still, the fact is undoubted, that whether believers or not, they do alike, as geologists, ignore the fact of Revelation; their inquiries are carried on exactly as if none had ever been given.

In the present article we shall suggest some considerations upon this fact, and on the bearings of geology, in its present state, upon Revelation and belief, and do not intend to enter into the facts themselves which geologists have ascertained, or the theories by which they have arranged them, more at length than this subject requires or suggests.

And, first, concerning this investigation of geological phenomena and formation of geological theories, wholly without consideration of the revealed history of creation, the question at once occurs, How far is it consistent with our faith as Christians and Catholics?

It must, we think, be admitted, that this very question could hardly have been asked without offence a few years ago. The notion of scriptural geology was so deeply ingrained in the minds of men, that the believer and unbeliever alike seem to have assumed that the thing existed, whether it could or could not be reconciled with existing facts. The history of the study in this respect has been, perhaps, nothing more than might reasonably have been anticipated; but, however this may be, it has, unquestionably, been very curious. Men to whom the Scripture histories of the creation and the deluge were, as to Christians they must be, fixed and established facts—first principles of certainty in a dark and mysterious world,—naturally judged at once of the phenomena around them by those facts, which almost alone were certain and undoubted in the history of the visible world. To them, almost of necessity, the fossils in ancient rocks spoke of the deluge; and the date of the material world was assumed without further inquiry to be the same as that of man's residence upon earth. Thus the first, and most natural theory of Christians was a scriptural geology. They rejoiced and trembled as they found themselves brought into continual contact with the remnants of that older world whose destruction by water they knew as one of the very facts of their own inmost souls.

That their feelings and belief were really natural and reasonable, was curiously attested by unbelievers as well as by believers. So plainly did the fossil remains testify of the general deluge, that Voltaire denied the existence of fossils, lest he

should be compelled to admit the fact of the deluge. They were, he said, 'sports of Nature.'¹ The shells embedded in the Alpine rocks were no doubt real shells, but they had dropped from the hats of pilgrims on their return from Syria; the fossil plants were not plants at all. Sir C. Lyell observes:—

'They who knew that his attacks were directed by a desire to invalidate Scripture, and who were unacquainted with the true merits of the question, might well deem the old diluvian hypothesis incontrovertible, if Voltaire could adduce no better argument against it than to deny the true nature of organic remains.'—*Principles*, p. 57.

It is interesting and instructive to observe how speedily and entirely unbelievers changed their views of geology. It was soon whispered that geological phenomena seemed to indicate that the antiquity of the globe was much greater than that attributed by the Mosaic account to the human race, and, as all Christians then presumed, to the world which they inhabit. So voluntary are belief and unbelief, that geology which had been rejected and derided in spite of the clear evidence of the senses, as long as it was believed to corroborate the Mosaic history of the deluge, was at once honoured and cultivated, and its most doubtful deductions were treated as certain truths, as soon as it was supposed to impugn the Mosaic history of the creation. This innocent science seems really to have been regarded by infidel philosophers first with the animosity with which partisans regard an antagonist, and afterwards with all the partiality they could show to a convert. In Mr. Brydone's 'Tour through Sicily and Malta, in 1770,' eight years before the death of Voltaire, the immense antiquity of the globe as proved by the geological phenomena of *Ætna*, is treated of with a radiant satisfaction which is really hardly exceeded when he descants upon the profligacy of the Sicilian monks or knights of Malta. He seems to have the same sort of pleasure in dwelling upon the number of strata and the years required for their formation, which he shows when he makes an opportunity for detailing an indecent story, real or imaginary, of a wicked Capuchin.

Sir C. Lyell laments and complains of the habit which thus prevailed in past years of discussing geological subjects upon theological grounds, and for purposes religious or irreligious as suited the prepossessions of the writer; for he considers it as an injury to his favourite science. There is no doubt that such has been the case. Still we do not see that believers in Christianity acted in this matter unreasonably. The impression that the date and manner of the formation of the material globe are revealed in Scripture, if it be, as we believe, erroneous, is yet

¹ Lyell; *Elements*, p. 56.

certainly not at first sight unnatural; and although we take a deep interest in geology, we will still, by Sir Charles Lyell's permission, point out the important distinction, that without geology the world has done well, and may do well, but without a belief in the truth of the Bible it cannot do at all. Under these circumstances, some degree of over-sensitiveness, even if it were mistaken, may well be excused in those who undeniably saw that the facts of geology were employed as an instrument of assault upon Revelation.

Had we been writing only a few years ago, we should have thought it little necessary thus to defend those who maintained a scriptural geology, but should rather have been called upon to prove that a geology not founded upon Scripture may be adopted by one whose belief in Revelation is of all things dearest to his heart. We should then have entered into an inquiry which is not now required, because thinking men in general are agreed as to its result. We should have thought it necessary to inquire whether there are indeed grounds for supposing that it was the will of the all-seeing Author of Revelation to convey to us information as to the geological changes which have taken place upon the globe, and the phenomena which have resulted from them. We should have insisted that it is plainly not His will to reveal to us either all that forms the subject of His own infinite consciousness, or even all that portion of it which our finite understandings are capable of embracing—that the real question is not whether He who knows all things knows the exact date and manner of the formation and change of every rock upon and within the world, which He has made and sustains, but whether or not He has really been pleased to give us information (as He might, had such been His pleasure), with regard to these points. Upon these points we say we do not now consider it needful to enter, because they are not at the present day seriously discussed. We doubt whether there are any persons remaining, who seriously believe that it was the pleasure of the All-wise God to occupy with these subjects the pages of His Revelation to man.

We assume, therefore, that the modern geologists are religiously justified in carrying on their investigation of nature, and in theorizing freely upon its phenomena without reference to the creation as recorded in the Old Testament. We believe this course to be on the whole most consistent with a reverent value for the Divine word. We have no overweening sympathy with the temper of mind which would refer men to nothing but the inspired pages for controversial purposes, even if the controversy be purely theological. When indeed controversy arises, we must refer to Scripture; as the Church has ever done:

yet it is for devotion not for controversy that Revelation was given, and for devotion rather than for controversy we desire all men to have the Scriptures in their hands. But if this be so in controversies of theology, how much more in those of a secular nature. Surely it is evident that needlessly to introduce the word of God in discussions merely secular, exposes men to the danger of an irreverence, somewhat akin to that which is engendered by introducing the Name of God in secular conversation.

But it is sometimes replied that this is a misstatement of the question. It is not, whether we shall go to Scripture for geological facts, but whether when a fact is, (for whatever reason,) distinctly stated in Scripture, we shall reject it as inconsistent with facts observed and theories adopted in modern times—whether moreover those who do reject it, can defend themselves from the charge of rejecting the Divine testimony by urging that the subject is scientific and not religious, and therefore not that upon which it was the pleasure of God to make revelations to us.

Now, fully holding the great principles upon which modern physical philosophers maintain that their inquiries ought to be made, independent of Revelation and without reference to it, we must still admit that this objection is not without weight. It cannot surely be doubted that to reject any one fact really and confessedly revealed in Scripture is inconsistent with belief in its Divine inspiration, as that inspiration is believed among us. For that which the Divine Author of Scripture was pleased to teach us, whatever be its nature or its subject, rests upon His omniscience and His truth; and if it were His will to declare that this material globe was called into existence out of nothing, 5,900 years ago, we could reject the declaration only denying one of those fundamental facts; that is, by denying God Himself, His nature and perfections; for He is wisdom and is truth. Those therefore, for example, who deny the historical facts recorded in the Old Testament must of necessity deny the inspiration of Scripture, as it has always been understood.¹ However they may intend to preserve sacred the religious facts and doctrines of Revelation, they cannot maintain the Divine origin of the book, except in that limited sense which would confine the Divine communication or the superintending and controlling grace of God, guarding the writer from error, to those parts which they regard as strictly theological.

The doctrine of inspiration, therefore, which alone is consistent with views such as those of M. Bunsen, Ewald, and even

¹ See the notice on the Chevalier Bunsen and Ewald, in the fifty-third number of the 'Christian Remembrancer,' in a letter signed E. B. P.

Niebuhr, (not to mention names in the English Church,) is precisely that which the Roman Church maintains with regard to the authority of the existing Church in successive ages. That it has pleased God to enlighten the existing Church with a supernatural knowledge of scientific or historical facts, or any others save those of a purely religious character, no Roman theologian believes. Upon doctrinal questions, on the other hand, she speaks with His authority. Thus, if the Church declares *ex cathedrâ* that a certain doctrine was maintained by Origen, and that it is heretical; the latter of these declarations rests, according to their belief, upon a Divine, the former upon a merely human, authority. Whether or not it would be consistent with the principles of the Roman Church to extend this distinction to the writers of Holy Scripture, and to maintain as *de fide* that their religious and doctrinal assertions are from God, admitting meanwhile that upon other questions they were left to the unaided light of fallible human testimony and human intellect, we do not here inquire. Such at best must be the view maintained by those Protestant philosophers, who reject any fact really recorded by the inspired writers upon any subject whatever, while at the same time they admit their inspiration upon matters of religion.

Such a view of inspiration, however, would be utterly abhorrent from the religious convictions and sympathies of English Churchmen of every school of opinion; neither, so far as we can see, have those who adopt it (as seems to be the case with the more orthodox and devout of the Lutheran body) any security whatever for the maintenance even of the most sacred religious truths, unless they admit along with it a living teaching authority. For those who admit no Divine voice upon earth save the voice of Scripture, and who at the same time deny that Scripture speaks with Divine authority upon any other than religious subjects, need only deny that any question is indeed necessary to the reality of religion, and they may immediately deny its truth, however clearly taught in Scripture. This view therefore appears to us to require, as its necessary supplement, a living voice which may from time to time declare with authority what are and what are not necessary religious doctrines and facts, and the subject-matters of inspiration.

It seems, then, that upon our own principles, to admit that any one fact whatever is clearly stated in Holy Scripture, and yet to deny the truth of that fact, would be in truth to deny the Divine authority and inspiration of Scripture.

But it is widely different when the question is whether such and such a fact is really declared or not. That men, and even learned and religious men, have before now assumed for ages

together that certain facts are inconsistent with Scripture, which we now all hold to be perfectly consistent with it, it is too plain to be denied. There is no doubt that the authorities of the Roman Church felt the astronomical doctrines of Galileo to be contrary to the interpretation of Scripture usually received in his day, both by Roman Catholics and all other Christians. It is shown indeed by an able writer in the 'Dublin Review,' (July 1838,) that this was the extent of the sentence against him, and that the great Bellarmine, by whom, among others, it was passed, felt that the usual and most obvious interpretation, was a thing so far distinct from the Divine verity itself, that Galileo's doctrine might hereafter be established; and that should such be the case, the ordinary interpretation of Scripture upon the subject would be proved to be mistaken. Such has accordingly, as we all know, been the course of events, and there is now probably hardly any one above the lower class of a national school, so half-learned as to be puzzled by the apparent discrepancy upon this point between the word of God and His world. May it not be worth while that one who is scandalized at any apparent contradiction between the conclusions of geologists and Divine Revelation, should very carefully consider whether they too may not, perhaps, contradict our established interpretations of the Mosaic history of the creation or the deluge, rather than the Divine record itself? That such contradiction will always exist between the observed facts of every progressive science and the records of Revelation, seems to us, beforehand, almost certain. The words of Scripture, be it remembered, not only are not designed to teach natural science, and therefore cannot be expected to be fitted for a work to which their Divine Author has never 'sent them;' but what is even more important, they are, as we well know, the heritage of all nations, and of every age; and we may say chiefly and perhaps in the first place, the heritage of the simple, the ignorant, the poor, the unscientific. Now, if in the Divine wisdom the volume of inspiration had been so written that the facts of nature which came under review,—for example 'the sun standing still over Gibeon,'—had been described in the language of sciences not yet discovered; the very meaning must of necessity have been altogether a riddle to every age and nation until the progress of science had unlocked the mystery. Thus the scandal (such as it is) of a popular and unscientific style, when it is first discovered that it does not accurately describe the physical facts, would indeed have been avoided; but at the cost of those many generations which elapsed, and read, and mused over the sacred record, before the physical discoveries had been thought of: the poor would have been sacrificed to the great and intellectual, the simple to the objector. How

different all this from the whole course of His Revelation, who 'has hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed ' them unto babes, for so it seemed good in His sight!' We might enlarge upon other considerations akin to these—for instance, on the opposition between science and poetry, and the distinctly poetical cast in which He who made and loved us, has been pleased to mould his communications to us, both in nature and grace. What would the 19th Psalm be if translated into the terms of science? We might point out the benefit and necessity to inquiring and intellectual minds of difficulties, which exercise peculiarly those virtues which are to them most needful and hardest of attainment,—the virtues of humility, distrust of self, and simple submission to God. But we have said enough, we think, to explain and justify our expectation, that as in times past, so in future, the progress of physical science will be marked by apparent discrepancies of observed facts with Revelation, by the scoffs of the infidel, and the apologies of the believer. We have seen this already in astronomy, in geology, in ethnology. We may expect it in the farther investigation of these sciences, and perhaps in others; even, for example, in experiments upon the nature and conditions of animal life, and the like.

Not that we doubt that difficulties like these, if so they are to be considered, will clear away in future as in past times, as the subjects are more carefully and fully investigated. We enter through clouds into a region of light. And in the meantime we have no sympathy with the state of mind which we cannot help occasionally observing, which hastily takes alarm at every new investigation which seems to threaten results inconsistent with belief. Men who indulge this spirit mean well no doubt, and are to be treated with respect; yet we cannot but feel them to be but dangerous friends to the cause of Truth. They seem always in a panic lest its unsoundness should be found out—they are alarmed lest the miracles of Scripture should be rivalled by Mesmerism,—lest the Mosaic history should be contradicted by geology,—lest the descent of man from one original stock should be impugned by an examination into the history of nations,—lest the theory of nebulae should suggest something against the creation of the world by God. Surely this is but a weak sort of faith after all. We would say to such men, Cheer up and take courage, for you are on the side of truth, and this is the prerogative of truth, that she may indeed for a while be eclipsed by objections, but that as facts are fully examined, they must be found in accordance with her. No one truth can be contrary to any other truth—if it is your axiom that the Gospel is true, then is it certain, demonstrably certain, that no fact in the universe—in heaven above or earth

beneath, or in the waters or the rocks under the earth, can by possibility be really inconsistent with it.

And therefore, as Christians, we would say boldly let inquiry and investigation proceed. We fear them not. Some opinions which we have in times past supposed to be revealed truths, may indeed be found to have been mistaken inferences from scriptural expressions. But when the inquiry has been fairly and fully carried out, it is utterly impossible that its result can be inconsistent with any one doctrine of our faith, or any one fact which God has really revealed. To shrink from the inquiry would, in our mind, be as unreasonable as if we should fear lest the working out of some abstruse calculation should exhibit results inconsistent with the axiom, that things equal to the same are equal to one another. We really cannot persuade ourselves to feel nervously anxious, lest it should be proved that two and two are not after all equal to four.

Thus then we would bid the geologist go on boldly—collect all the facts you can—do not fear that any real result of facts can be injurious. No truth ever was or ever can be injurious; it is only falsehood which ever did injury to any one. Collect your facts and systematize them; if the results seem in any degree inconsistent with Revelation, it is either because Revelation does not really say what you have supposed, or else because your theory is founded upon an imperfect induction of facts, *i.e.* because it is not true. But go on boldly, you need not be pausing at each step to inquire how far will this agree with the Mosaic record—is there anything in this opposed to religion? You are working indeed on another part of God's works, but they are His works still. Do not be afraid. It is not the devil's world whose construction you are examining, but God's; and in it there can be no contradiction of anything God has said. Only let us know exactly what His works are, and they will be found to be in agreement with His words.

With these feelings, we confess we think that upon subjects like these, men of science and divines will do well to agree upon a division of labour. Let the geologist go on ascertaining and arranging his facts and drawing his inferences as best he may, unchecked by any fear lest conclusions should be inconsistent with religion, and let it be the business of divines to inquire, after the conclusions have been attained with tolerable certainty, whether they agree with the preconceived opinions of religious men, and if not, how the discrepancy is to be set right.

But if this cartel is to be established, there is one condition which men of science must carefully preserve. They must stick to their last; they must leave theology to others. If they leave their proper province, the investigation of physical

facts, and encroach upon theological ground, they must not expect impunity because they are not divines but philosophers. A foreigner is amenable to the laws of England if he comes amongst us—a man of science, if he chooses to write on questions of theology at all, must write like a Christian, or bear from us the imputation of heresy or infidelity. To illustrate our meaning. A geologist may state his opinion, that the causes now in operation are sufficient to account for the existing strata and organic remains, but that those causes must have been in operation almost for countless ages. He may state that he can find no traces of any general inundation over the whole earth; he may declare that the organic contents of the ancient strata must have belonged to animals which lived and died long prior to the creation of man. These subjects are his legitimate field of inquiry. But if he chooses to examine the questions, whether Noah's deluge was universal, in what sense 'death came into the world by sin,' and the like, he is writing theology; and must be tried by the same rules which are applied to other theologians.

For be it well observed, that there are two styles of writing which may seem, at first sight, much like each other, but which, in truth, spring from principles and imply tempers diametrically opposite. Of the one we have already spoken; it is that of a man, who, firmly convinced that the Revelation of God is and must be true, goes boldly forth into His world, certain that any discrepancy with it must be only superficial and apparent, and therefore pursues his inquiry without fear of a conflicting result. The other is that of one who, by no means convinced of the truth of Revelation, and fully persuaded of the reality of his own studies, pays a formal acknowledgment at starting to the one, and then goes on to the other quite willing, upon any temptation, to make statements really and plainly opposite to the truths which he began by formally admitting. The difference may be illustrated by our own feelings. If we hear a story which seems to attach a suspicion of dishonest or dishonourable conduct to a friend, whom we know to be wholly incapable of it, we say at once, 'There is some mistake, when the facts are fully known it will appear;' but we do not even for a moment feel a doubt that perhaps it may be as it is represented. How different this from the official protest of Shakspeare's Antony—'Brutus is an honourable man,' while he is labouring to prove him a villain. Now it cannot be denied that there was, especially in the last century, a class of writers who habitually used this policy towards the religion of Christ. It was adopted by Voltaire, by Hume, by Gibbon, and by the vulgar herd of their followers. They canted about 'our holy religion,' especially when they conceived that they had found some

telling weapon against it. Voltaire writes, in a letter to the editors of the first edition of his works:—

‘A l’égard de quelques écrits plus sérieux, tout ce que j’ai à vous dire, c’est que je suis né Français et Catholique; et c’est principalement dans un pays Protestant que je dois vous marquer mon zèle pour mon patrie, et mon profond respect pour la religion dans laquelle je suis né et pour ceux qui sont à la tête de cette religion.’ Hume concludes his ‘*Essay on Miracles*,’ ‘I am the better pleased with the method of reasoning here delivered, as I think it may serve to confound those dangerous friends or disguised enemies to the Christian religion, who have undertaken to defend it by the principles of human reason. Our most holy religion is founded on FAITH, not on reason, and it is a sure method of exposing it to put it to such a trial as it is by no means fitted to endure.’

Now it is evident that a geologist may very easily act in the spirit here exposed, who begins his work with a protest of his belief in Christianity, and of his being now engaged on a wholly different subject, which must be examined, not as a question of cosmogony, but as one of pure science; if he afterwards takes opportunities to sneer at Christian doctrines, or at those whose writings show that they heartily receive and embrace them as unquestionable truths. And this obliges us to express our deep regret that Sir Charles Lyell,—we sincerely trust without intending it, or considering the inference to which his words fairly expose him,—should in several places have written in a manner which exposes him to the charge of writing in this very spirit. We will give one or two examples out of several which lie before us.

‘In a rude state of society, all great calamities are regarded by the people as judgments of God upon the wickedness of man. Thus, in our own time, the priests persuaded a large part of the population of Chili, and, perhaps, believed themselves, that the fatal earthquake of 1822 was a sign of the wrath of Heaven for the great political revolution just then consummated in South America.’—*Principles*, p. 10.

Speaking of Ray’s ‘*Essay on Chaos and Creation*,’ he says:—

‘We perceive clearly, from his writings, that the gradual decline of our system, and its future consummation by fire, was held to be as necessary an article of faith by the orthodox as was the recent origin of our planet. His discourses, like those of Hooke, are highly interesting, as attesting the familiar association in the minds of philosophers in the age of Newton of questions of physics and divinity. It is curious to meet with so many citations from the Christian Fathers and Prophets, in his “*Essays on Physical Science*,” to find him, in one page proceeding, by the strict rules of induction, to explain the former changes of the globe, and in the next gravely entertaining the question, whether the sun and stars, and the whole heavens, shall be annihilated together with the earth at the era of the grand conflagration.’—*Principles*, p. 33.

Here Sir Charles Lyell assumes that it is the error and superstition of a rude state of society to suppose that 'earthquakes and other great calamities' are 'judgments of God upon the wickedness of men;' he treats, as a similar weakness, the opinion that the world will one day be destroyed by fire, and the inquiry how far that conflagration will extend. Now, beyond a doubt, these are questions of pure theology. If he chooses to speak upon them at all, he is bound to speak of them as a Christian, and is as much open to censure and criticism as any professed theologian. His theology may be good or bad, but theology it is; and it is not too much to demand, that a professed Christian writing on points of theology, should tell us on what religious grounds he rejects conclusions which have ever seemed unquestionable to all Christians who have discussed them. Does he mean that we have been mistaken in supposing these doctrines to be revealed? If so, let him show it. Does he mean, that, though revealed, they are not to be believed? We trust not, for in that case his profession of Christianity would but too much resemble the zeal of Hume for our 'most holy religion.'

We have enlarged upon this point because we think we see, in much of the popular literature of the day, a tendency to confuse together the just and healthy tone of a scientific inquiry, (we mean that which, assuming earnestly and sincerely the truth of Revelation, proceeds upon purely inductive principles of observation, as if Revelation did not exist; confident that truth, when really discovered, will be found to agree with truth revealed;) with that other temper, the very worst in which such an inquiry can be carried on, which renders to Revelation a hollow and pretended acknowledgment (which, however intended as a compliment, is really an insult),—and then proceeds upon the real assumption of its falsehood; as if it were something ludicrous that a practical man should really believe its facts to be no less certain than the results of the most rigid induction, though attained by another method of proof.

Neither are we by any means convinced that the interests of religion are safe, because philosophers profess, above all things, to reverence the First Cause, the Deity, the Author of Nature, and the like. Our readers probably remember that Lord Brougham appeals to phrases like these, in the writings of Voltaire, for the purpose of proving that he was not an impious or irreligious man, although unfortunately disgusted with Christianity, which he knew only under the garb of Popery. We would employ the same fact for another purpose: we would beg our philosophers not to consider themselves sound Christians because they employ, and employ sincerely, expressions which

were equally sincere in the mouth and from the pen of Voltaire. They can hardly think us uncharitable or bigoted if we require something more than this; in fact, we are but acting upon principles which they would themselves apply to any other subject-matter. We are not content that a Christian should think it much to acknowledge and rest in natural theology, because in him, to rest in that truth, implies the rejection of many truths more important, more practical, more strongly attested. That Cicero or Plato should appeal to the works of nature, and trust in their great Author, was indeed a great thing, because their doing so was, as S. Paul says, 'a feeling after Him' who had, for a while, suffered all nations to go in their own ways, and had left Himself with only this imperfect witness. But for him who knows the true God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, to content himself with this meagre theology, is an ungrateful rejection of truth; not a craving after it and reaching toward it; it is groping for the wall, and shutting his eyes to the glorious light of day. For these causes, we cannot acknowledge such passages as the following as any proof of the Christianity of the writers although we do not for a moment mean to deny that they are sincere Christians. Sir Charles Lyell says of Hutton, quoting the words of Playfair:—

"He had always displayed," says Playfair, "the utmost disposition to admire the beneficent design manifested in the structure of the world, and he contemplated with delight those parts of his theory which made the greatest addition to our knowledge of final causes." We may say, with equal truth, that in no scientific works in our language can more eloquent passages be found, concerning the fitness, harmony, and grandeur, of all parts of the creation, than in those of Playfair; they are evidently the unaffected expressions of a mind which contemplated the study of nature, as best calculated to elevate our conceptions of the First Cause, &c.—*Principles*, p. 59.

Our objection to all this is the same which our author would feel to any work which should, in the present day, announce as great discoveries, geological facts which would have been important accessions to knowledge a hundred years ago. There was a time, before God had spoken, when the study of Nature was perhaps 'best calculated to elevate our conceptions of the First Cause.' Is not our author employing conventional language, the meaning of which he does not realize, when he says it is so now? Does he really mean that the physical works of God are higher, nobler, or more glorious than His moral and spiritual works;—that the strata of our hills have a tendency to elevate a Christian mind higher than the word and the works of Him who has brought for us life and immortality to light through His Gospel? We trust, nay, we sincerely believe, he cannot mean what he says. It is an idle

fashion which the miserable study of evidences and natural theology, and the like poor fare, which was of late so popular among us, has introduced; and which custom, we trust, now keeps up among men who really mean better; else the passage we have quoted would really amount to a denial by implication, of all that is really great, noble, and stirring in God's Revelation of Himself through His Son; if, after all, we may say, that He has been born, and lived, and died, among us, and men have seen God manifest in the flesh, and 'have seen with their eyes, and have looked upon, and their hands have handled, the WORD OF LIFE; for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us;' and yet that still, after all this, it is true as it was before, that it is the study of nature which elevates man most near to God; and that the rocks of the earth reveal Him more fully, more nobly, with more transforming power, than His incarnate Word. Surely, 'if these should hold their peace, the very stones would immediately cry out.' Inanimate nature herself will witness to her Lord, if man, to whom He has spoken, will not hear and love His voice; yet it is only because these hold their peace—not because the stones speak of Him more clearly or more nobly than His revealed Word, but because He will not be left without meaner witnesses, when they who should be His witnesses, refuse the task which is their true glory.

With what indignation must we suppose that glorious Apostle would have read words like these from the pen of a Christian, who cried, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ;' and again, 'We all with open face behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed after the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord!' Yes; it is the Word made flesh that is alone the true elevator of mankind.

In these remarks, be it remembered, we are not by any means demanding that philosophers shall intermingle religious with scientific subjects. We think they had better usually be kept separate. All we require is, that if Christian philosophers choose to theologize at all; they should theologize as Christians, and not merge the Christian in the natural philosopher, when speaking upon theological subjects. Neither do we think of denying that the Christian may and will make a religious use of the works of nature. Of course he will. But he will not come to them as one ignorant, to be instructed in the great First Cause, as he might and would have done had God never spoken. On the contrary, he will go to them in the spirit of one who knows God already, and turns to His works, not for proofs of

His power and wisdom and love, but for perpetual instances and memorials of that love, wisdom and power, which he knows already, not in His works but in Himself. He adores in them the God whom he already knows, instead of seeking in them for proofs of One whom he knows not. He receives them as gifts, not from an unknown benefactor, whose goodness he infers from them, but endeared to him even beyond their intrinsic value because he knows them to be the works and the gifts of Him who has loved him and given Himself for him. The one temper would be but a deifying of the works of nature, the other is to see and worship the true God in His works. The one is the religion of Nature, the other the faith of Christ. Thus it is that the Christian contemplates nature :—

‘ His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers ; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpretentious eye,
And smiling say, MY FATHER made them all!

* * * * *

‘ Acquaint thyself with God if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to His embrace
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before ;
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart
Made pure, shall relish with Divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands Divine have wrought.’

Neither will we deny that he who brings with him this temper to the works of God will draw conclusions with some degree of diffidence as to the method of their creation. He remembers that he is scanning the works of Him whose ‘ judgments are unsearchable and His ways past finding out ;’ and he applies to himself the reproof of God to the Patriarch : ‘ Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest ? or who hath stretched the line upon it ? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ? or who laid the corner-stone thereof ; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ?’ In this spirit he will not indeed abstain from a careful and rigid analysis of nature, nor from logical induction from its phenomena ; but he may, perhaps, shrink from deciding that it is only in this manner, or only in that manner, that it can have been framed. To exemplify our meaning :—the modern geologists, as we have already said, assume that all the existing rocks of which we have cognizance, (whether stratified as deposits from water, or massy as the results of fusion,) have gradually been formed in the course of successive ages by the operation of the same

causes which are now at work upon the globe, and that similar results are at this moment being produced by the action of the same causes; thus they entirely reject the hypothesis of any sudden and violent changes formerly taking place in some chaotic state of our earth, wholly dissimilar to any which are now going on around us. But they are forced to assume that this material globe has existed and been inhabited for a period of time which it almost perplexes the human mind to contemplate. The period indeed of man's residence upon earth would be sufficiently proved to be comparatively very short (apart from Revelation) by the mere geological records of the earth. But that it must have been replete with vegetable and animal life, not merely for centuries, but thousands, and more probably even millions, of years before the creation of Adam, seems certain, if the existing rocks were formed by a process exactly similar to those which are in progress around us. Fully convinced of this, we do not hesitate to admit that Christian geologists are justified in examining the physical records of the earth, as if unquestionably the result of existing causes acting for a period of years almost countless. It is the work of theologians to adjust whatever may really be discovered with existing systems of belief, to show whether in any point the popular opinion has too hastily assumed, as the true meaning of Scripture, facts, which are not indeed recorded there; or if not, to show in what other way the face of the world and the words of God may be shown to be, as when rightly understood they must of necessity be, perfectly harmonious. And this has already been done in a great measure. There is much that is very valuable upon this subject in Mr. Gray's little work, especially in the third chapter, on 'The harmony between the Word and Works of God, in relation to the Earth's Antiquity.' Much had been done before, as for instance by Bishop Wiseman, in his 'Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion,' and in some valuable remarks in a note supplied by Dr. Pusey to Dean Buckland's 'Bridgewater Treatise.' Dr. Pusey shows that the creation of the world out of nothing, at an indefinite period before the creation of man, (although inconsistent no doubt with the usual opinion of Christians as derived from the book of Genesis before geological facts were investigated,) is yet so far from being contrary to the words of that Divine Record, that great authorities so understood them long before geology was studied. He says, 'The time of the creation, in verse 1, appears to me not to be defined; we are told only what alone we are concerned with, that all things were made by God. Nor is this any new opinion. Many of the Fathers (they are quoted by Petavius, lib. c. cap. ii. s. 1—8,) supposed the first two verses of Genesis to contain an account

'of a distinct and prior act of creation; some, as S. Augustine, Theodoret and others, that of the creation of matter; others that of the elements Accordingly, in some old editions of the English Bible, where there is no division into verses, you actually find a break at the end of what is now the second verse; and in Luther's Bible, (Wittenburg, 1557,) you have in addition the figure 1, placed against the third verse, as being the beginning of the account of the creation on the first day. This then is just the sort of confirmation which one wished for, because, though one would shrink from the impiety of bending the language of God's book to any other than its obvious meaning, we cannot help fearing lest we might be unconsciously influenced by the floating opinions of our own day, and therefore turn the more anxiously to those who explained Holy Scripture before those theories existed.'

In a similar manner may be explained (what seems the most startling difficulty) the creation of the sun on the fourth day of the Mosaic creation, while it appears as if the world had existed for countless ages before that last work of God, under conditions similar to those in which it now is. It is shown by Bishop Wiseman, that 'S. Basil, S. Cæsarius, and Origen, account for the creation of light prior to that of the sun, by supposing this luminary to have indeed before existed; yet so that its rays were prevented by the dense chaotic atmosphere from penetrating. This was, on the first day, so far rarified as to allow the transmission of the sun's rays, though not the discernment of its disk, which was fully displayed on the third day.'

Another difficulty had long ago been observed—the distribution of animals as well as plants over the globe. Men have often inferred that all were created in one district; and, more naturally, that after the flood of Noah, no animal life remained upon the world except that preserved in the ark; and, that from this remnant, all creatures now existing on earth had their origin. This at once suggested the question, how animals, and in many cases noxious animals whom man would not transport, were carried from the centre of Asia to distant islands; and how it came, that many of them are found only in those distant lands? Thus, for example, all the quadrupeds of the great Australian continent, about forty in number, are peculiar to it. This seems to negative the idea that they have sprung from individuals preserved in the ark and casually transplanted across the sea; for, had this been the case, it would be miraculous that none of them should have left any of their race, in any of the countries through which they must have passed, and which

are well adapted for their increase. The same remark applies to the American continent, and to many distant islands. This difficulty was observed by S. Augustine, who inquires, whether God, by the ministry of angels, may have transported them across the sea after the flood? It now appears that the fossil remains of Australia, for example, are characterised with the same peculiarities which are found also in its recent animal races. This seems to indicate, that the Almighty planted the creatures which it was His pleasure should inhabit different lands in those lands at their first creation—that Australia, for instance, has been occupied by marsupial animals, not merely since the flood, but for ages before. Difficulties like these will be adjusted by degrees; whether the judgment of divines may finally acquiesce in the opinion, that the universality of the deluge consisted, not in its covering the whole face of the globe, and sweeping away all wild animals; but rather in the entire destruction of the race of man, (which is a point of religious belief, attested by the clear words of Scripture, and by the traditions of all nations,¹) and the animals dependent upon him, and all his works; or, whether they may decide, that after the earth had been swept by the flood, it pleased God to replenish it by creating anew in each land, as at first, creatures similar to those which had before occupied it. In either case, we are of opinion, that as it is nowhere declared in Scripture that all animals now existing are descended from those preserved in the ark, so, on the other hand, that opinion, natural as it is, will not be found consistent with facts.

From what we have said, it will be plain to our readers that we are far from regarding the modern systems of geology, founded as they are upon observation and induction apart from any consideration of Scripture, as in any degree inconsistent with the facts there recorded. On the contrary, we are convinced that a sincere and earnest believer may consistently admit the conclusions of the geologists, which are in the main these: that the world has existed in substantially its actual state for countless ages before the creation of man,—that the existing rocks² which meet our eyes in all known countries have been gradually formed, and have assumed their present shape and character, while the earth has been enlightened by the sun as it now is, divided as now into sea and land, rivers and lakes, plains and mountains,—that during these ages the climate of different parts of the earth, as for instance of that which we inhabit, has been

¹ This is shown by Bishop Wiseman in a very interesting manner in his 'Lectures.'

² The term rock, as used by geologists, is technical, and signifies not merely masses of hard stone, but any mass of mineral matter, chalk, clay, sand, &c.

greatly modified, at different periods, by changes in the proportion and situation of land and sea, the growth and clearing away of forests and the like,—that since the creation of man the same causes have continued to operate and to produce similar effects, so that there are, no doubt, many rocks now existing, (though they may be chiefly hidden in the bed of the ocean,) part of which was formed before men were created, while part exactly similar has gradually accumulated since—but that the period since the creation of man is so small compared with those which elapsed before, that the geological results of that period are as yet scarcely appreciable, as compared with the vast monuments existing in actual mountains, valleys, mines, and the like, of changes which took place before the first man tenanted the globe,—in particular, that we cannot decide with certainty that any existing remains which have yet been examined are the results of Noah's flood, and that there are in most countries many races of animals which do not appear to have sprung from those preserved in the ark. Of these conclusions, indeed, some are startling at first sight, and differ from those suggested by the first view of the Scripture narrative; yet we think that even these are by no means inconsistent with the real meaning of that sacred history, and that a fair and candid mind will not feel itself obliged to censure those who maintain them as subverting the truths of Revelation.

Yet fully admitting all this, and that the views entertained by modern geologists may be actually correct, we still cannot but feel that our author and his compeers exaggerate their certainty. Take what view you please of the formation of existing strata, allow for it what time you please; but at last we are met by that one stupendous fact, however distant, the point at which matter and spirit come into contact, the great wonder and mystery of this visible world, the fact of CREATION. 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' This is a certain theological truth revealed by God Himself, and which (even when unrevealed) reason itself showed to men of higher souls. Indeed, is it as evident to reason as to faith? For all life upon this globe has its beginning no less than its end; and it is almost a contradiction in terms to say that a series has lasted for ever without any commencement, every individual of which had a beginning. One uncreated cause, without beginning, is indeed beyond our conception or understanding, but such a series as this would be contrary to our reason. Moreover, the fact of creation is witnessed even by the organic remains, which geology brings to our notice; for no fact is more certain, than that many species of animals have come into existence within geological periods: and of course (unless

philosophers are disposed to return to the 'fortuitous concurrence of atoms'), this can only be referred to an act of creation. Now, who shall undertake to say in what state God would create any of the works of His hand. Who is sufficient for such a speculation? This is that ultimate difficulty which remains behind every geological theory, however complete.

Sir Charles Lyell states at the end of his book, in language which we think might well be more positive, the argument from analogy as he accounts it, against the existence of the present order of things from everlasting; but if it ever had a beginning, if there ever was a period, however remote, at which animal and vegetable life first commenced upon this earth, (and that such a period there was, we are assured by reason no less certainly than by faith,) then at that period we are met by the act of creation, by the Divine agent and the creature of His hand. Now, what human intellect shall presume to conjecture what the state of this world was as it came thus from the hand of the Creator, and before any changes had been wrought in it by the course of ages—the formation of new strata—the embedding of organic remains? Far be it from us to answer: yet one suggestion may be offered. The only approach towards even a probable solution, must be made, not upon principles of *à priori* probability—not by asserting what God must needs have done, (in all cases a perilous course,) but by analogy—by inquiring what it has pleased Him to do in other instances. For though this is no demonstration that He will do the same in every case, yet, inasmuch as 'He is not the God of confusion, but of order,' it is a presumption of a high order. Now, the only analogy we can consult, is the case of the creation of the existing state of things as recorded in the book of Genesis. We find there that He created both Adam and Eve in a state of perfection; it has generally been supposed such as they would have been after twenty or thirty years' life upon earth; not, indeed, such as their children since the fall have been after so many years, but such as they would have been, had they been born sinless and without infirmity, into a sinless world, and had then gradually advanced to strength and perfection. Certainly, in neither of them was there any lengthened period of infancy and youth. The same seems to have been the case with 'every beast of the field,' created for their use, and put under their subjection. They were created such as their progeny would gradually become in the process of time. Moreover, the same rule seems to have obtained in the creation of the trees of the field, for He created 'every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew.' It seems then, that those things which were called into existence with and for the use of man, as well as man himself, were brought at once by the creative will of

God, to that state of perfection which it would have taken a lapse of years to produce in the usual course of growth. If, then, any philosopher had stood among the works thus produced, but a few years after their creation, what must have been the effect produced upon him! He would have seen around him objects which bore no witness of any sudden change or violent convulsion, which spoke of nothing but silent gradual growth and maturity, but which must have required many years to bring them to their existing state. The whole world that surrounded him would bear witness to the long-continued action of still existing causes. Nay, there are many of the works of nature which bear upon their face a record of the precise number of years which has passed over them. A tree, for instance, of the fir tribe, shows this so distinctly, that the philosopher could have no difficulty in stating exactly how many years it had stood: every successive layer of wood being the record of a year of growth. More than this, if the trees originally created were, as the book of Genesis seems plainly to declare, such trees as have grown since, they were composed of wood, the internal rings of which tell each of one year's growth. In like manner, Adam himself, if he was a man such as other men, must have borne in the sutures of his skull, and in other points of his anatomical structure, distinct traces of that wondrous state of imperfection and infancy, through which it was the purpose of God that all his children should pass. Thus much seems clearly implied in the history of the book of Genesis, the only account, be it remembered, which has been given us of any act of creation. If, then, it had been the will of God to call into existence the material globe at the same epoch with the creation of man, what reason have we to suppose that He would not adopt in this instance the same course which we are told He adopts in the other acts of creation at the same time? And, if He did, would not the world be created at once in the state to which it would have been brought by the action, for a course of ages, of the same principles, and the continuance of the same changes which since the creation have been passing upon it? Thus we infer, that analogy, (the only argument, as far as we can see, which bears at all upon the subject,) suggests the belief, that if it had been the will of God to call at once into existence a globe for the habitation of men, He would probably have created such an one as we actually find this to be, namely, one which to all outward appearance had gradually come to its state of perfection through the continued action of natural causes for many years. Now, the only reason for supposing that the world was not created immediately before the creation of man, is, that it has this appearance; the analogy, therefore, which we have pointed out, if it be just, altogether removes every reason which

we might have had for believing that it is in fact more ancient.

One objection we have heard to this view, namely, that it would be inconsistent with the Divine truth thus to create at once objects (as organic remains) which, to all appearance, were the gradual result of many years, and of the life and death of numerous animals. This objection, however, seems to us obviated by what we have seen of the recorded history of creation. Adam, as he came from the hand of his Creator, spake as plainly to human understanding of years already gone over him, as any of the fossil remains on the rocks upon which he stood.

Whatever there is of strangeness in this theory at first sight, appears to us to vanish, when we remember who He is of whose works we are reasoning. Not to enter at present into the deep and mysterious subject of the action of the Divine will upon those creatures whom God has been pleased to create in His own image, giving them a free will and power to choose the good or evil—leaving this mystery, which is alien to our present subject, it is plain that whatever is done in the physical and material world, He alone is the doer of it. So reason tells us, and Revelation confirms it; assuring us, that God clothes the grass of the field and numbers the sparrows. Let us, then, assume the correctness of the prevalent theory of geology, and admit that for many ages before the creation of man, this world had been inhabited by inferior animals; and during those ages had been gradually made fit for his use by the revolutions which passed upon it. It is certain, then, that in the mind and will of the Creator every one of these revolutions, every individual rock and stratum, every animal whose remains now astonish us in the ancient strata—all these must have been present from the beginning, as they were when they existed, or as they are now: for to Him time is not. No detail could have been otherwise than it actually was, without interfering with the perfection of His work and His plan. Thus then every geologist, who is a theist, must admit that the whole course of events in all the ages of the geological eras, was present to the will of the Creator, at the moment of creation; and afterwards gradually developed one after the other in the course of ages. The only difference then between this view and that of the creation of the world as it was when man first entered it, is a question of time—of the time in which God would produce a certain work; a question, that is, of time with regard to Him who does not exist in time—to whom time is not. Will any wise man venture to say, that it might not be His will,—that it may not have been the very idea of creation to compress into a moment (to employ human language, which cannot really apply to Him) that course of events, that succession of cause and effect, which He saw to be requisite

for producing such a world as it was His pleasure to create? Before any man undertakes to decide thus, let him consider how entire is our ignorance of the nature and process of creation, (as Dr. Pusey observes in another part of the note from which we have already made an extract,) how entirely ignorant we are even of the more kindred events which most intimately touch each of us individually. We know not how God acted in the creation of our own individual souls; how He framed our bodies, 'secretly, beneath in the earth;' how the powers of our souls grow, not to mention the body; what birth is, and what death. Above all, we are absolutely ignorant of the very nature of *time*; and know only, as is shown in a well-known paper of the 'Spectator,' that even to men in our present state of being the same period may vary almost indefinitely.

These considerations do not appear to us calculated to diminish, but, on the contrary, greatly to augment, the interest of geological inquiries in the minds of those who are disposed to give them full weight. In examining these phenomena it is certain, that we have before us, presented to our senses, the instrument by which it pleased God to prepare this His world for the inhabitation of man and for the humiliation and incarnation of His Only-Begotten. All things indeed come from Him, and bear the impress of His hand, and therefore, unquestionably, these among others. In any case, the geologist is analyzing the course of events by which it was His pleasure to prepare the theatre of this great event. He is tracing back to the best of his feeble powers the succession of event and cause which existed in the will of the Creator from the beginning. This is certain: yet to our imagination at least, and we think to our reason also, it would invest it with a fresh and deeper interest, and the objects which we contemplate would appear to come more directly from the hand of the Creator, if it was indeed the case that they were all called into existence in the moment of creation by His Almighty Word; in the same manner as we should look with greater interest upon a tree, an herb, or an animal which we knew to have been created, than upon one which was indeed equally the work of the Creator's hand, only by the instrumentality of the usual powers of Nature. Thus, we think that the Christian geologist, while he will not condemn the prevailing opinion of philosophers as irreligious, will not for his own part find the subject less, but rather more, interesting should he be inclined to think that in a subject beyond the reach of human intellect the balance of probability may be rather in favour of the actual creation of this world, including all its strata, and all their organized contents, both animal and vegetable, nearly in the state in which we see it, and at a period little preceding the creation of man.

NOTICES.

THE department of our labours which is in many respects the most unsatisfactory to ourselves, is that of noticing the quarterly masses of well-intentioned and generally well-principled 'little books' which are now-a-days published. We have so often—and hitherto so ineffectually—reclaimed against these numbers numberless of 'Children's Books,' and 'School Prizes,' and 'Religious Tales,' that we abandon the task, or duty. The whole world is against us: men of the highest acquirements—ladies young and old—doctors and senior fellows—publisher and printer—probably six out of every ten of our readers—all write or are interested in writing good little books, or at least what are meant for good: and we are expected to praise all this. We respectively are Church-publishers, Church-printers, Church-writers, Church-rhymesters, Church-essayists, Church-pamphleteers, Church-tract-inditers: we have a right, each and all, to have our little works praised in a Church review: the mere fact that we are all working on the same side, and for the same ends, as the Christian Remembrancer, establishes our claims to a favourable notice. This is really the language addressed to us: and as it is so, we can but in all humility, however sad, submit to what seems inevitable. We demur to the claim. We have duties towards English literature, as well as to friendly partialities. The 'little volumes of nonsense,' of which Sidney Smith spoke, are so many, and of late so very nonsensical, that even the proverbial patience of our much-enduring craft fails us. We do not desire to hurt the feelings of well-meaning people: so, without specifying or naming a single publication of the class to which we allude, we simply state that, in our judgment, of its twenty-one representatives which this quarter has brought before us, in all its varieties of the small blue and red *feuilletons*, manuals catechetical and semi-catechetical, tales illustrative of this or that office, or this or that portion of truth, reward-books and story-books, tracts and fictions, allegories and verses, (and we have really read them all,) there is not one above the average—most of them far below it, even taking that at a very low pitch. If people would but remember that if they have nothing to say, it is far more prudent to be silent; and that, on the whole, reading is a far more healthful occupation than writing; among other useful ends which this abstinence would compass, stands foremost that of saving money, which is at present wasted either by themselves, their publishers, or their purchasers. The market is stocked and over-stocked. One of the most sensible ordinances of a certain period of ecclesiastical history was that which stopped preaching for a whole twelvemonth. We will offer no opinion of the expediency of its literal revival among ourselves: to the advantages of its application to check the rank luxuriant under-growth of 'good books,' perhaps the booksellers themselves can bear the most practical testimony.

One illustration we are not sufficiently ascetic to suppress : from a verse-book for the use of schools we extract :—

My donkey, I would love him so,	'I'd feed him well, and speak him <i>kind</i> ,
I know that I could make him go	For that's the way to make him mind ;
Without the fear of blow or kick,	And by his side I'd trudge along,
Not even of a hazel stick.	And sing a little donkey song.'

We can quite assure the writer that he has misapplied his moods and tenses : any form of the conditional is out of place. He has already sung 'a little donkey song.'

'Adelaide's Gift; or, New Year's Day, by Miss M'Anslane,' (Edinburgh, Grants, 1848,) is, however, a small collection of tales satisfactorily strung together. The spirit is good, the reference to sacred considerations just what is right and needful in any book aiming at morality and designed for the young, and not too much for one which does not profess to be theological ; and the last story indicates really considerable inventive and constructive power. We mention the book as something above the average.

The same may be said of the 'Shepherds of Bethlehem.' (Masters.)

'Baptism: its Nature, Efficacy, &c., by Mr. Maxwell Nicholson, of Pencaitland.' (Paton & Ritchie.) 'The Holy Eucharist: its Nature and Laws, &c., by Mr. John Marshall, of Burnside.' (Paton and Ritchie.) It is by no accident that these two pamphlets are bracketed: they are in every sense antistrophic. They are curious illustrations of the Trans-Tuedine religious tendencies. The same publishers send us by the same post a correlative antagonism in controversy. The two chief sacraments are illustrated by a happy and unhappy deflection from their own principles of two Christian teachers. Mr. Nicholson is a Presbyterian preacher, whose views of Baptism are nearly as deep as those of the Catholic Church. Mr. Marshall, a Scotch priest, degrades the other sacrament into a mere Puritan commemoration. It were, on the one hand, as unreasonable to expect, as on the other it were unfaithful to believe, that either writer represented more than an exception in their respective communions. Mr. Nicholson's tone is as warm and able as Mr. Marshall's is cold and common-place. The latter reflects upon the important question, opened by Mr. Palmer (of Magdalene) on '*passive and non-passive communion.*'

Chancellor Harrington has printed a Postscript to his searching pamphlet against Macaulay's History of England. (Rivingtons.) On this branch of the subject the case is complete. But perhaps, on the whole, the most damaging assault yet made on the most readable and amusing historian of this or any other day, is Mr. Churchill Babington's 'Macaulay's Character of the Clergy considered.' Apart from its triumphant conclusion, Mr. Babington's Essay is a very finished piece of criticism: it is as minute and exact as one of Croker's attacks, without that writer's captious littleness of thought and style. Mr. Babington knows what Mr. Macaulay—we will hope—did not know, the moral value of the authorities he cites. 'The young Levite filling himself with corned beef and carrots,' is just the sort of phrase never to be forgotten. Mr. Macaulay's strength lies in his brilliancy. Unfortunately for his credit, however, his malice getting

the better of his discretion, he produces for fact what at the best was meant for banter: and when Aristophanes happens to be accepted as an historical authority for the character of Socrates, or when Captain Lemuel Gulliver supersedes D'Anville, then Mr. Macaulay may aspire to the historian's sober robe—but not till then. Mr. Babington's last chapter proves that Macaulay's *Tory* Parson and *Tory* Squire are taken, feature by feature, in an unacknowledged but most direct plagiarism, from contemporaneous sketches, in a pamphlet entitled 'The character of a *Whig* under several denominations:' we can acquiesce in the present writer's cautious severity: 'It was a bold and perhaps not very politic stroke of Mr. Macaulay to take the above description, reproduce it *mutatis mutandis*, and apply it to the *Tory* Clergy. And all this not in an avowed work of fiction, but in a professed History of England. Some may consider the fraud pious; all must confess its conception facetious: but his joke, once discovered, is at the expense of the author and his history.'—P. 110.

Two pamphlets on Baptism, of which the writers respectively seem alive to the unhappy state in which the particular question rests, are before us. 'Baptism misunderstood, the great trouble of the Church, by Mr. Alfred Gatty,' (Bell,) and 'Discourse on Baptism, by Mr. Richard Hibbs,' (Hamilton, Adams and Co.) The former, while cautious, is earnest and sound; the latter, while, we have no reason to doubt, equally earnest, is quite unsound. Mr. Gatty pleads; Mr. Hibbs decides. He tells us, which will surprise most, 'that during the eighteen centuries of the Church's continuance, either no consistent view of Christian baptism has been elicited, or that his own view is least of all known or received:' this view being only the very ordinary 'charitable assumption' one. Mr. Hibbs complacently assures his Church of England hearers, that to deny infant baptism altogether is much better than to believe in baptismal regeneration: the latter 'is far more' (p. 22) dangerous. We have not heard that Mr. Hibbs has been censured: being a Suffolk curate, it were hard to expect it. But what we fear is any thing like the growth of a disposition to accept this state of things as normal: not only to admit the fact, that our Church, by its living authorities, does permit contradictory teaching, but to acquiesce in it: in other words, to say that a Church even on fundamentals need hold *no* doctrine.

The two metropolitan Archdeacons have published their recent Charges. (Rivingtons.) To Archdeacon Hale we are thankful for a manly and intelligible protest against the incestuous Marriages Bill and the (so-called) Clergy Relief Bill. Archdeacon Hale's language is eminently plain and satisfactory: one can always tell his meaning; and though we do not perhaps meet with very high language, or very expansive principles, there is a wholesome English, common-sense, practical character about all that he says. We detect a contrast between the bluntness of London and the suavity of Middlesex: suited, we suppose, to the more delicate and coarser fibre of their respective constituencies. The allusions to 'lowering irretrievably the social position of the whole clerical body,' (p. 63,) and to 'the young men of birth and property who are induced to enter into holy

orders,' (*ibid.*) and to the courtly fact of 'almost every family of any consequence in the kingdom having ties of kindred or affinity connecting it with the Church,' (*ibid.*) had, we had hoped, become obsolete in archidiaconal Charges. We should have been glad, moreover, to have seen some allusion to the Marriage Bill, and less approval of the Management Clauses.

'Remarks upon the Record Newspaper, &c., by an Incumbent of the Diocese of London.' (Thomson.) If this London Incumbent had confined himself to his appointed task of exposing the 'malignancy, profanity, falsehood, inconsistency, evil speaking and evil thinking, selfishness, ignorance, and narrow-mindedness,' (p. 23)—to use his own words—of the newspaper with which he finds fault, it would have been little concern of ours. We should simply have sympathised with the excellent intentions of such a writer, as well as with his deplorable, however amiable, ignorance in attempting to improve in a quarter alike incapable of appreciating argument, principle, common sense, or common decency. But the London Incumbent is an Arnoldite; and, true to his party, runs a-muck against all the self-called religious journals and religious criticism of the day. As in Archdeacon Hare's various works, those who will not 'speak of the "Victory of Faith" and "Mission of the Comforter" as the grandest expositions of the two central verities of Evangelical truth which our English literature contains,' (p. 10)—those who begin to doubt the propriety of a Theological professor telling us 'that the popular English religious systems cannot last,' (one at least of those popular systems simply claiming to be that of Christianity before its corruption)—all such persons, if they happen to express their opinions, current opinions meant to meet current errors, are denounced by Mr. Hare and his many friends as 'bravoes of orthodoxy,'—as 'hired and anonymous scribes,' whose 'favourite employment is to blacken and traduce,'—as 'Iago,' and possessed of a 'hoof,'—as 'link boys,' or what not. Of course we have a word to say about all this. Dr. Arnold himself was either proprietor or editor of, or a constant contributor to, a newspaper: he was a review writer; nay, he wrote, as everybody knows, the most virulent 'blackening and traducing' and personal article which ever brought disgrace upon any review; so that Dr. Arnold's friends and worshippers will have some difficulty in showing, at least from the example of 'that true and righteous man of God, Dr. Arnold himself,' (p. 8,) that in themselves religious reviews and periodicals are unlawful. They will have greater difficulty in showing that 'falsehood and inconsistency, ignorance and narrow-mindedness, selfishness and suspiciousness,' are inseparable from periodical writing in periodicals. And while it is not for us to say what reviews are, or can do, the world has not yet learnt from the tone which replies to criticism in certain quarters have taken that no disturbance of temper can force its entrance into the serene temples of the wisdom of Hurstmonceux, or the academic calm of King's College.

Mr. E. V. Vaughan, of Wraxall, has addressed a very important 'Letter to Mr. Miles,' (Nisbet,) on one particular part of the practical working of the Minutes of Council on Education. We do not know whether this letter has attracted attention—it fully deserves it. Mr. Vaughan shows what is

actually at work; what a miserable class, the rough material of 'dangerous classes,' as dangerous as those of Paris itself, the present system of Government inspection is actually bringing up; and yet more, how, in cases quoted and produced, the State inspector sets aside pupil teachers, against the deliberate judgment of the parish priest as to their moral and religious acquirements and general aptitude in teaching and docility, and against his testimony of their twelvemonth's daily diligence and proficiency, only on his own dislike to a provincial accent in a nervous child during a quarter of an hour's *viva voce* examination by a stranger. The fact is—and the sooner the Clergy learn it, the better—that the Government grant and the system of pupil teachers and salaried monitors have already turned our parish schools into a very plain instalment of the Prussian Staats-system. It is not a contingent danger; it is a fact daily at work. We are not alarmists, but the classes who at this moment have overturned all the authority and faith of Europe have been educated exactly and precisely upon the principles of which the paid monitors, and pupil teachers, and Government certificates, and Her Majesty's inspectors, are the actual exponents.

Mr. Cosserat has printed a 'Letter to the Bishop of Exeter,' (Wallis,) on the necessity of catechising. It is judicious and useful.

There is, to those disposed properly to use it, some important information in Mr. C. H. Cottrell's 'Religious Movements of Germany,' (Petheram,)—that is to say, Mr. Cottrell's facts are important. For himself, he only adopts the swaggering tone of one to whom all religious movements are equally an object of contempt. The principles avowed in this pamphlet are hardly other than infidel. We gather from it that the result of the political convulsions of Germany has been, that the so-called orthodox party, as represented at least by Krummacher, is now 'using the most conciliatory,' indeed rationalistic, 'language to the very persons whom they have hitherto treated as freethinkers and unbelievers.' (P. 108.) In other words, a fusion of orthodox and pietists, the Friends of Light and the Rongeists, in 'that young and renovated Church which is, with its free institutions, developing itself before our eyes,' to use Krummacher's own words, is all but openly recommended by the most respectable of German so-called orthodoxy.

Mr. C. J. Lyon, of St. Andrew's, has reprinted from a very promising periodical, 'The Scottish Magazine,' three admirable 'Letters on the Duke of Argyle's recent work.' (Lendrum.) Mr. Lyon's is a searching and closely-argued piece of criticism.

Mr. J. Lockhart Ross,—one keenly alive to the necessity of practical reforms,—has addressed some useful 'Letters on Diocesan Colleges to the Dean of Chichester.' (J. H. Parker.) We are entirely at one with the writer as to the desirableness of a distinct theological *cursum*, and even of distinct theological colleges. But the real difficulty remains, how to make this course compulsory on all candidates for orders; or, which is only another way of stating it, how to bear an increase on the present enormous expense of clerical education. On the one hand, our existing theological seminaries, planned to supersede the expense of Oxford and Cambridge, only produce second-

class Clergy: on the other, the existing diocesan colleges are only attended by the more earnest B.A.'s. The question is how to *force* upon the crowd of imperfectly-taught and imperfectly-disciplined candidates for Orders, a creditable amount of divinity. Are we prepared to add to the four years at Oxford and Cambridge two more at the Diocesan College? or are we prepared to abridge the University period?

The Hon. Richard Cavendish has addressed one of the most striking pamphlets which have come before us, 'On the actual Relations of Church and State,' in the form of a 'Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury.' (Ollivier.) Mr. Cavendish's position, as bearing the name of the highest among the great Whig aristocratical families, gives his words only an adventitious weight: they are in themselves entitled to attention, which, however, they had scarcely secured had they come from a less influential quarter. He says plainly that to 'multiply Bishops,' as at present appointed, 'would serve but to multiply the evil,' (p. 18.) He puts a question,—and, considering both who it is who asks the question, and to whom it is put, it is an awful one,—in the plainest language which we have yet seen. We extract the passage:—'Men who can only sign the Articles 'in a non-natural sense have justly been made to feel that the Church 'has no desire to retain them within her fold. Shall others who use 'the most solemn addresses to Almighty God in a non-natural sense, 'believing them, as they must, when taken in their natural sense, 'to be "most blasphemous frivolities,"—shall they any longer not 'only be tolerated, but cherished as the very salt of the Clergy? 'My Lord, if all truth and uprightness are not to die out amongst us, here 'is a matter to which the rulers of the Church must look. Here is a moral 'plague which must indeed be stayed. If it be not, what can result but an 'upgrowth of the rankest and most deadly infidelity? The rulers of the 'Church! Are they all untainted themselves? Not long ago a Bishop of 'our Church had occasion to refer in a Visitation Charge to some of these 'blasphemous frivolities." He informed his Clergy that to question the 'maintenance by our Church of one of the chief doctrines so termed by 'Mr. Noel, is absurd and impossible. But, says his Lordship to those of 'his Clergy who may reject it, this doctrine is in the Prayer-book, but an 'undue importance is attached to it. There, indeed, are the words, but 'they are only words. Say them and hear them, but say them and hear 'them as if they were empty sounds, destitute of all meaning. In a cor- 'respondence with one of his Clergy, relating to some other "blasphemous 'frivolities" in the Prayer-book, the same Bishop informed him that they 'were allowed to remain in it by our Reformers out of pure compassion to 'human ignorance and infirmity. Now, my Lord, if any unprejudiced 'man will only pay one moment's attention to the solemn and awful invo- 'cations which accompany these "idle words," he cannot fail to acknow- 'ledge that if such were the intentions of our Reformers, then they were 'hypocrites the most accomplished, abettors of perjury the most shame- 'less, and breakers of the third commandment the most reckless, whom the 'world has yet seen, or, it may be hoped, is ever likely to see. My Lord, 'when one of the chief pastors of our Church ventures on such assertions, 'and gives such advice to his Clergy, what wonder if some of the startled

'sheep should wander away, some in one direction, some in another, from a fold which is thus pronounced, *ex cathedra*, to be polluted with falsehood the most revolting, and profanity the most impious?'—Pp. 21—23.

Mr. Brudenell Barter has added to his many warm-hearted appeals 'A Solemn Warning against that doctrine of Special Grace which causes divisions in the Church, and prepares the way for Infidelity.' (Rivingtons.) Mr. Barter's title is perhaps not very clear: his matter is unquestionably so.

With reference to Mr. Heurtley's 'Tract on Public Worship,' (J. H. Parker,) we must repeat his own abatement, 'It is true: but it is not the whole truth,' (p. 7.)—not more than half the truth: 'thanksgiving, praise, the hearing of God's word, prayer,' are not *the* objects of public worship; not even if we add Mr. Heurtley's 'fifth: viz. to partake of the Sacraments,' which, significantly enough, 'it is beside his purpose to dwell on.' (P. 18.) Such a purpose announces its own inadequacy. There yet remains among 'the objects of public worship' all that does not concern individual edification: such as come under the ideas of sacrifice, offering, mystery, the simple abstract glory of God, announced by angel voices, as one-half of the purpose of the Gospel, the witness to the faith, and sympathy with the unseen Church.

A useful and scientific 'History and Description of Exeter Cathedral,' has been printed by Mr. J. W. Hewett. (Holden.) It is of exactly the right proportion and in the right spirit. We do not accord with Mr. Hewett's doubts about the paintings on the choir-screen.

All that Mr. Winston writes upon the subject which he has so deeply studied deserves respectful consideration, or even deference. With this view we recommend this gentleman's 'Introduction to the Study of Painted Glass.' (J. H. Parker.) We are entirely satisfied with his historical *précis* of the art, with his technical descriptions, and his accurate and tasteful criticism of ancient art. And while we can quite enter into his vigorous condemnation of the modern mediævalisms, we are by no means satisfied with the existing specimens of an improved style which Mr. Winston praises. We should be sorry, for example, to admit that such glass as that lately placed in Westminster Abbey was an improvement, either artistic or technical, even upon the most servile imitations of old glass practised by mere copyists, such as Willement and Warrington. On the contrary, we look rather for the *tertium quid* of an improved style, not in a development commencing upon the vitiated *cinque cento*, which Mr. Winston seems disposed to take for his starting point, but rather upon a combination of the mosaic principle of colouring with the careful religious drawing of early Italian art. An advance in the right direction has been lately made in a window at Christ Church, Hoxton: of which, however, the chief defect is a want of relief, arising from the absence of cool white glass.

In our January number, after commending the improved practice which had been introduced into the education of the choristers at Westminster, we added, 'When we hear of similar care being taken at S. Paul's, we shall gladly withdraw the whole of our observations.' We are very happy in

being able to state that our strictures had been preceded by a recent and important change for the better: a change, however, only as recent, in its completeness, as Midsummer, 1848. The details may be learned from a courteous communication which we have received:—‘... first premising the system, pursued by our forefathers centuries ago, which no modern system can outvie, and which it is a pleasure to state we are imitating as nearly as we can. ...

‘In the earliest periods to which our records refer, we find the education of the Choristers of St. Paul’s Cathedral intrusted to the following officers:—

‘I. *The Almoner*, whose duty it was to clothe, board, and *superintend* the education of the Choristers, both religious and secular.

‘II. *The Chancellor*, whose duty it was to teach them grammar, writing, &c.

‘III. *The Music Master*, whose title sufficiently denotes his duties.

‘After a time, the Chancellor, whose revenues then began to increase, (and possibly then his zeal and love for scholastic duties began to decrease,) appointed a Deputy, under the title of “*Magister Grammaticæ*,” the duties of the two officers, Almoner and Music Master, remaining untouched. This change appears to have existed for a very long period.

‘But afterwards it appears that the Dean and Chapter departed seriously from the well-projected and matured plan of their predecessors, and for some reasons amalgamated all the above mentioned offices in one person, that person sometimes being a Minor Canon, but generally the Organist, or a Vicar Choral.

‘This plan remained in operation until the death of the late Mr. Hawes, Almoner and Vicar Choral, when, upon some little lapse of time, Mr. Archdeacon Hale (whose energy has been of much service to the Cathedral) accepted the office of Almoner, (independent of its emoluments,) and appointed a Music Master, a Grammar Master, (unconnected with the Cathedral,) who taught the Choristers grammar, &c. five days in the week for two hours per diem; and the office of Divinity Lecturer was given to one of the Minor Canons, Mr. Povah, (to whom praise is due for the interest he has generally taken in their welfare,) with the condition that he should catechise the boys, which he did one day in the week, and then only for one hour, his avocations not allowing him to do more.’

This system commenced in 1845; but it was obviously one in which a very important element in education was wanting, namely, the formation of character, and the correction of the general conduct of the Choristers both in and out of choir: the moral teaching of the boys belonged to no one. There was no provision for anything beyond a technical training. In this difficulty, an individual Minor Canon—(and we are glad to connect Mr. J. H. Coward’s name with this movement)—offered to undertake the education of the boys, both religious and secular, as ‘*Magister Grammaticæ*,’—Mr. Archdeacon Hale still retaining the Almonry, and Mr. Bailey the office of Music Master. This scheme was commenced at Midsummer last. Its details consist in providing for the instruction of the Choir-boys in Latin, History, Geography, Mathematics, and Arithmetic, with Music, in all five hours per diem, for five days in the week. It is much to be regretted, however, that the Almonry cannot provide funds to board the boys, who at

present reside at home, and are not very sufficiently paid. To state the whole matter in full, while it is but a simple act of justice to the present Dean and Chapter, gives us satisfaction, as a proof of the vast improvement daily taking place in all departments of the Church practice.

Mr. J. H. Parker's devotional series has been enriched by a new edition of Sherlock's 'Practical Christian,' edited, with a very nice preface, by one of the author's descendants, Mr. Harold Sherlock, of Winwick.

Jeremy Taylor's 'Life of Christ' has been usefully reprinted in an abridged form. (Mozley.) This is one of our most admirable books, and eminently suited for the poor: as, indeed, all high-caste books are.

We have, in a single particular, done the editor of Mr. J. W. Parker's 'Liber Precum' wrong in our recent review of that publication. We stated that the 'In commendationibus Benefactorum,' &c., was omitted. It is printed at the end of the preface—not a very likely place to look for Occasional Offices, nor exactly corresponding with the place which this Office, and that for Communion at funerals, occupies in Queen Elizabeth's Latin Prayer-book, which Mr. Parker's recension offers to follow. We willingly put on record the editor's private avowal of his 'most earnest desire of his life to devote himself entirely to the service of the English Church, and the cause of Catholic truth,' though we still regret most strongly that, with whatever good intentions, he has published a book which will not serve his zeal in that cause.

'Self-Murder,' an affecting and solemn Pastoral Letter, addressed by Mr. Anderdon, of Leicester, to his parishioners on a case of suicide.

The second, and completing, volume of Dr. Hook's 'Sermons on the Miracles' has appeared. (Bell.) They make an interesting series.

Mr. Bowtell's admirable work on 'Monumental Brasses,' (Bell,) which has appeared regularly, wants but the concluding part.—Mr. Sharpe's equally interesting series on 'Decorated Windows' (Van Voorst) has been in this predicament since February, 1846. It is a great pity that it should not be concluded, especially as its delay forms quite an exception to the publisher's usual punctuality.

'Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their effects on the civilization of Europe,' by the Rev. J. Balmez. (Burns.) This is a translation of a Spanish work, which has attained an European celebrity. It reads very like a sensible and prose echo of Mr. Digby's 'Mores Catholici.' There is a great deal both of argument and elegant illustration in the work. The chief part of it glances over our heads. Indeed Mr. Balmez would have little quarrel with the Church of England had he had opportunities of rightly understanding our own position; for most of that impulse upon civilization which he claims for Catholicism attaches as much to ourselves as to the rest of the Western Church. On one occasion, if we remember rightly, we found Mr. Balmez admitting a very fundamental distinction between England and the other Protestant bodies, as, speaking according to his brief, he of course styles us. The present translation is taken from a

French version, by Messrs. Hanford and Kershaw: whoever these gentlemen may be, they are not scholars sufficient for this or any other work of learning. Thus we find 'Justin Clement of Alexandria,' p. 56; 'Penestes,' (p. 66,) which, if it be the French form, is neither the Greek nor the English; 'Chio,' (*ibid.*) which is a mere Gallicism. In another place the French translator's phrase 'les filles de Chypre' is faithfully done into English, (p. 386,) 'the daughters of Chypre,' which, whatever notion it may carry, is scarcely *cy près* to the original.

The most important work of the quarter we pronounce to be Mr. George Williams's very elaborate second edition of his 'Holy City.' (J. W. Parker.) We shall call future attention to it: in the mean time, we can at present only speak highly of the very happy results at which Mr. Williams has arrived. Professor Willis's share in the work is a great improvement to it: and it contains, for the first time published, the Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem, not the least valuable fruit of our brief successes in Syria.

Mr. Robert Montgomery, we believe, is desirous to take higher standing, and to represent a better tone of Church doctrine than the world has hitherto assigned to him. This praiseworthy purpose will not be furthered if he stands forward as the sponsor of such books as 'Nitzsch's System of Christian Doctrine,' (Clark,) which has just appeared under his auspices as joint-translator. This book is intensely German: a happy defect, which will render innocuous its intense heresy. Nitzsch's own 'soteriology,' to use one of his own frightful mintages, is a mere eclecticism from the various German, so-called, systems; and it entirely ignores the dogmatic teaching of the historical Church. Indeed he ignores Church, the creed and Sacraments, as objective realities. The notion of the implanted Christian life does not seem to have occurred to him. As a system—and it is revoltingly systematical—the work is a vast fabric of difficulty and danger.

Dr. Wordsworth has published, by way of supplement to his recent Lectures on the Apocalypse, an extremely full and scholar-like edition of the Text of the Apocalypse, with an English translation and harmony. (Rivingtons.) The volume also contains a full appendix to its sister volume of Lectures. We are not called upon to repeat what we have already said of Dr. Wordsworth's private conclusions on the interpretation of the Revelation of S. John; but the present undertaking, as a whole, is decidedly such as to raise its author's reputation. We desire entirely to preclude ourselves, in this place, from passing any judgment on its details. The bias is so strong and patent, that the exegesis must be judged on very different grounds from the judgment passed upon the formation of the text.

'Westminster: Memorials of the City,' &c., by Mr. Mackenzie Walcot, Curate of St. Margaret's, (Masters,) is a handsome volume. It embraces a good deal of curious matter, historical, biographical, and topographical; it is interspersed with lively anecdotes and minute personal details. It contains also much antiquarian information: and were it not disfigured

by an over ornate and stilted style, we could recommend it unconditionally. A paragraph in the first page will illustrate our objection: 'Its [Westminster's] fittest emblem is the oak of our native land, upon whose rind the successive rings of a thousand years denote its gradual 'growth from the tiny acorn into the kingliest forest-tree,' &c. The metaphor is false in fact, for the annual rings are not on the rind at all. Mr. Walcott's work does not embrace the history of the Abbey. We detected some ugly misprints, such as: 'Velasco,' p. 52. We demur to calling the two westward looking seats in the sanctuary of S. Margaret's 'two sedilia for the officiating Clergy.' (P. 136) All Souls' towers we have always understood to be the work of Hawksmoor, not Dean Aldrich. (P. 158.) We are not aware of the allusion to the 'rival schools of St. Paul's, and St. Peter's Cornhill, in London.' (P. 170.) We regret also that a clergyman, and one so right-principled as the present writer, should have pronounced such an eulogium on Milton as that which—we say nothing of its taste—may be found at p. 291.

We suppose that Mr. Hobart Seymour does not remember Æsop. But the hint which the lion gave the forester, how the figures might be grouped were lions the statuaries, should have suggested to Mr. Seymour how his *Matinées Théologiques* would have read if the Jesuits had published their complement to his recent volume, 'Morning among the Jesuits at Rome.' (Seeley.) If the Jesuits are what Mr. H. Seymour represents them, their teeth have been drawn and their claws pared. Instead of any dread of Maynooth, the Irish Protestants ought to patronize it as a *vivarium* of living theological victims, who might safely be brought out to be baited with perfect security on every recurring festival of S. William of Orange. Mr. Seymour seems to have found as good sport with the sons of Loyola as Oliver Proudfoot did with his 'Soldan or Saracen; '—'With him I breathe myself, and wield my two-handed sword against him, thrust or point, for an hour together.' Many is the downright blow that Mr. Seymour has aimed—'in troth the infidel has but little of his skull remaining to hit at.' Mr. Seymour's sword and prowess are as good as the honest bonnet-maker's, we have no doubt: from his own showing, he is a very formidable polemic. However, the resemblance to the slashing burgher of Perth does not end here: we own to a sort of liking for Mr. Seymour: his bustle is so much on the surface, that we can quite tolerate it for a fund of fairness and honesty which underlies it. Though, seriously, the sly way in which Mr. Seymour, only intent upon trapping the deluded Jesuits, and drawing them out for the theological triumphs of himself and Mrs. Seymour, under the pretence that he was but a meek inquirer after truth, instead of the confirmed champion of Protestantism, cannot be quite reconciled with some strict codes of ethics.

'Parthenogenesis,' by Professor Owen, (Van Voorst,) is scarcely within our province, but we understand it to be an able and original essay.

There is much that is pleasing in Mr. Thomas Knox's 'Daniel the Prophet, &c.' (Hodges and Smith). It consists of reflections written in a

meditative form; without much depth or originality, the volume reads equably and usefully. Has the amiable writer, or his publisher, regulated his impression in any anticipation of the wish expressed in the Preface—his 'fervent hope that, with the blessing of God, this little book may be kindly received into *every one's* library?'

Of a much higher range and cast of thought is the volume of Sermons left by the late Professor Butler. This has been published, together with an interesting Memoir, by Mr. Thomas Woodward, of Fethard. (Hodges & Smith.) Professor Butler was a writer not only of merit but promise, and his early death seems to be regarded in Ireland in a way somewhat similar to the removal of Mr. H. J. Rose from ourselves. His life was curious, as he forms almost a solitary instance of one who quitted the Roman Catholic communion without passing into the ranks of Ultra-Protestantism. It must be borne in mind, however, that one of his parents was an Anglican, and he himself became so before he was eighteen. The Irish Church could, we fear, little afford to lose a son so full of hope: one, however, whose opinions, though very moderate, the majority of the Irish Clergy felt but little the duty of sympathising with. We should perhaps have been pleased had the volume consisted rather of a selection of his Sermons, together with some of his *Adversaria*. Some papers in the Irish 'Ecclesiastical Gazette' we remember thinking very powerful.

Mr. Prichard, formerly Fellow of Oriel, and lately Vicar of Mitcham, has left for the recollection of his friends, and for more general usefulness, two works: a volume of Sermons, (Masters,) quite of a parochial and simple character, yet displaying much thought and evenness of temper; and the 'Life of Hincmar,' (Masson: Littlemore,) which displays a great amount of painstaking in a difficult period of Church History. Mr. Prichard certainly had many of the historian's qualifications—calmness, and a close habit of judgment and discrimination. He seems studiously to have kept in view the severity required in such compositions.

Three volumes of Sermons have reached us, each of which we think above the average: one by Mr. Chanter, of Ilfracombe, (Masters,) of a level and practical character; one by Mr. Harper, of Bideford, (Cleaver,) warm and direct; 'Lent Lectures,' by Mr. Jackson, of St. James', Piccadilly, (Skeffington,) slight in texture, but useful; and a volume by Mr. Heurtley, (J. H. Parker,) of which the first, elsewhere noticed as a 'Tract on Public Worship,' is an average specimen.

'The Devout Chorister,' (Masters,) edited by Mr. Smith, Fellow of Magdalene, we think suggested by a religious appreciation of a great need. It is a very useful book, which we have great satisfaction in recommending.

Sir Francis Doyle has translated the 'Ædipus Rex,' (J. H. Parker,) with a view of familiarising uneducated persons with the beauties of the Greek stage. We always thought C. Lamb a solitary instance of one who could relish the translation of Greek plays; he however delighted in the literal

Latin 'cribs.' But such works can only touch the poetical mind. The present version is both spirited and scholar-like.

'A Plea for Sisterhoods,' by the Bishop of Brechin, (Masters,) is a very solemn and religious appeal.

Dr. Wordsworth has edited, in an abridged form, for the use of a lower class of students, his well-known 'Theophilus Anglicanus.' This shorter form is published under the title of 'Elements of Instruction on the Church.' (Rivingtons.)

Butler's 'Six Sermons' have been reprinted, with a Syllabus and Preface by Dr. Whewell. (J. W. Parker.) They form a sequel to the 'Three Sermons on Human Nature,' executed on the same plan. Why the Six Sermons do not range with the Three, we cannot say.

'Rodriguez on Christian Perfection' has, we believe, generally been found too cumbrous for general use. Its plan is confusing for most persons. An edition for 'those living in the world' has been published by Mr. Burns. There is so very little in it which belongs to local differences, that this publication, of which the praise is in all Churches, may be employed to general edification.

'The Christian Consolated, and the Christian Instructed,' by Quadrupani has issued from the same publisher. It is entirely addressed to the spiritual life; and being strictly of an internal character, has few or none of the drawbacks which not unfrequently are believed to attend the use of practical books of the great branch of the Western Church.

A very pretty pocket edition of 'Herbert's Poems and Country Parson,' has been printed by Mr. Washbourne.

There is a considerable range of fancy and reading in Mr. T. H. White's 'Marigold Window; or, Pictures of Thought,' (Longman,) but Mr. White wants discipline: his volumes are not, as his fantastic title would suggest, gay with an orderly variety. His is not the Mosaic of a painted window, but rather that of a kaleidoscope,—not of a kaleidoscope viewed through its tube, but only its receptacle, with all its untidy bits of broken glass, crooked pins, scraps of lace, and chequered beads. Mr. White's mind must be perfectly chaotic: occasionally he says very bright sparkling things. But there is no occasion for him always to be thinking:—still less for him to write down all his gleaming fancies:—least of all to print them all.

Another volume of the 'Annals of the Colonial Church,' by Mr. Ernest Hawkins, perhaps exceeds its predecessors in interest. Its subject is the Diocese of Quebec:—and it has some very suggestive illustrations.

'Judith; a Romance,' (Hatchard,) is an unfortunate idea unsuccessfully executed. Because the Book of Judith is not canonical Scripture, there is no occasion that it should be turned—not into a Romance, of which there is nothing,—but into a very tedious story-book.

Not that we are prepared to say that the Scriptural lives or narratives cannot be reproduced in other forms. Jeremy Taylor, to take the most direct instance, is a case in point: he did not scruple to write the 'Life of Christ.' Biographies of the Apostles have been always the privilege of the Church. Dr. Biber has, we think, been unusually successful in his recent 'Life of S. Paul,' (Cleaver.) Not only does it contain the narrative of the Acts, but it weaves up most of the substance of the Epistles; and incidentally, of course, the history of all the Apostolic Churches. The parallel only suggests what least fits the subject, an unpleasant association, but the history is elucidated from the Epistles, something on the plan of Middleton's 'Life of Cicero.' The result is an instructive volume. The scheme leads Dr. Biber, incidentally, through much doctrine, which must, from the nature of the case, be represented in a book of this sort under a single definite phase. Here the writer will not expect his readers to accompany him implicitly. We do not desire to do so ourselves.

Mr. R. A. Willmott's 'Summer-Time in the Country,' (J. W. Parker,) is suitable to the season. To some minds, the hazy, musing, half-dreamy images which such a series of quiet thoughts suggests, is almost better than real holiday-making. It is seldom in this windy, showery climate that, except in books, one—

' Comes into a land
In which it seemeth always afternoon;
Where round the coast the languid air doth swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.'

Perhaps, too, it is better to dream of idling than to idle: idleness never is to a true heart but in anticipation; one seldom really sinks down into the full luscious moss bank shoulder-buried in enjoyment and 'greenery:' and it is better to do it in essays and verses than in fact. And Mr. Willmott is a pleasant, suggestive writer: he never hunts his thoughts, literary, artistic, and poetic, down. He just places them before you, to do their work. You may follow or not, according to taste: but their mere presence is pleasant. Mr. Willmott is always graceful, and often original; and he displays true criticism. We like this book much.

To those who mean to make their holidays a matter of holiday-task—happily the majority—we can recommend Dr. Harvey's 'Sea-side Book,' (Van Voorst,) for those who are for the sea-board. It is beautifully illustrated,

'Ornithological Rambles in Sussex,' (Van Voorst,) by Mr. Knox, is rather for rustic use. It is a genial, good-tempered book: all the writers on Natural History seem good-tempered. They have but one drawback—a merciless delight in enriching 'my collection' at the expense of their friends, furred or feathered. Mr. Knox seems occasionally to shoot for the sake of shooting. Surely Mr. Waterton's kind practice, by which even the hawks and owls are all over his estate as tame as chickens, is more rational. The 'Heron alighting on his Nest' is a very graphic sketch by Mr. Knox, who is equally spirited with pen and pencil: and one gets

familiar with a pair of ravens, whose lives and fortunes Mr. Knox delights to tell.

Major Trevillian has published an extremely important book, 'A Letter on the Antichristian character of Freemasonry, &c.' (Bath: Binns & Goodwin.) It bears out and illustrates a recent article in our own pages on this subject. There seems quite a movement in the right direction with respect to this question.

'Notes on various Distinctive Varieties of the Christian Church. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan, Perpetual Curate of Tregynon, Montgomeryshire.' Scattered thoughts are sometimes an influential form of authorship, and we are not surprised at Mr. Morgan trying the experiment, as he has done in this volume. Such a form, however, is not generally very effectual, except the author has made some previous impression on the public by means of regular composition. The interest of a book of scattered thoughts lies principally in an appeal to the curiosity of the reading public, who are anxious to know what such a person, previously known to them, thinks and says on such and such points. Without this previous introduction, such thoughts rest entirely on their own merit, and require the aid of formal composition to give them weight. With this drawback, we are glad to acknowledge that we have come across many remarks in this volume which show a writer of considerable thought and varied reading, and who has been observant of the signs of the times. It shows, too, sound Church feelings. Its defects are a want of that pithiness and force which such a form of writing ought especially to have. The thoughts, when they are good, are often weakened by diffuseness, and a too copious and cumbrous style ceases to arrest and fix the reader.

'Cyclops Christianus,'—an epigraph which we cannot understand,—is 'an argument to disprove the supposed antiquity of Stonehenge and other megalithic erections in England and Brittany. By A. Herbert, late of Merton College.' (Petheram.) Mr. Herbert is a decided innovator; yet, either of purpose, because his theory is intended to connect itself with ulterior speculations, or from defect of method, he is not very clear in announcing his own position. It is decidedly opposed to the ordinary 'Dracontan' theory of Stonehenge and Amesbury, as well as of Carnac: neither is he less merciful to the ordinary Druidical, *i.e.* the ante-Roman view. As far as we can collect Mr. Herbert's own theory, which is very obscurely announced, it is that at or about the end of the fourth century, after the Roman power had declined, the erection of Stonehenge was connected with the renewal of an English independence, with a revival of a modified Paganism, engrafted upon and adopting some features both of Christianity and of the religion of the Norman settlers. In other words, that there was an occidental type of a depraved Christianity exhibited in these megalithic structures somewhat akin to the oriental Gnosticism: a point of union would be the Mithraic rites. It is well known that heathenism did, perhaps does still, survive in some faint way both in Brittany and in the southern and western parts of our own islands; and that in some way or

other it was preserved, not in opposition to, nor in fusion, but in a strange parallel, with the Church's rites and worship. This is a view, and requires to be met. We need hardly say how important it is upon the character of what we esteem the original British Church before the mission of S. Augustine; Mr. Herbert, we believe, propounds it without theological bias, to which he is, or affects to be, profoundly indifferent. There is a good deal of strange learning in the volume, which, whether sound or not, recommends itself to those who are interested in its very curious subject.

'Vogan's Lectures on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper,' (J. H. Parker,) have reached us very late in the quarter. Upon a cursory inspection they appear to represent the received theology of Waterland on this subject.

Our anticipations that the first number of 'Masters's Guide to Daily Prayers' could not be very correct,—as indeed the Editors confessed,—were amply verified. The second number, however, which has since appeared, has corrected the mistakes, which were very numerous, of the first, in great measure: though a few errors have still been pointed out to us. It raises the number of churches with Daily Prayers to about 460. We were led, by too implicit a reliance on the first number, into one or two errors in our recent article on the subject: but none, that we are aware of calling for particular notice. In some of the counties which we mentioned as absolutely without Daily Service, the second edition of the 'Guide,' states that there are one or two instances. But, as Dr. Johnson said, 'If I go into an orchard, and say, Here are no apples or pears,—and a man, after a diligent search, says, "Sir, you are mistaken: I have found one pear and two apples,"—what does that prove?' In the same article we have to apologize for a curious typographical error. The paragraph, p. 343, l. 12, 'Next come Gloucester, . . . sixteen,' was a correction for p. 342, l. 37,—on the preceding page, 'Next comes Devon,' &c.

Mr. Oakeley must excuse us. We trust we are prepared to read a palinode on any proper occasion: but we cannot think that he has established a claim of that nature upon us in a published 'Letter to the Editor of the Christian Remembrancer,' &c. (Burns,) complaining of a passage in our last number. The statement made by us was, that, in the communion to which he now belongs, an unequal prominence is given to the sacrificial, as compared with the sacramental, aspect of the Eucharist. As indications of this, we adduced the urgency with which frequent 'hearing' of the rite is enjoined, and the comparative deficiency of exhortations to actual communion; referring, in proof of our statement, to a manual of their own upon the subject. The passage quoted by us was very strong, and went the whole length of our assertion: Dr. Pusey, in his 'Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury,' (first edition,) had adduced one equally to the point. And the impression conveyed by these extracts was fully confirmed by all that we had ever learnt of the practice of that communion. Mr. Oakeley slurs over the evidence of the books; but even what he does say, on the other hand, amounts to an admission of as much as we had asserted. The book quoted by us,

we are told, was published some twenty years ago; neither are the regrets expressed by preachers or teachers, as to the decay of communion, to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. But these pleas will hardly meet the case. The book has been reprinted quite lately; and we know that everything in that quarter must come forth under sanction: and Mr. Oakeley himself speaks of it with commendation. And we contend that, this being the case, the complexion of the book may be fairly taken to reflect, with some fidelity, the mind of the communion from which it emanates. Now so it is, that in a very thick little duodecimo, no more than one short chapter is devoted to the consideration of *communion*; and even there it is dealt with in the 'faltering' manner which we exemplified. We have examined other manuals of theirs with the same result. This fact speaks much in confirmation of what we said. We are told of a particular manual which has of late been specially recommended by their authorities, and which certainly is free from the defect in question; but as we cannot be supposed to know, as soon as it takes place, of every sudden improvement which other communions may make under an awakened sense of duty, we can but speak from our knowledge of such of their own uncontradicted teaching as falls in our way. So, again, Mr. Oakeley brings a great array of evidence from various countries, for the existence of activity in the Roman Church in bringing its members to communion at the present day. We, on the other hand, could allege counter evidence, collected partly before and partly since, and applying to parts of the self-same countries. Such an utter desolation of communicating Christians in those parts, as is testified to by persons on whom we can place the fullest reliance, only too sadly proves our point. The truth is, firstly,—and it would have placed Mr. Oakeley in a much better controversial position to have owned it,—that the constitution of the Roman rite has a tendency, unless great diligence be used to counterwork it, to induce the practice of *non-communicating* attendance upon it. Witness the demand of the Devonshire insurgents at the time of the Reformation: 'They will have mass celebrated as it has been formerly, without any persons communicating with the priest, because, as the office is now managed, the mysteries are treated without due regard.' (Collier, vol. v. p. 315.) And the truth is, secondly, that a *revival* has taken place in that communion as well as in our own: but that is all. It is tacitly admitted by Mr. Oakeley himself, that twenty years ago the state of things we speak of was universal. He has only proved, and we rejoice to learn it, that it is universal no longer: but it is too much that he should take a tone, as if he had shown that it never did, nor could, by any possibility, exist at all. Mr. Oakeley would have done better by his adopted communion, if he had immediately admitted and deplored what cannot be denied. As to the necessity of yearly communion for remaining within the Church, we know it is their theory, but we also know, and so does Mr. Oakeley, that it is not insisted on in practice.

Two or three important works which we have lately received require further consideration:—'Wales,' (J. W. Parker,) by Sir Thomas Phillips, an extremely valuable volume on the Education Question. — 'Corpus Ignatianum,' (Rivingtons,) by Mr. Cureton, a complete recension of all that he has to say on this subject.—'The Church of our Fathers,' (Dolman,)

by Dr. Rock. This last we shall perhaps reserve till the third and completing volume appears.

Among single Sermons, we have to acknowledge: 'Penitents and Saints,' the second edition, with a preface—Archdeacon Manning's well-known sermon preached for the Magdalen Hospital. (Pickering.) 'Modern Philosophical Infidelity,' &c., an University Sermon, preached by Mr. Garbett, (Hatchard,) containing some useful matter, disfigured by the author's grotesque style and parade of technological terms. 'On the Inspiration of Holy Scripture, &c.,' also an University Sermon, by Mr. Harris, of Magdalen College, exhibiting much serious thought, and an accurate reflection of Butler's method and spirit. 'The Sacredness of Life, and the Doom of Murder,' by Dean Lowe, (Wallis,) a forcible reclamation against the unchristian sentimentalism afloat on this subject. 'The Beauty of Holiness,' by Bishop Doane, (Atkinson, Burlington,) the subject justifying its ornate style. A Sermon by the Bishop of Exeter for the Plymouth Fund, (Croydon, Torquay,) vigorous and practical. 'Charity under Persecution,' a Sermon on behalf of the Devonport Sisters of Mercy, by Mr. Martin, of S. Martin's, Liverpool, (Masters,) very affectionate and stirring.